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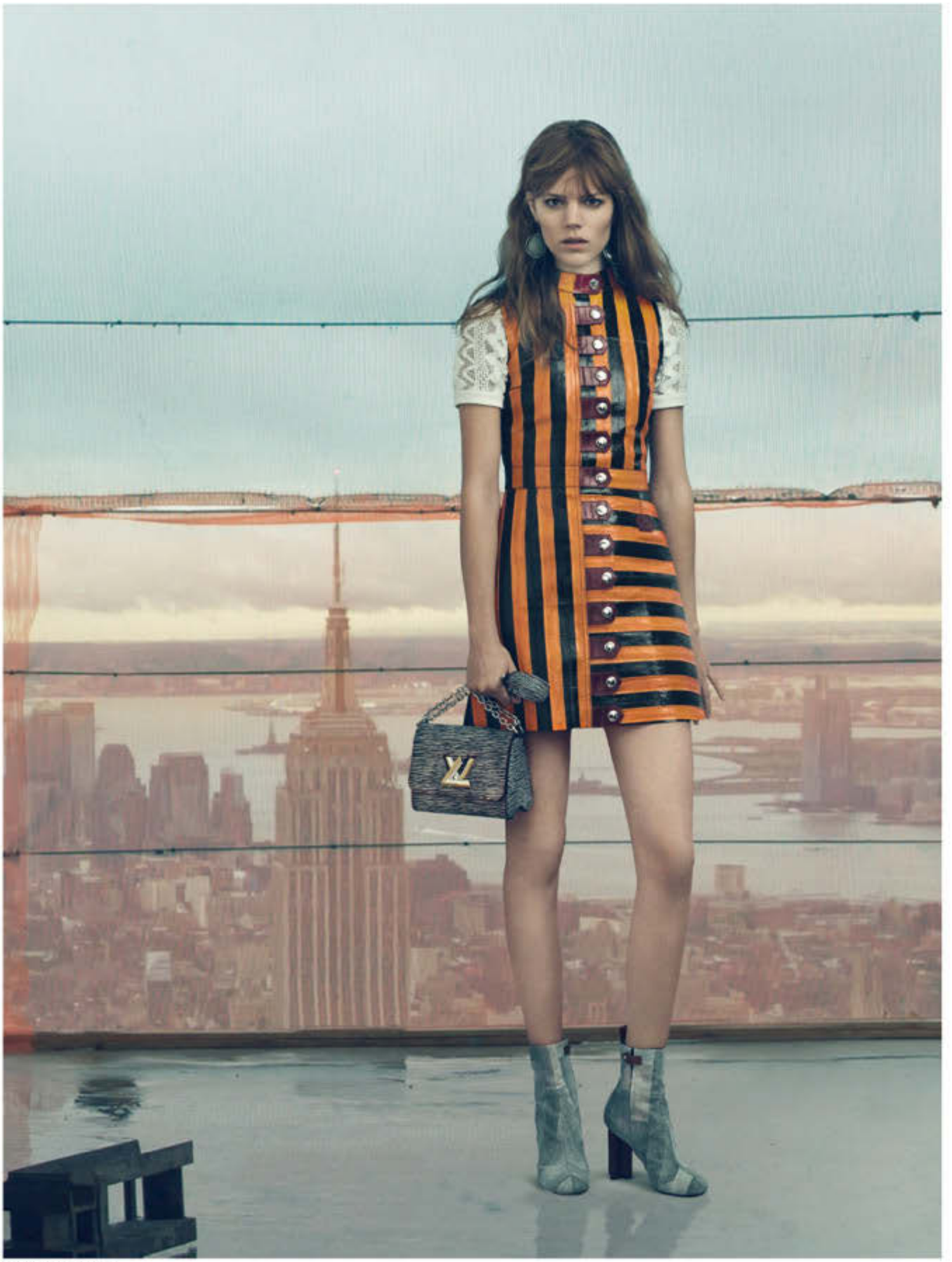


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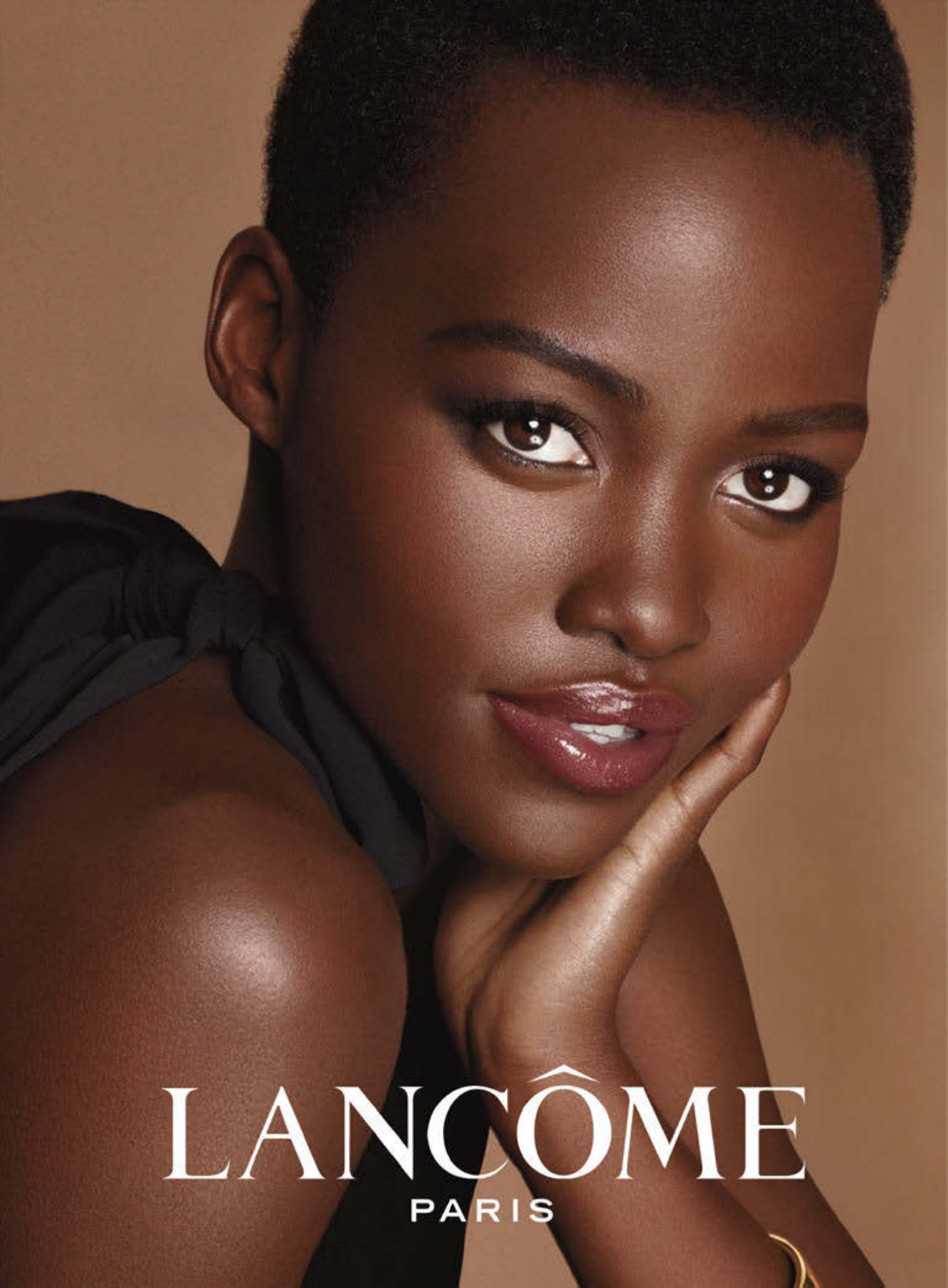
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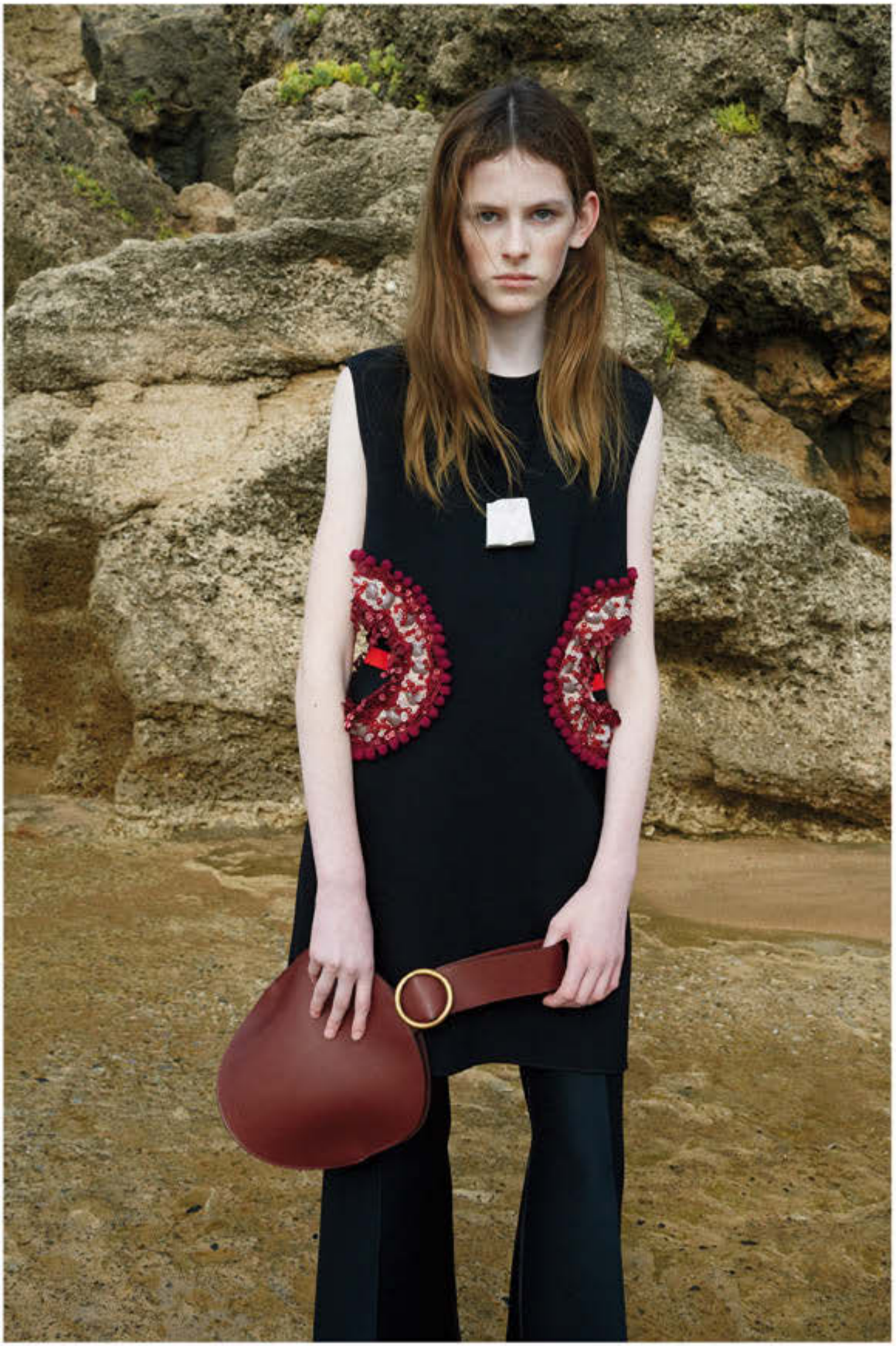
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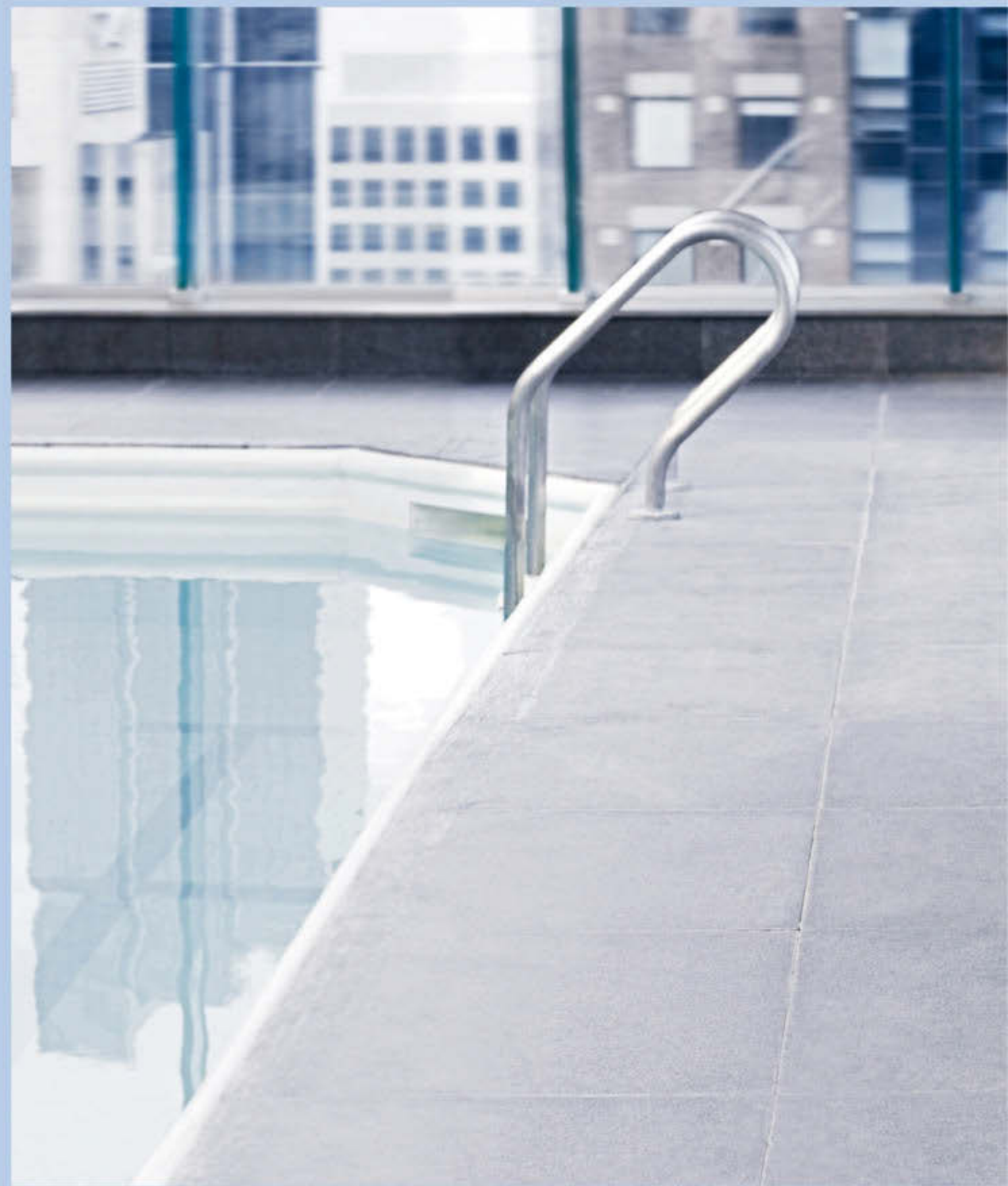
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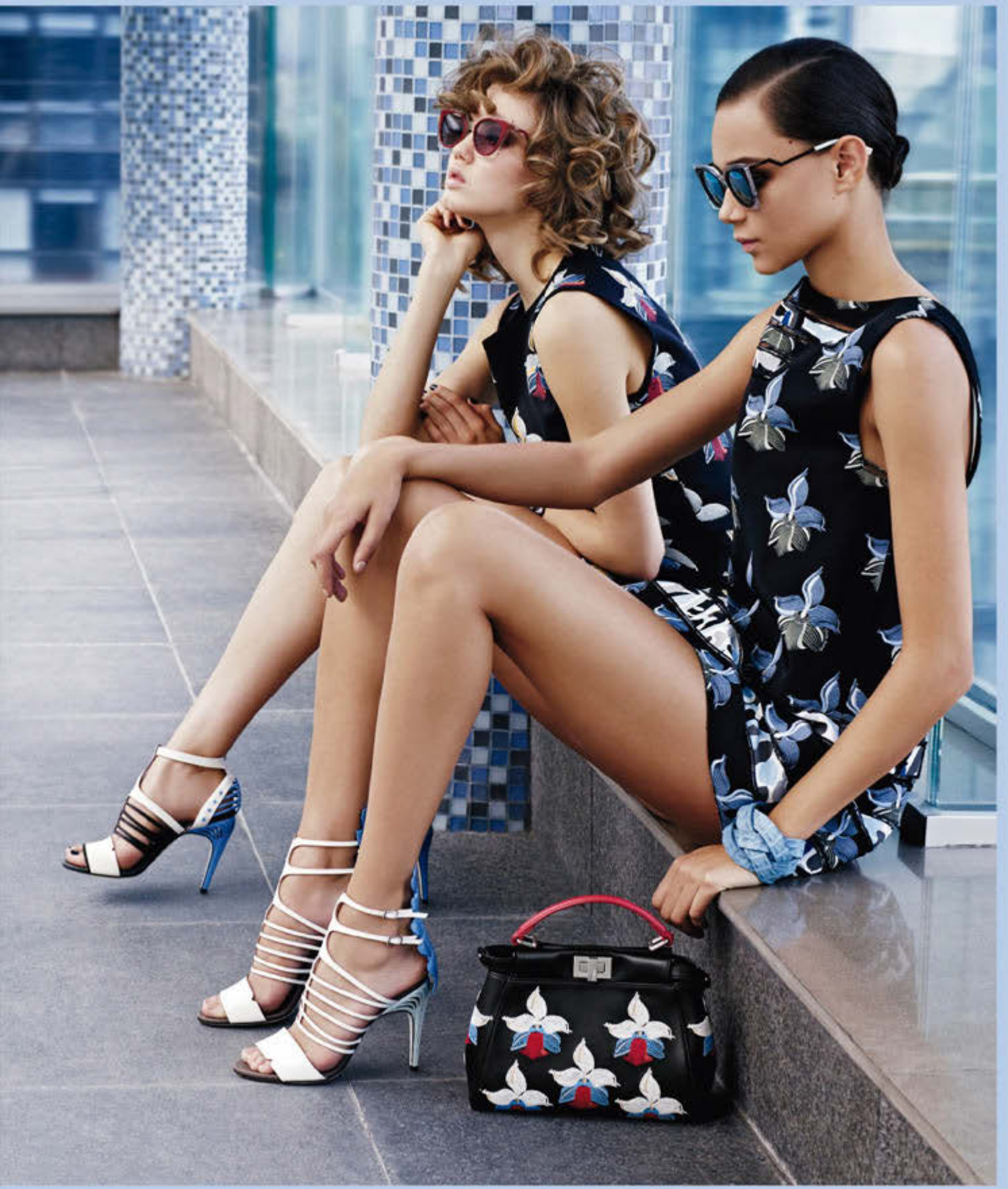

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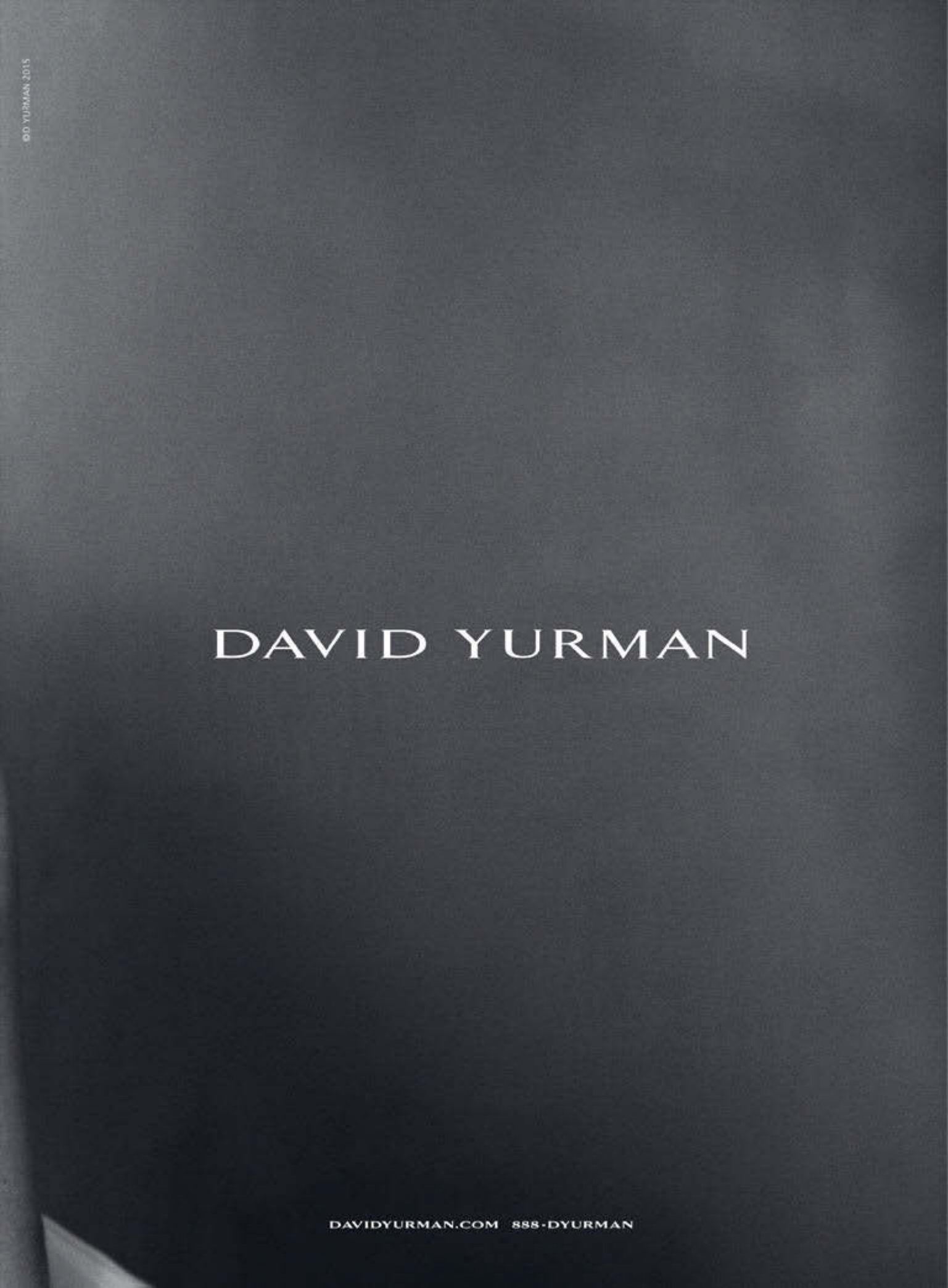
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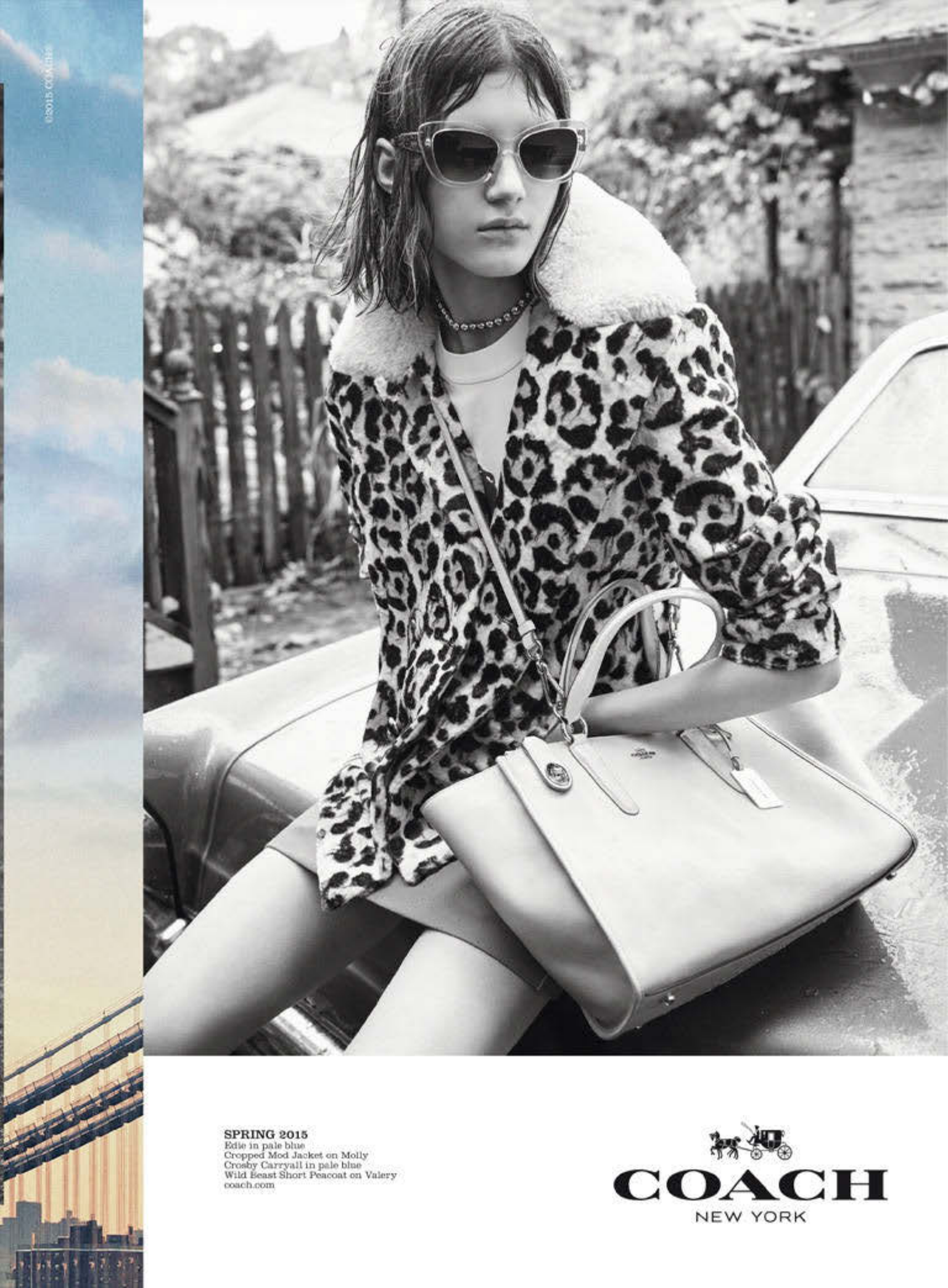
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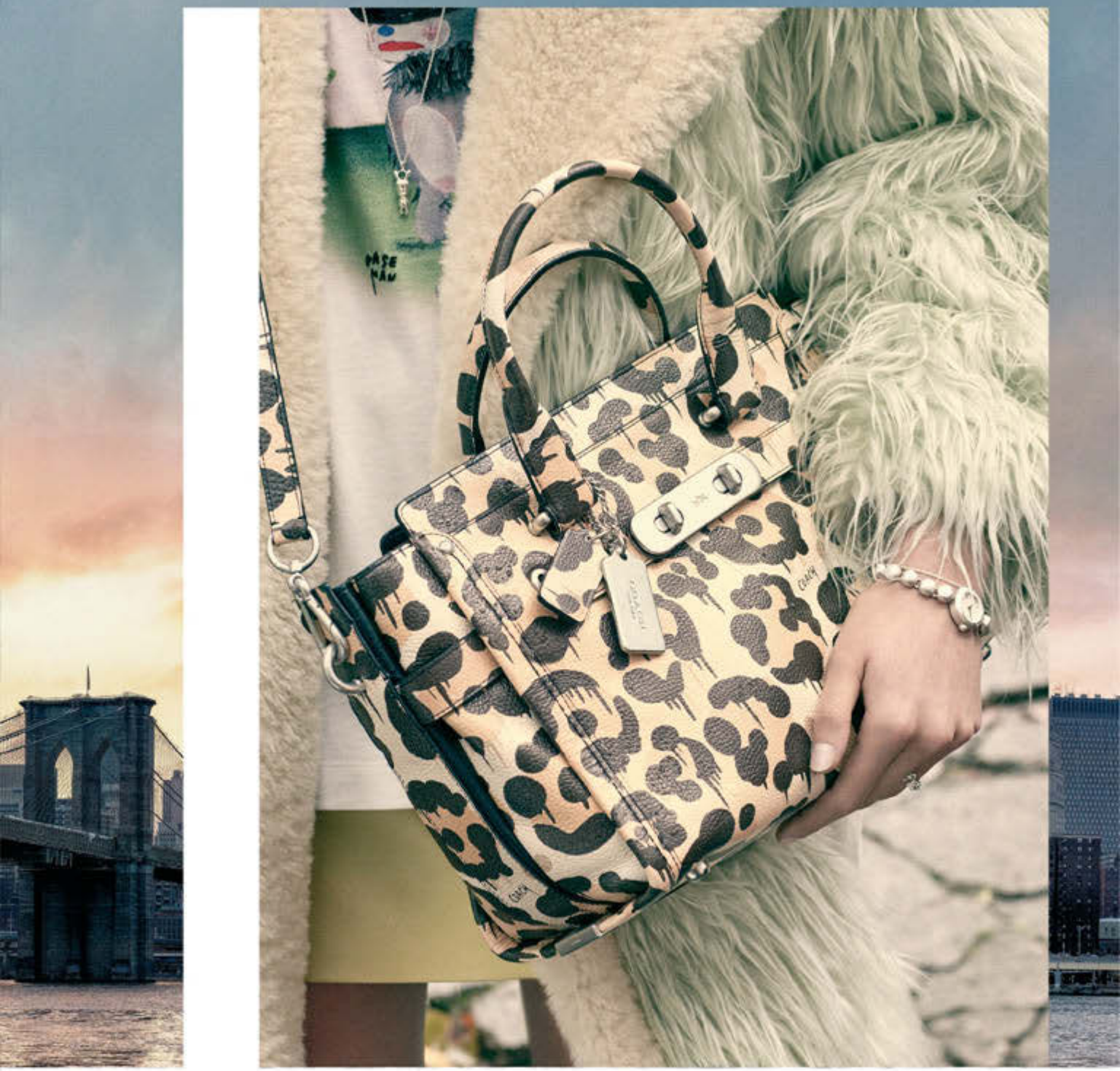


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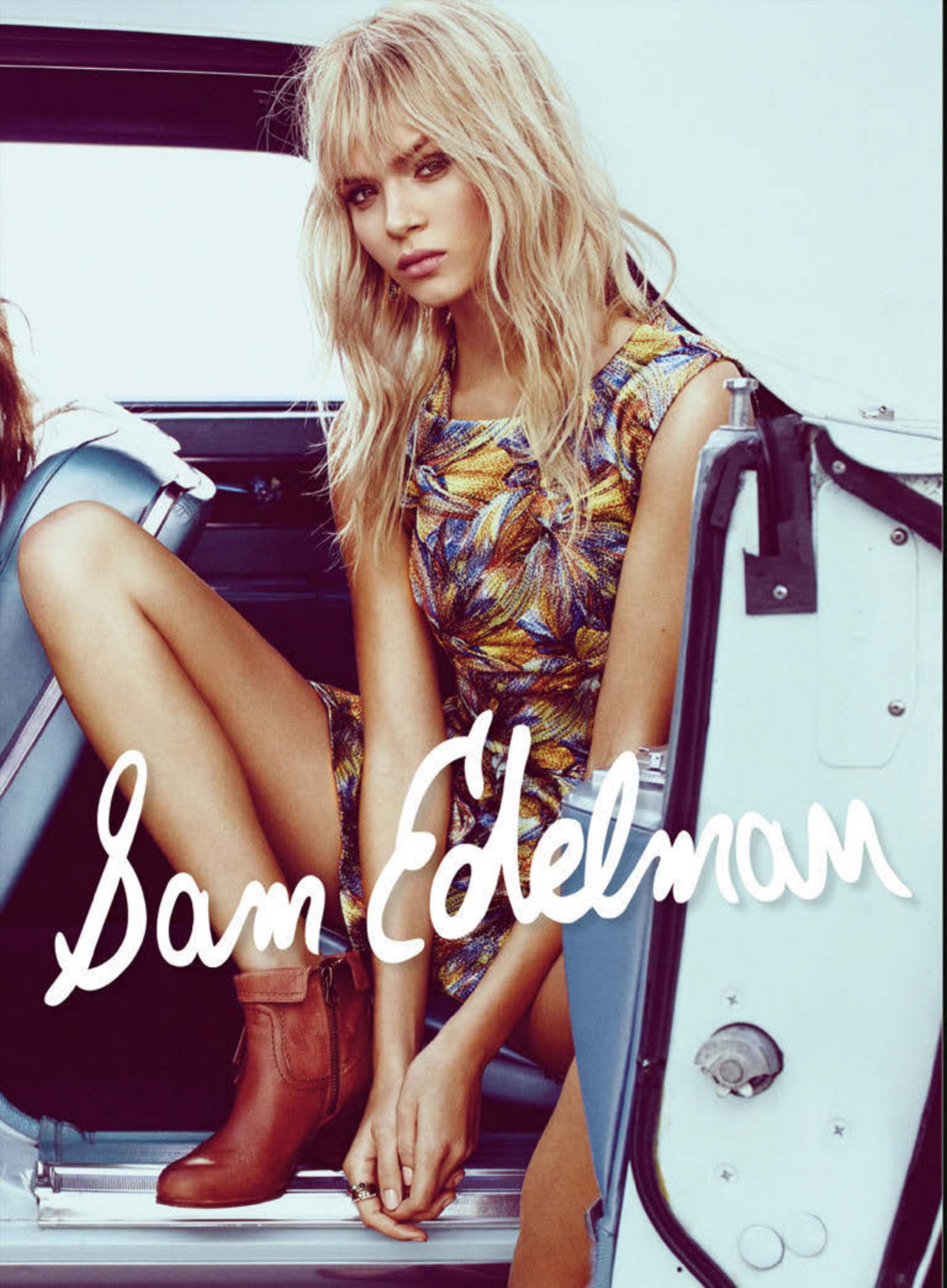


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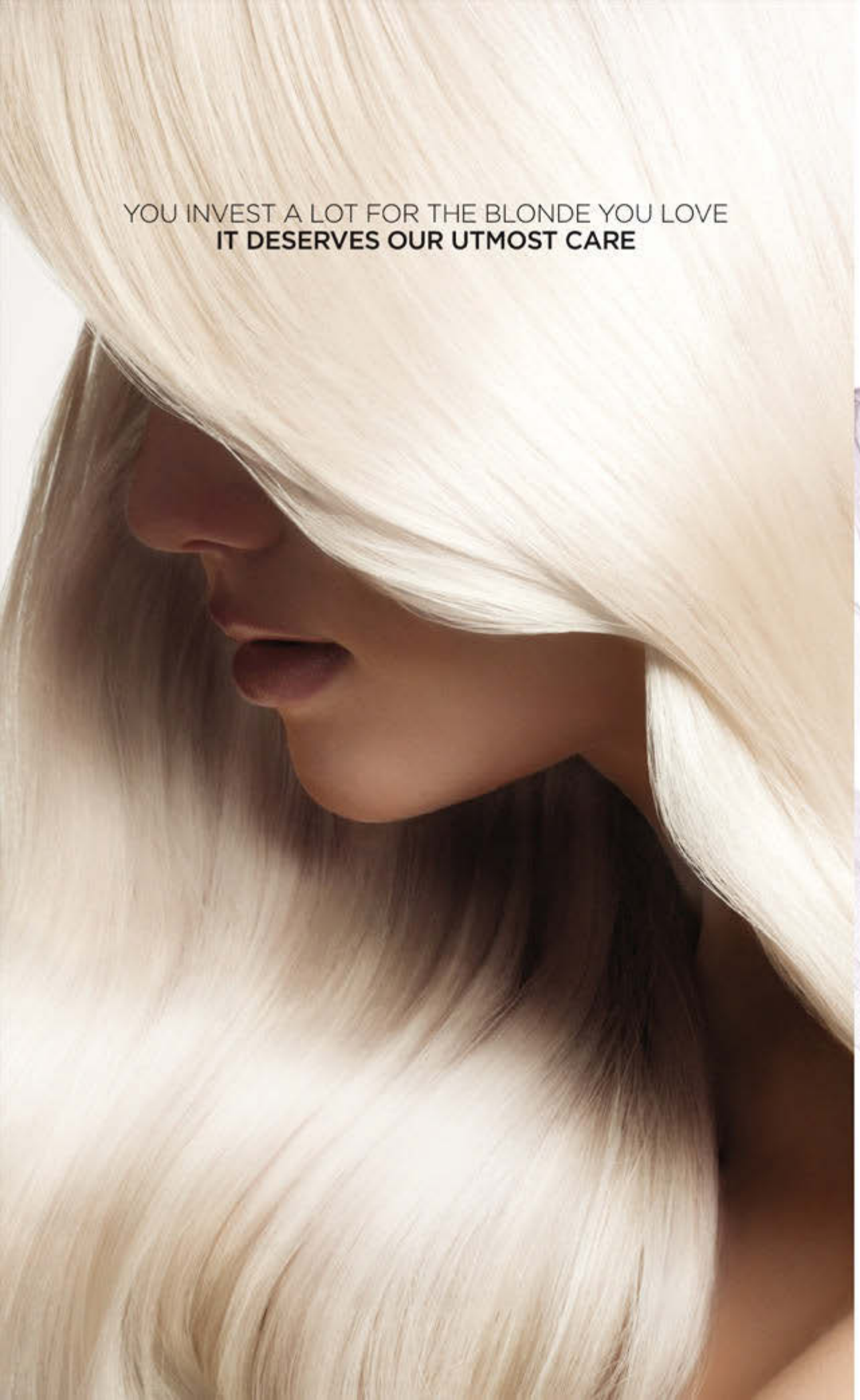
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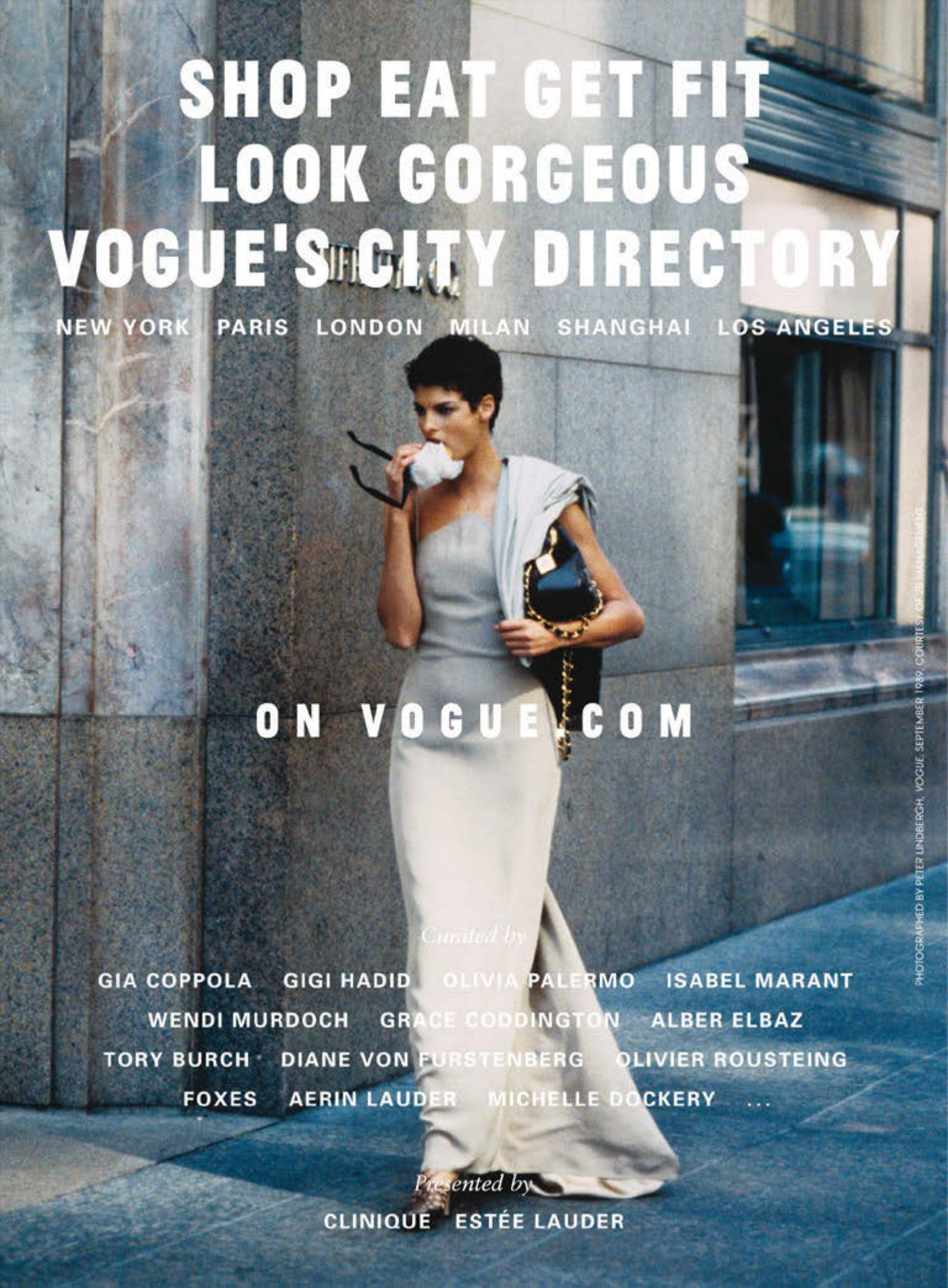
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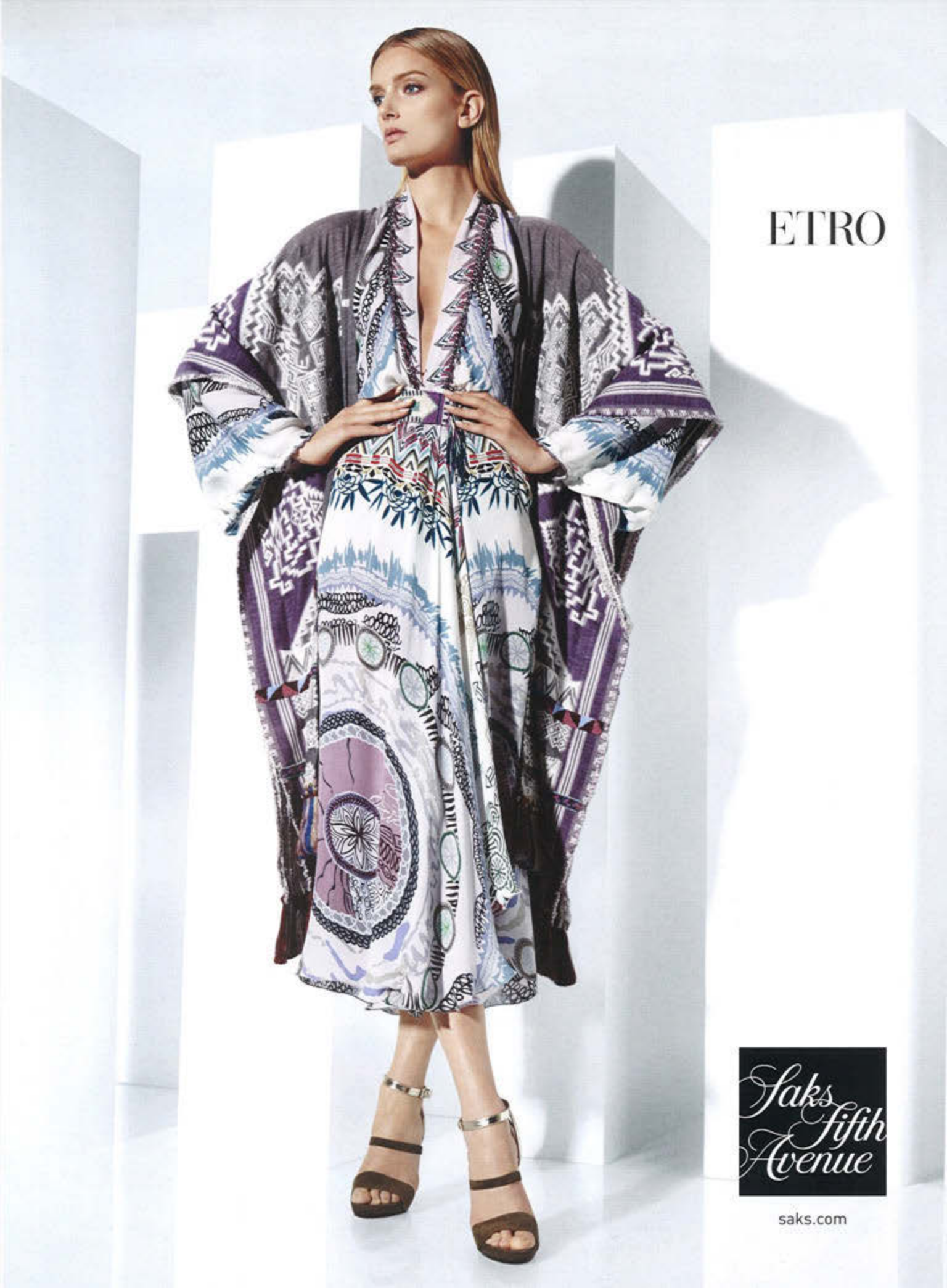
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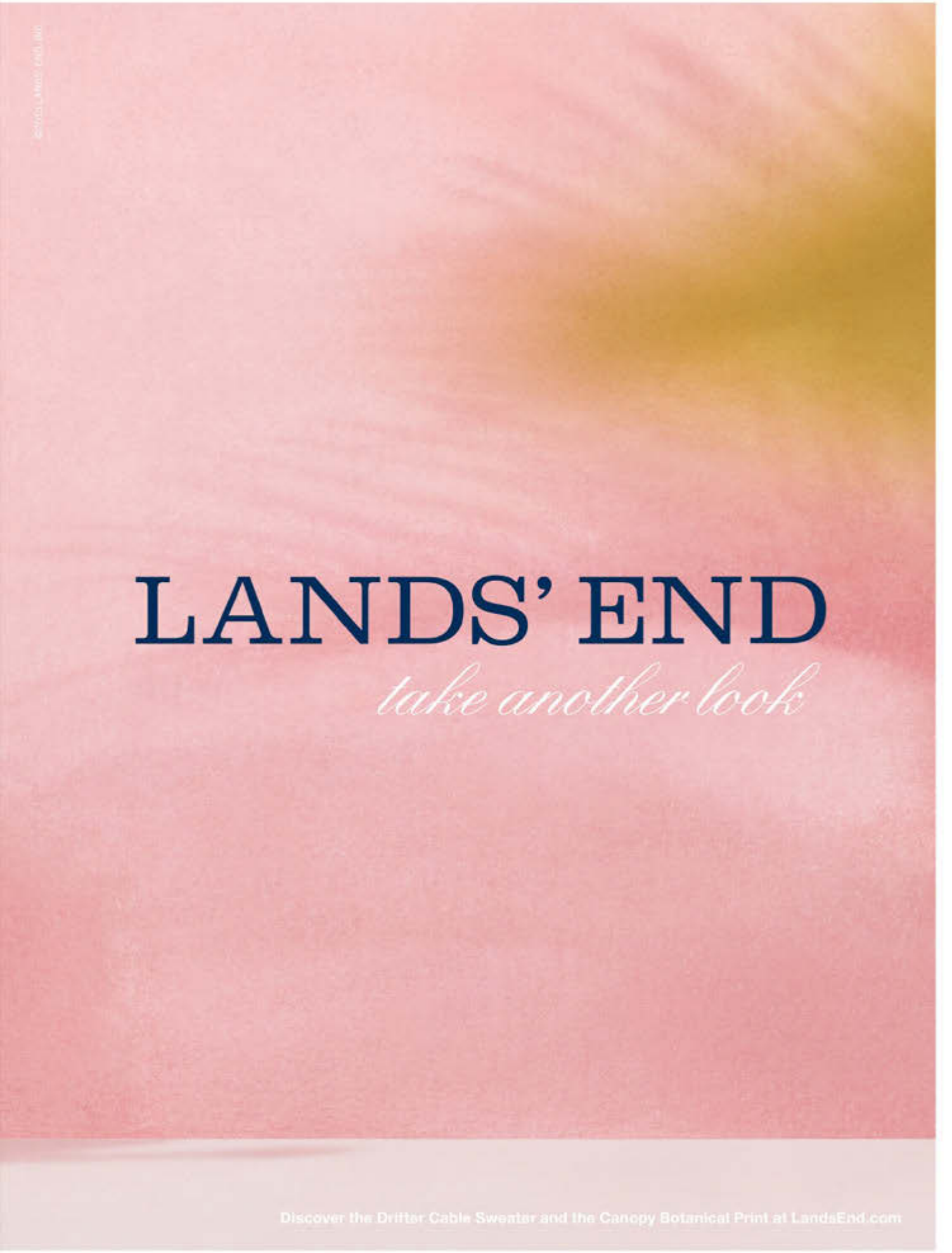

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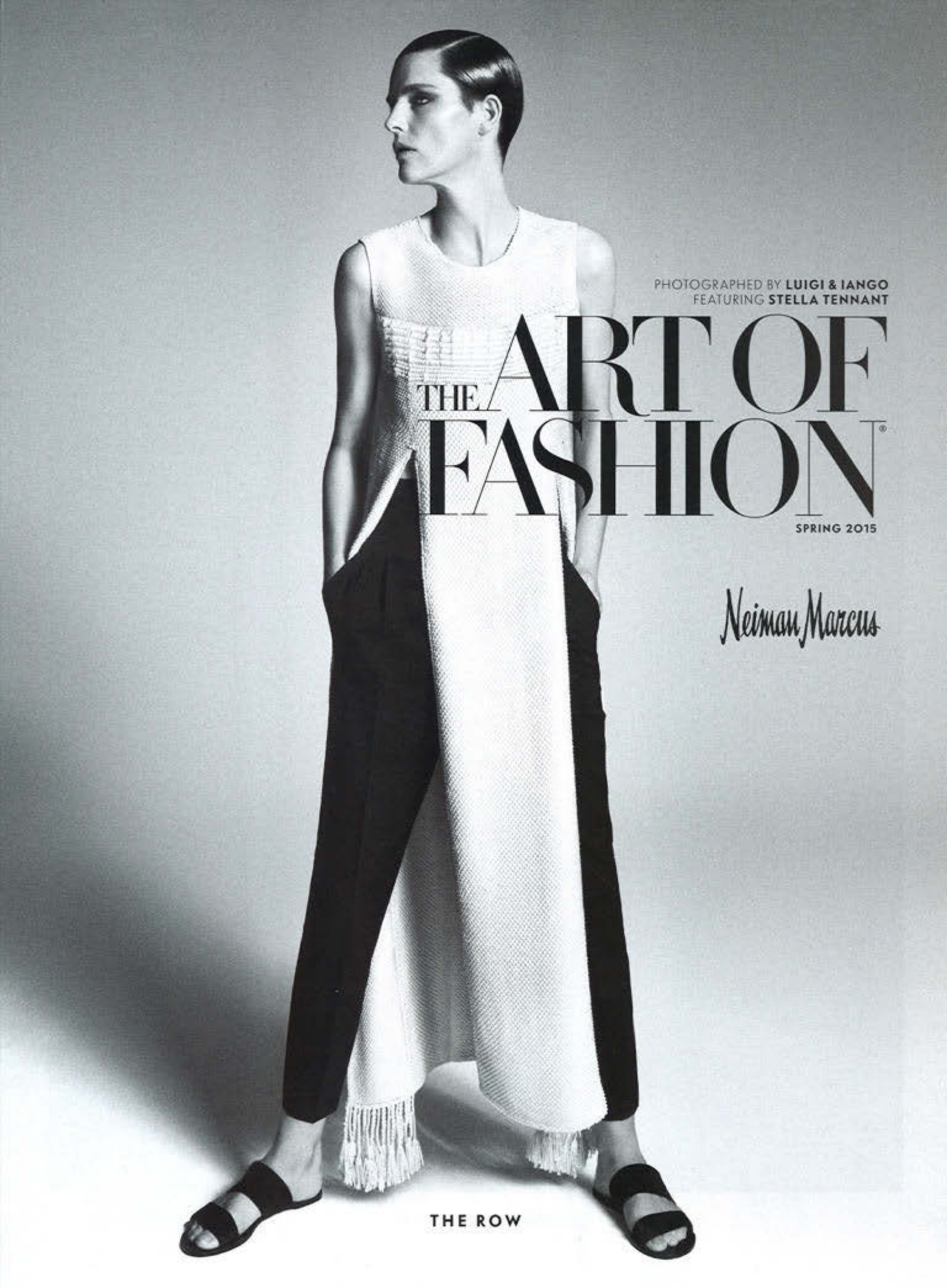

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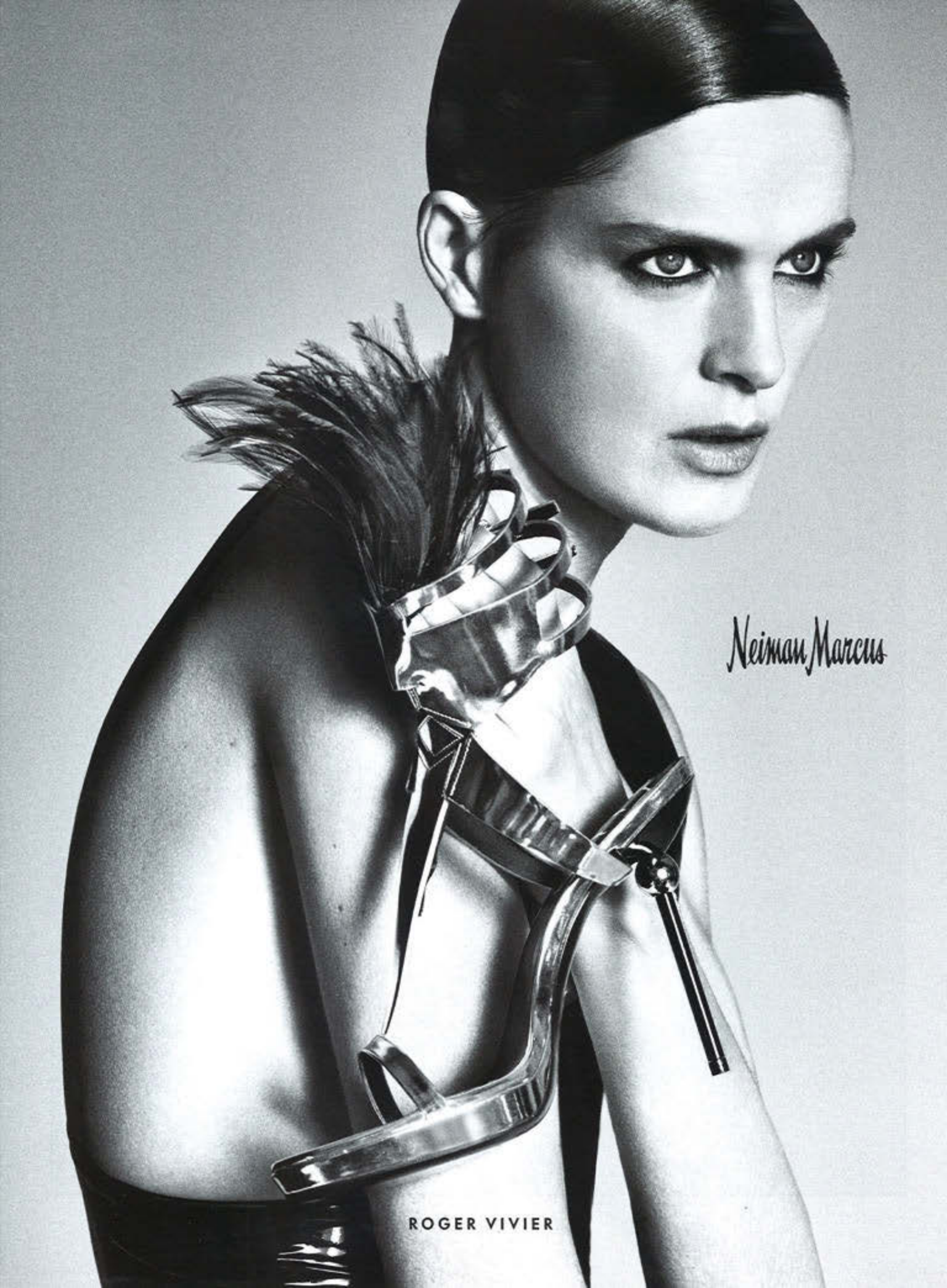

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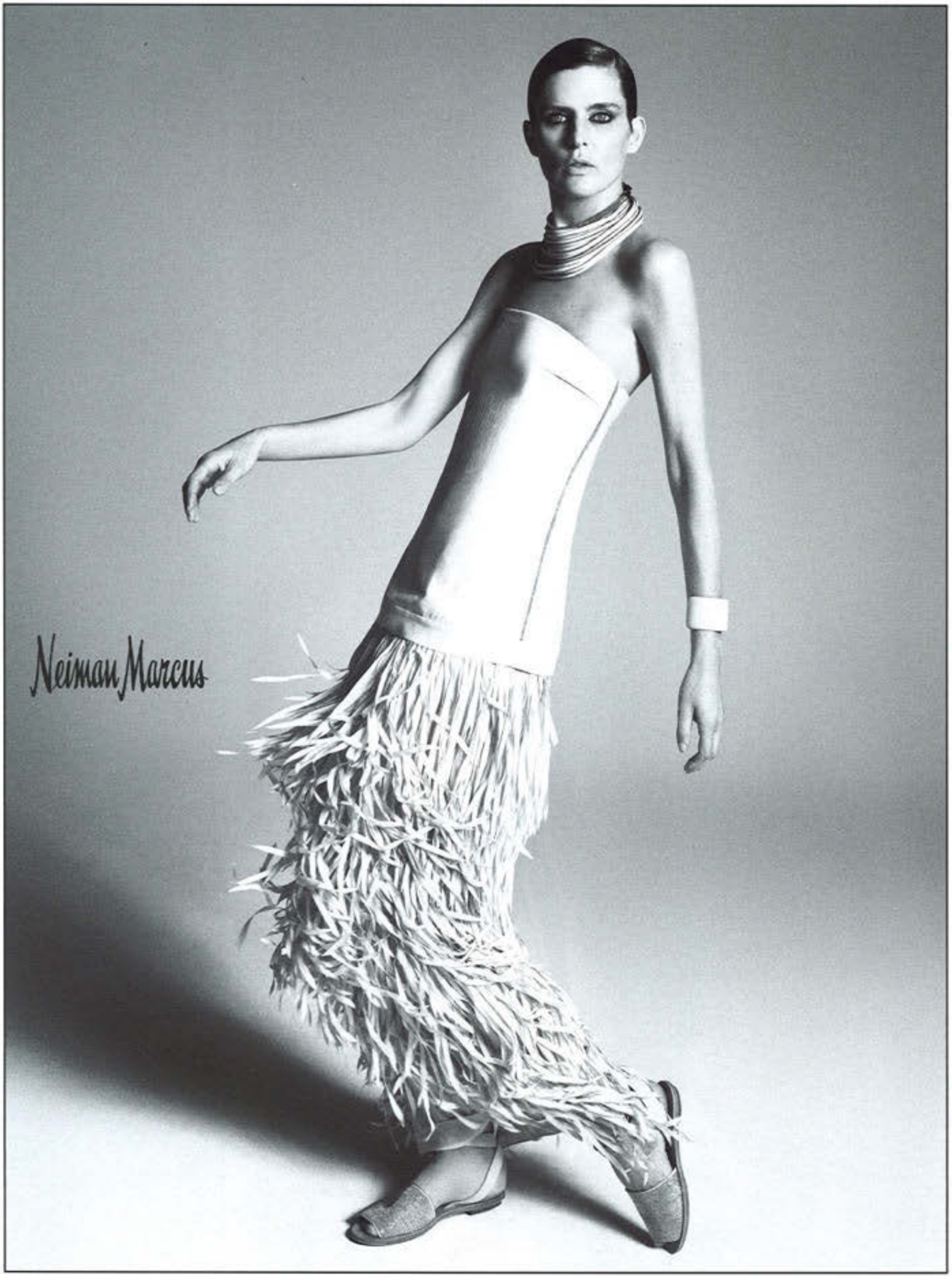

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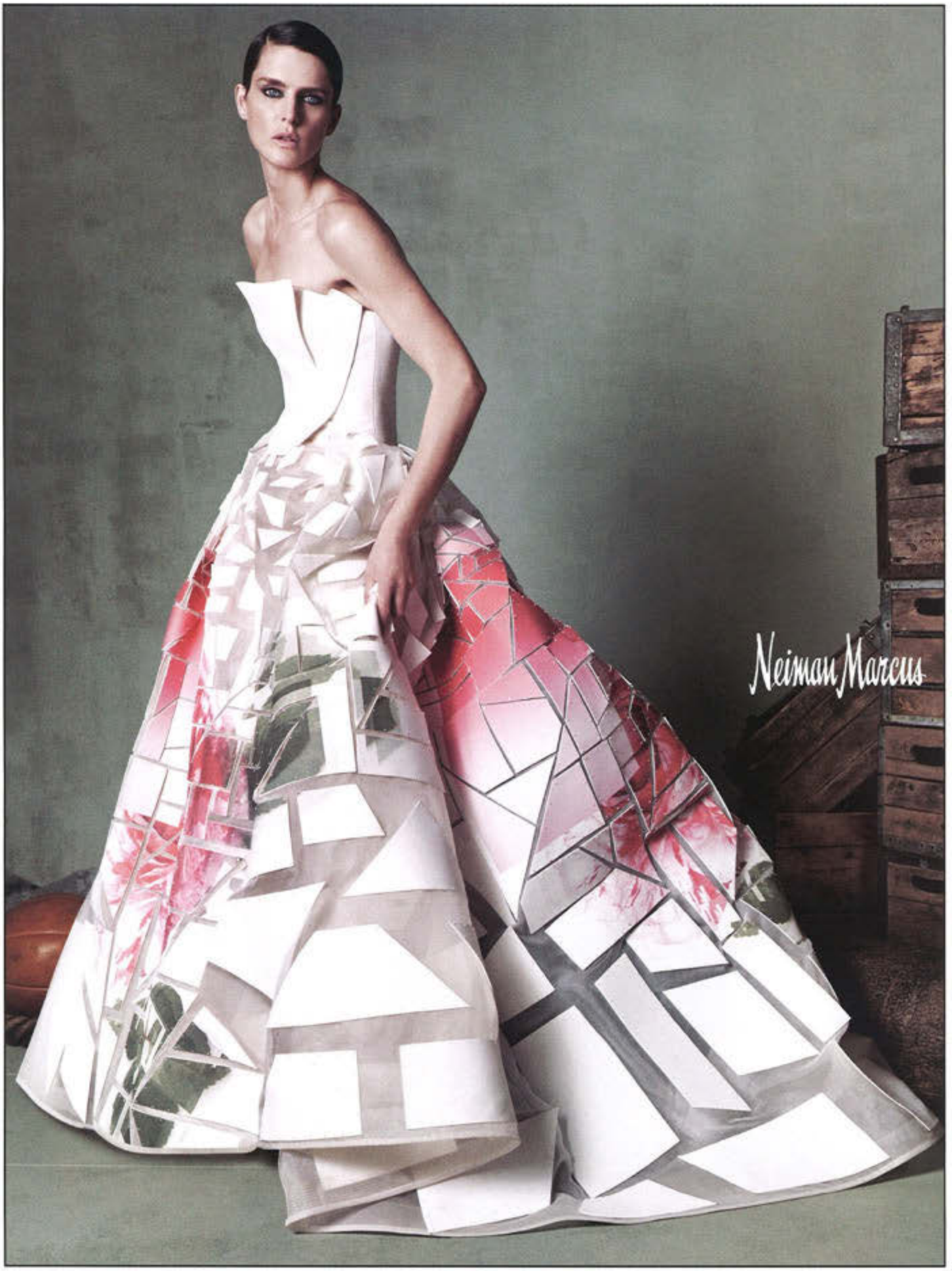
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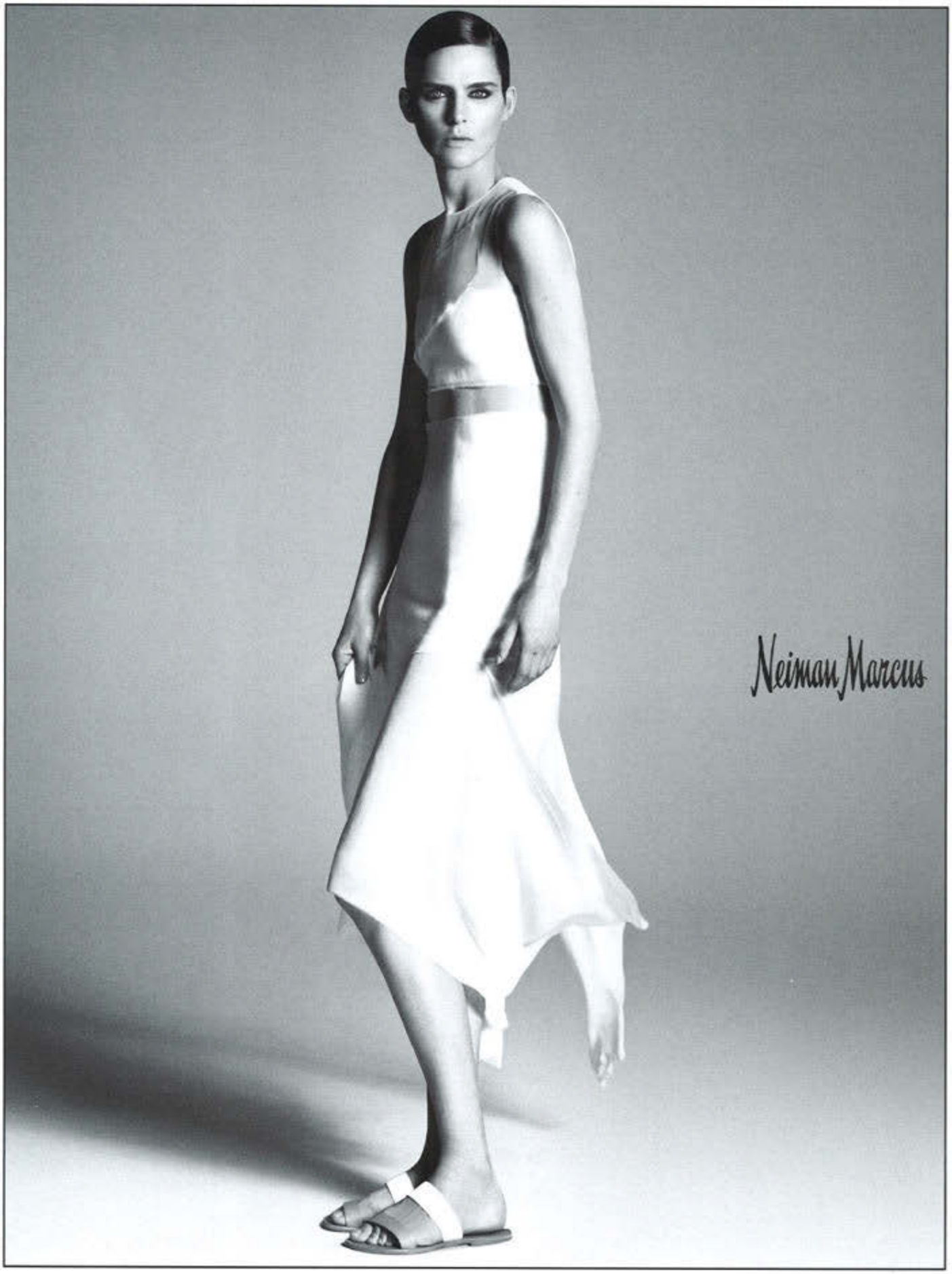


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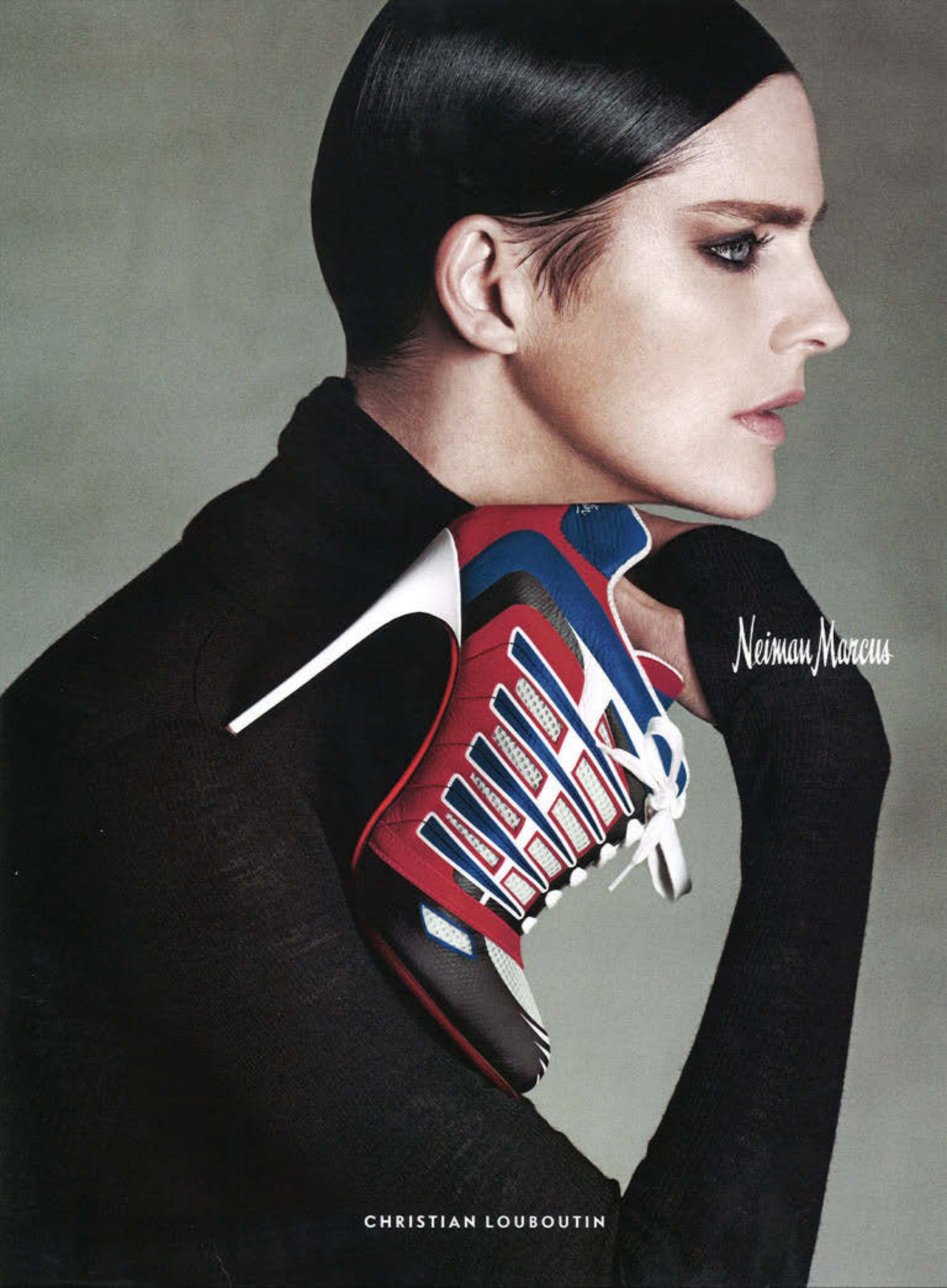
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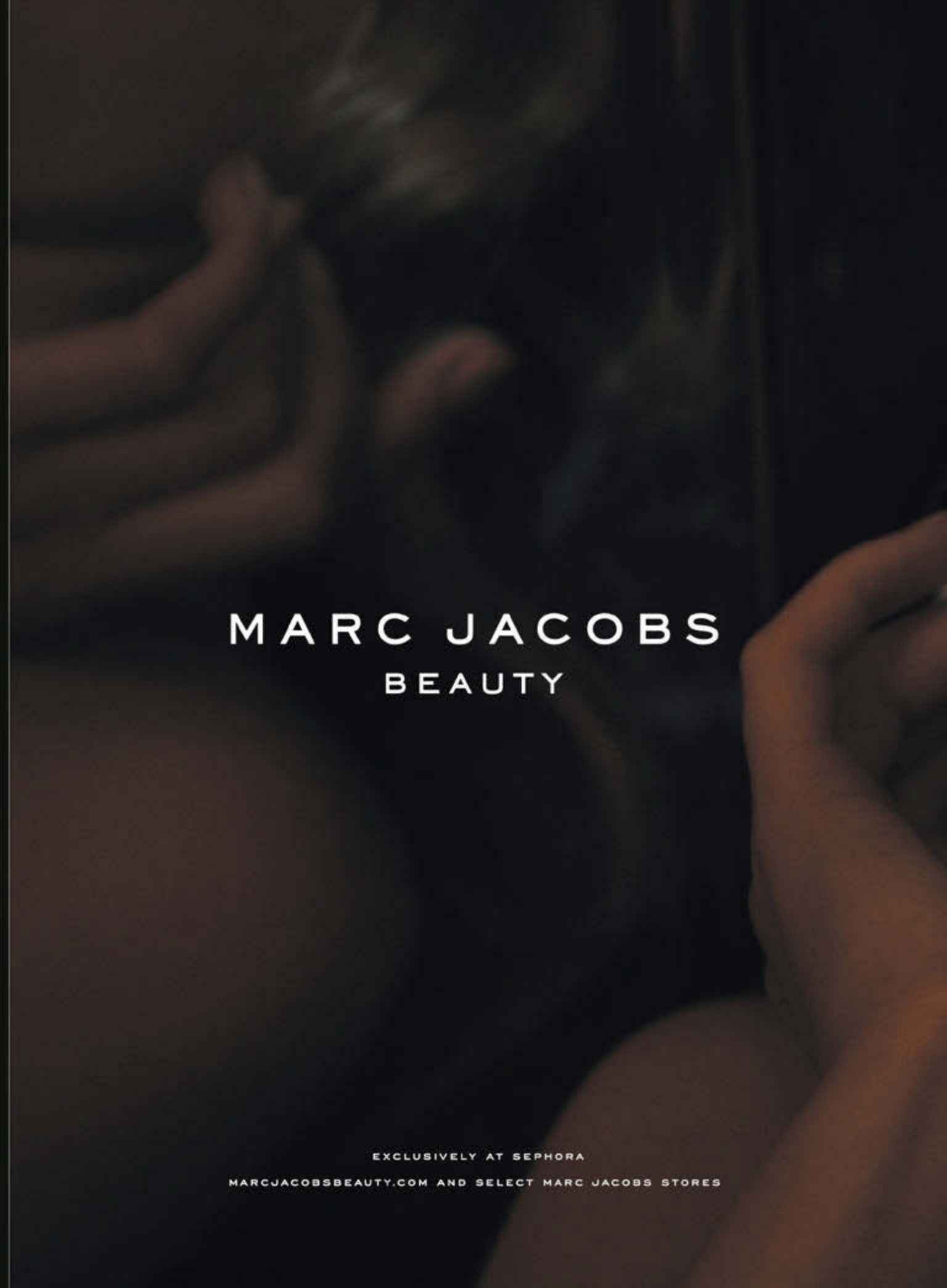


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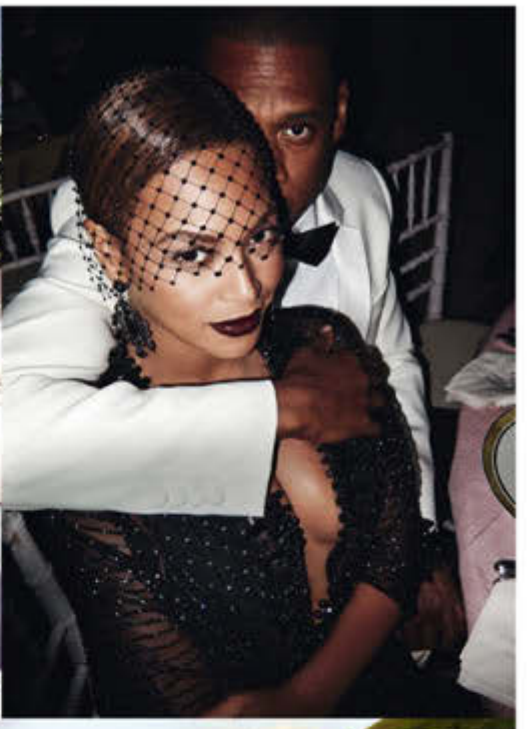


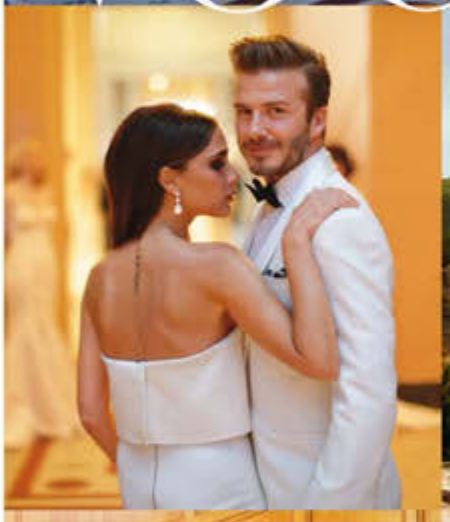
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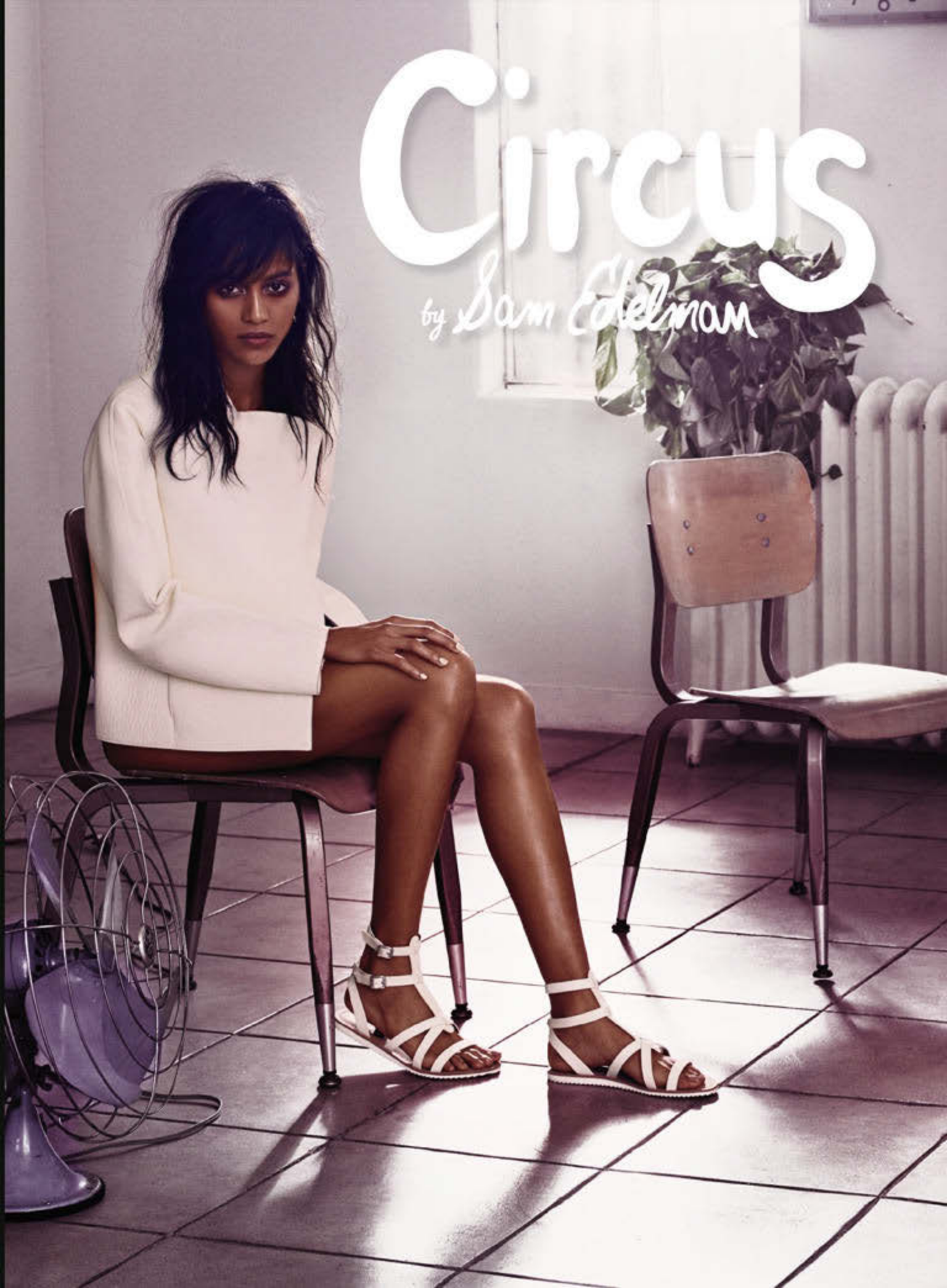
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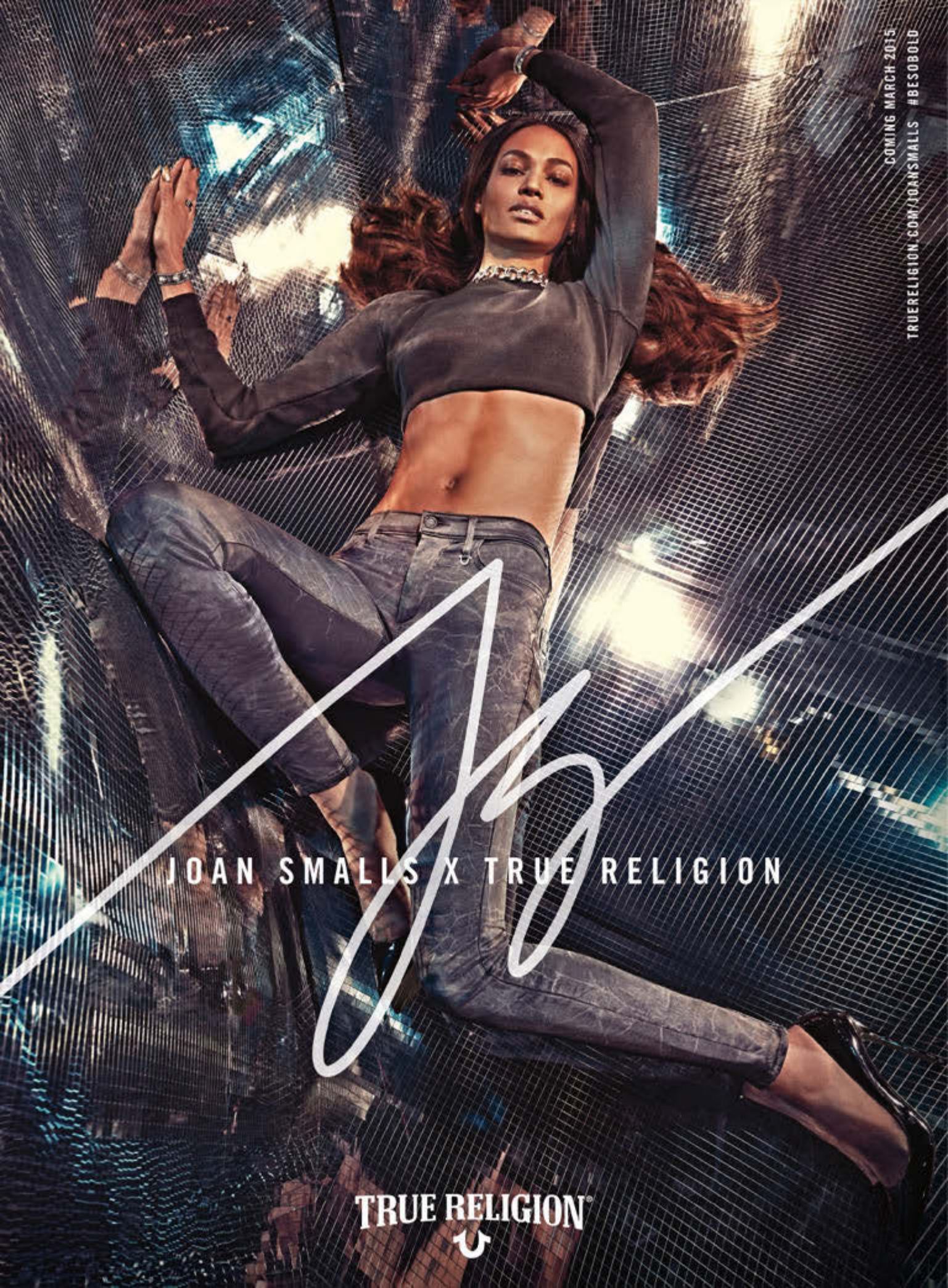


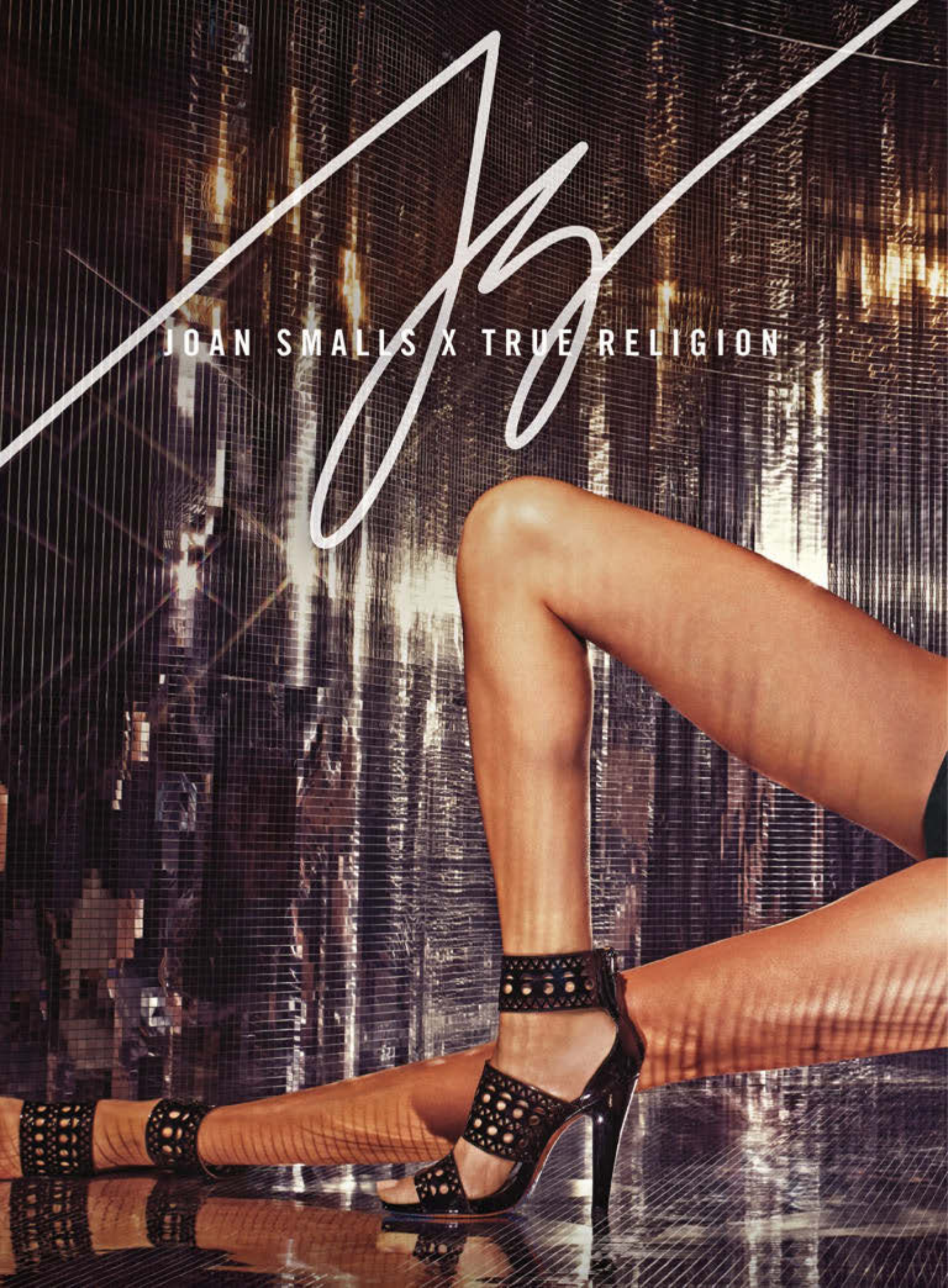
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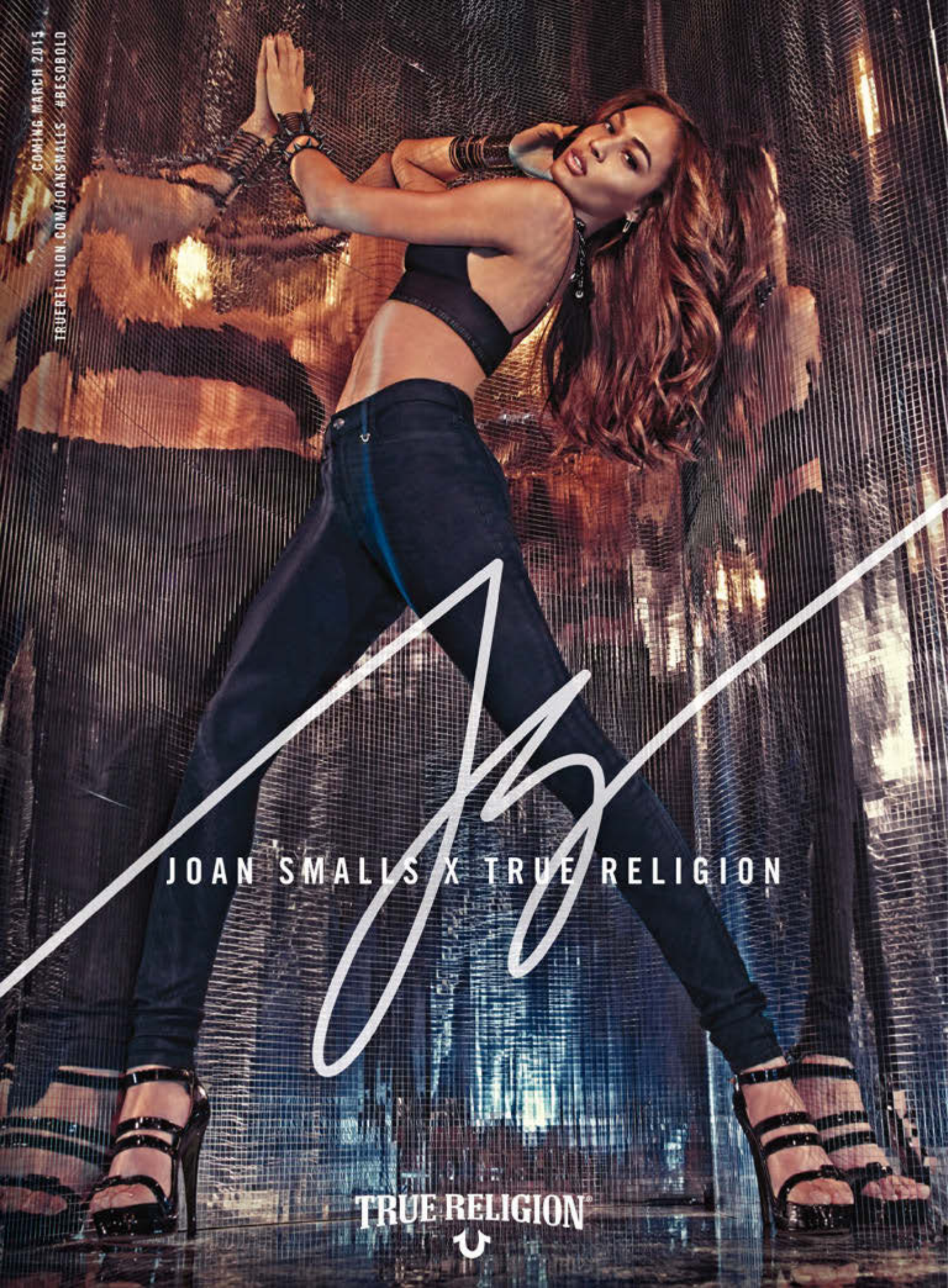
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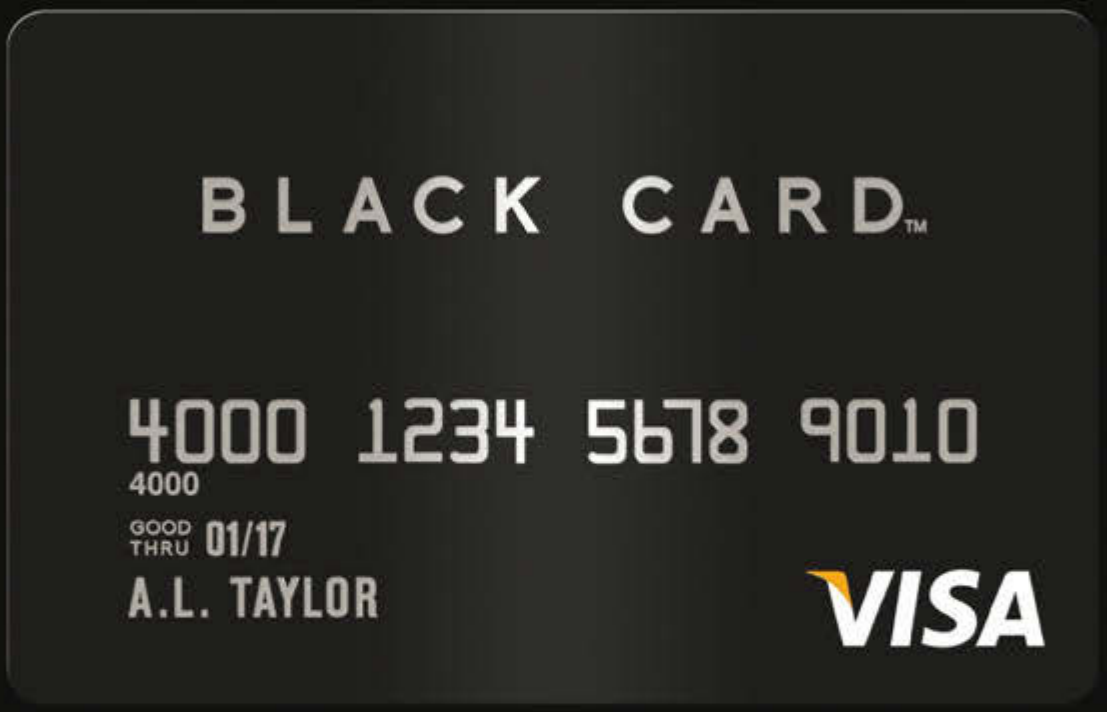

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VOGUE march

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THE REAL DEAL, P. 540

IVANKA TRUMP (IN DOLCE & GABBANA) WITH HER SON, JOSEPH (IN P.JAMAS), AND DAUGHTER, ARABELLA (IN AN OSCAR DE LA RENTA DRESS). PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN JEAN ROY.

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John Galliano makes his thoughtful return to the runway at the helm of the house of Margiela. The designer talks to Hamish Bowles about his inspirations, his newfound sobriety—and happiness

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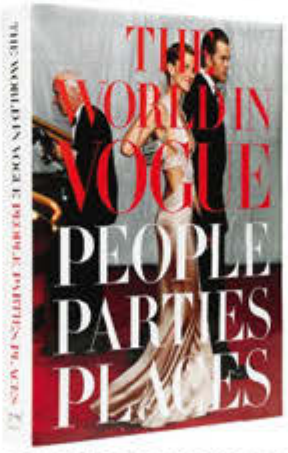
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Introduction by Hamish Bowles.





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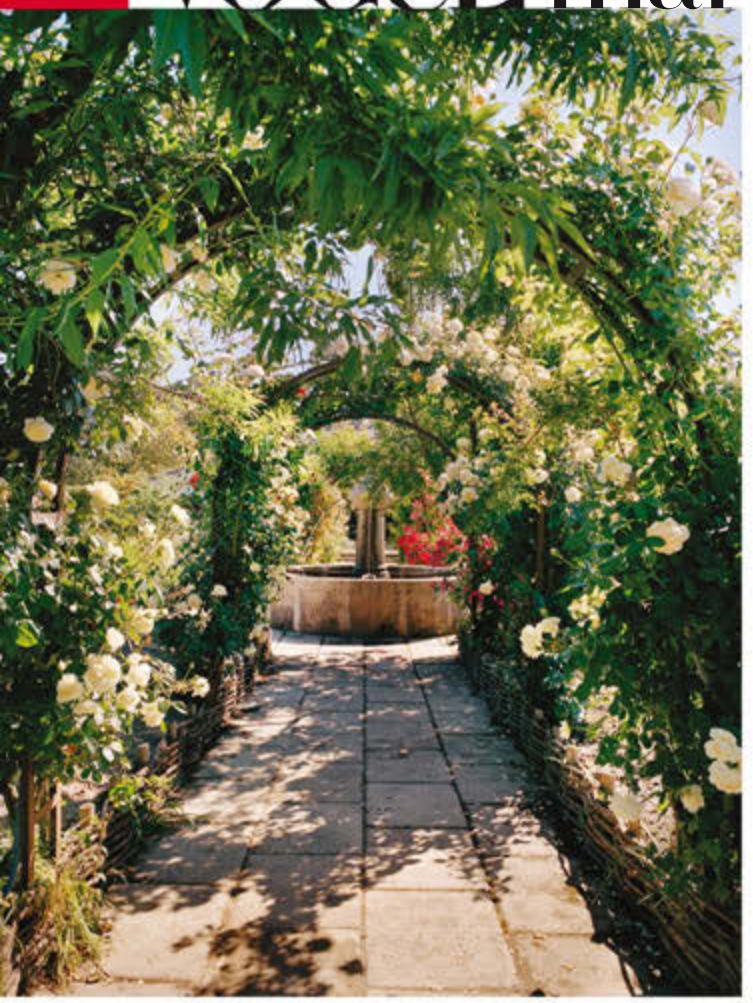




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VOGUE march



Coming UP Roses

REGARDING BEAUTY, P. 550

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN AT LA CHASSAGNETTE RESTAURANT IN ARLES, FRANCE, OWNED BY MAJA HOFFMANN.

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A PERSON OF INTEREST
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540
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Full-speed at work and hands-on at home, Ivanka Trump knows what it means to be a modern millennial—the exact demographic she wants to dress. By Jonathan Van Meter

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ANCHORS AWEIGH
After a rocky launch abroad, Harvey Weinstein's *Peter Pan* creation tale *Finding Neverland*—starring Matthew Morrison and Laura Michelle Kelly—sets sail for Broadway. By Adam Green

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With restaurants—along with their chefs and the food they conjure—now a main course of our culture, we sent Karlie Kloss on a culinary tour through New York's hottest kitchens and dining rooms

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In between costume dramas, Lily James finds a look fit for a lady

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LAST LOOK

cover look TWO OF A KIND



Karlie Kloss and Taylor Swift wear Louis Vuitton embroidered minidresses and resin earrings. To get this look, try: Magic Nude Liquid Powder Bare Skin Perfecting Makeup SPF 18, True Match Blush in Soft Sun, Brow Stylist Custom Brow Shaping Pencil in Blonde, La Palette Nude Smokey, Voluminous Butterfly Intenza Mascara, Infallible Pro-Last Lipcolor in Permanent Blush. All by L'Oréal Paris. Hair, Garren for Garren New York for R+Co.; makeup, Mark Carrasquillo. Details, see In This Issue **Photographer: Mikael Jansson. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.**

COMING UP ROSES: FRANÇOIS HALARD. SITTINGS EDITOR: HAMISH BOWLES.


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ON THE TOWN
DEVON AOKI AND SON HUNTER, *VOGUE*, 2013.

the Directory

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video

Play It Again, SAM

The Grammy-nominated artist responds to interview questions with the lyrics from his hit song "Stay with Me." Watch it on Vogue.com and follow along in karaoke style.

ONE Fine DAY

From the most on-top-of-it planners, the perfect venues, and the prettiest hair and makeup ideas to our favorite flowers, jewelers, and dresses, we highlight the spring wedding trends you need to know.



SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS
KATE MOSS WITH JOHN GALLIANO, *VOGUE*, 2011. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.

AOKI: BOO GEORGE. SMITH: INEZ AND VINOODH.



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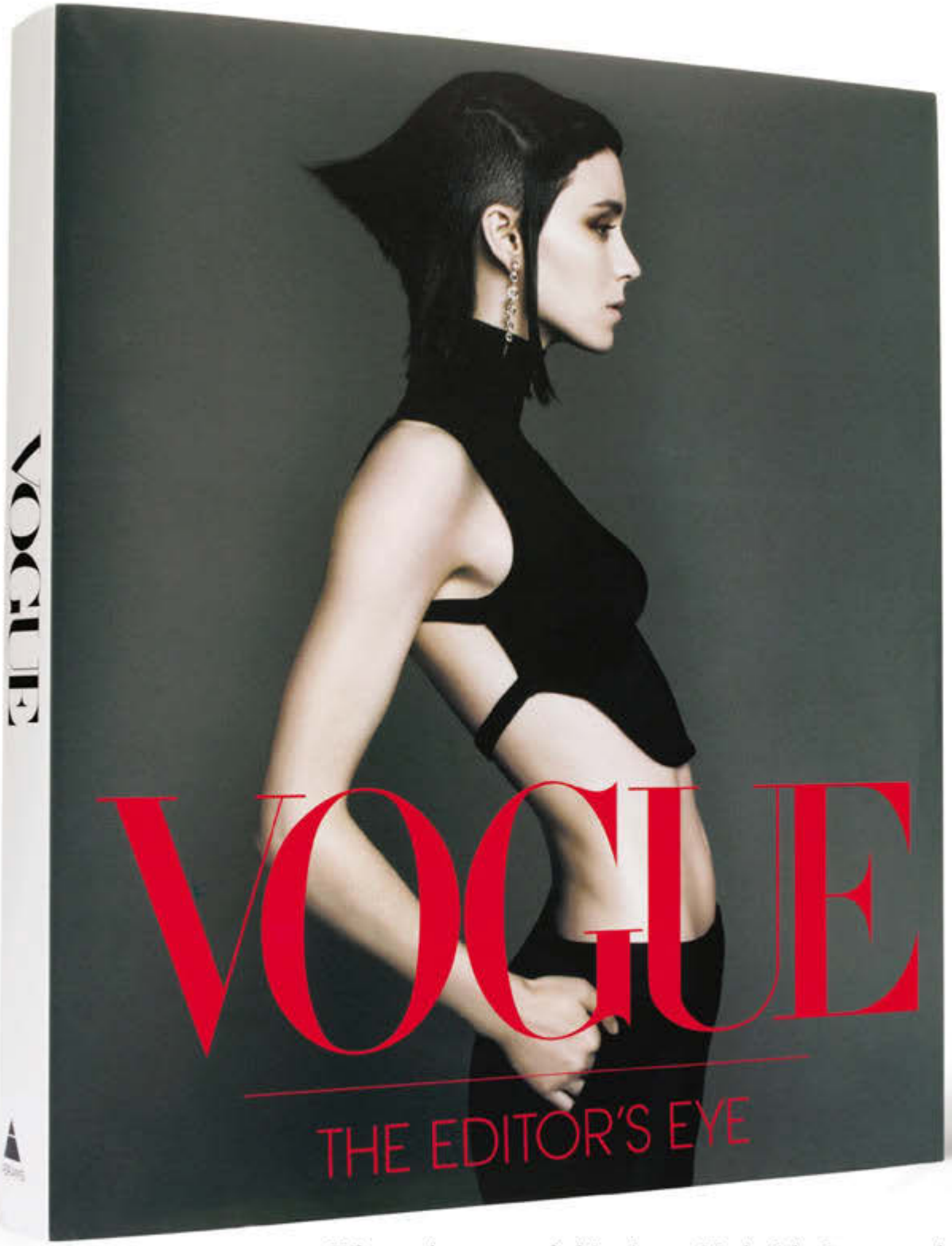
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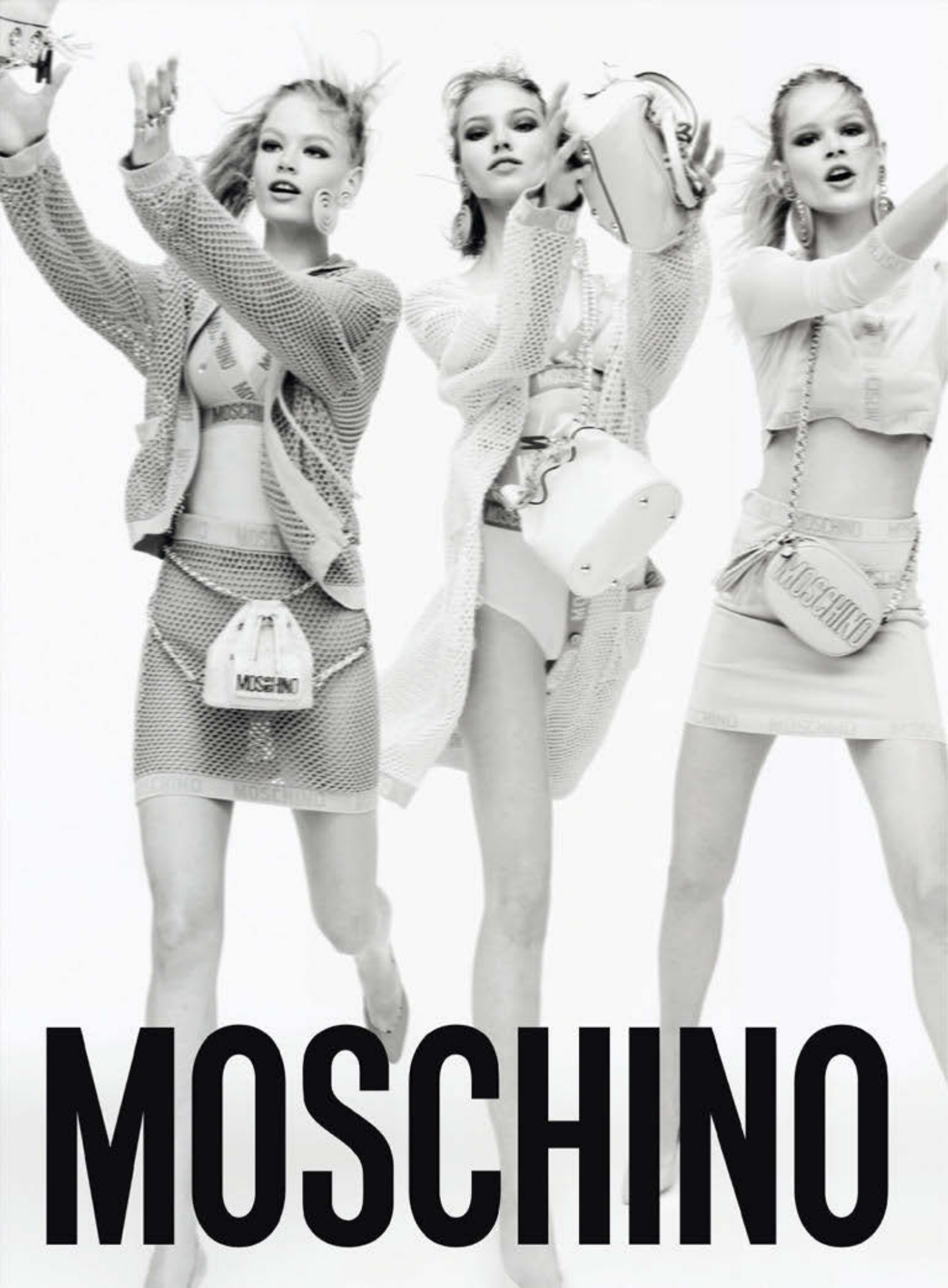
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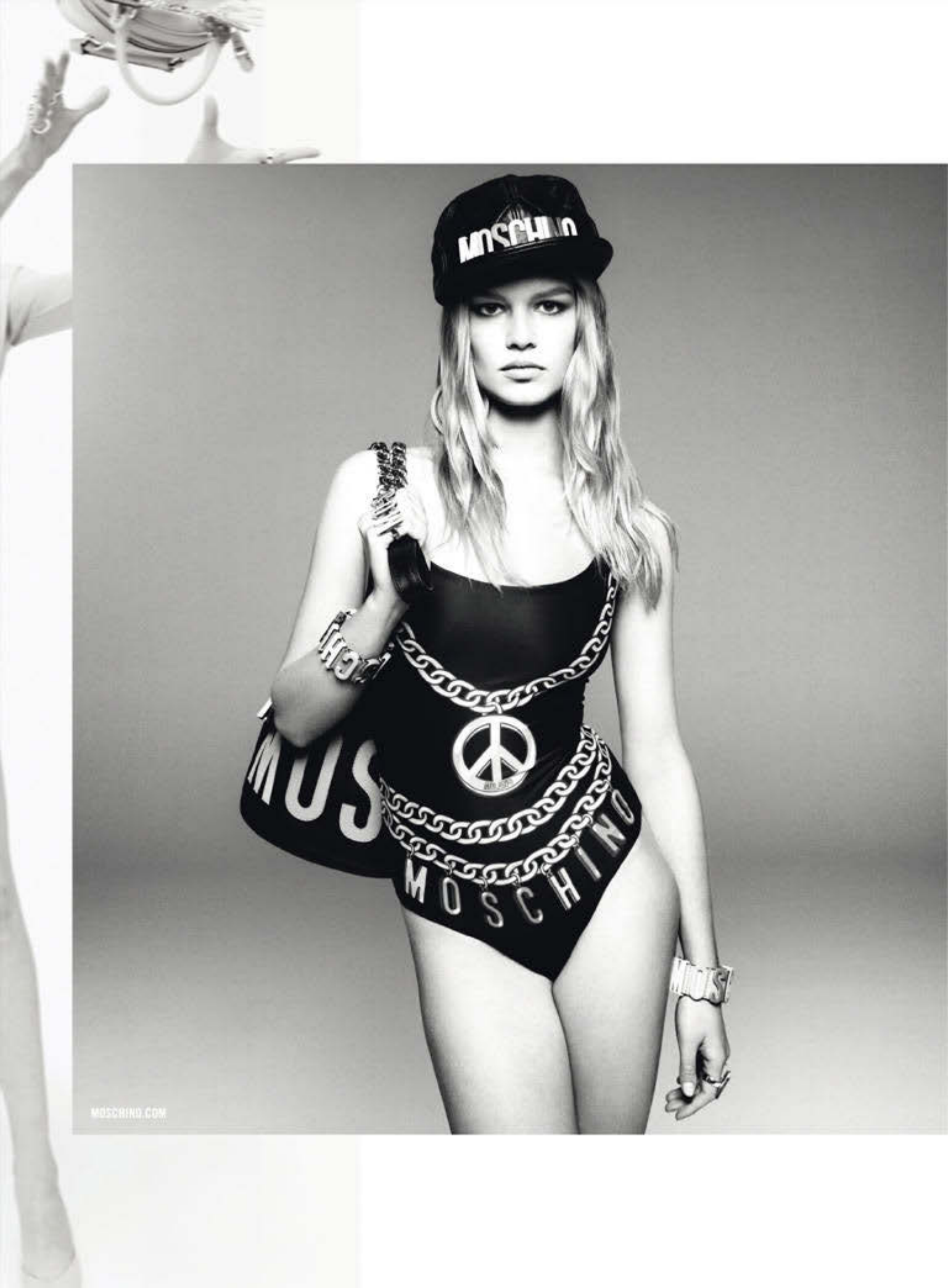
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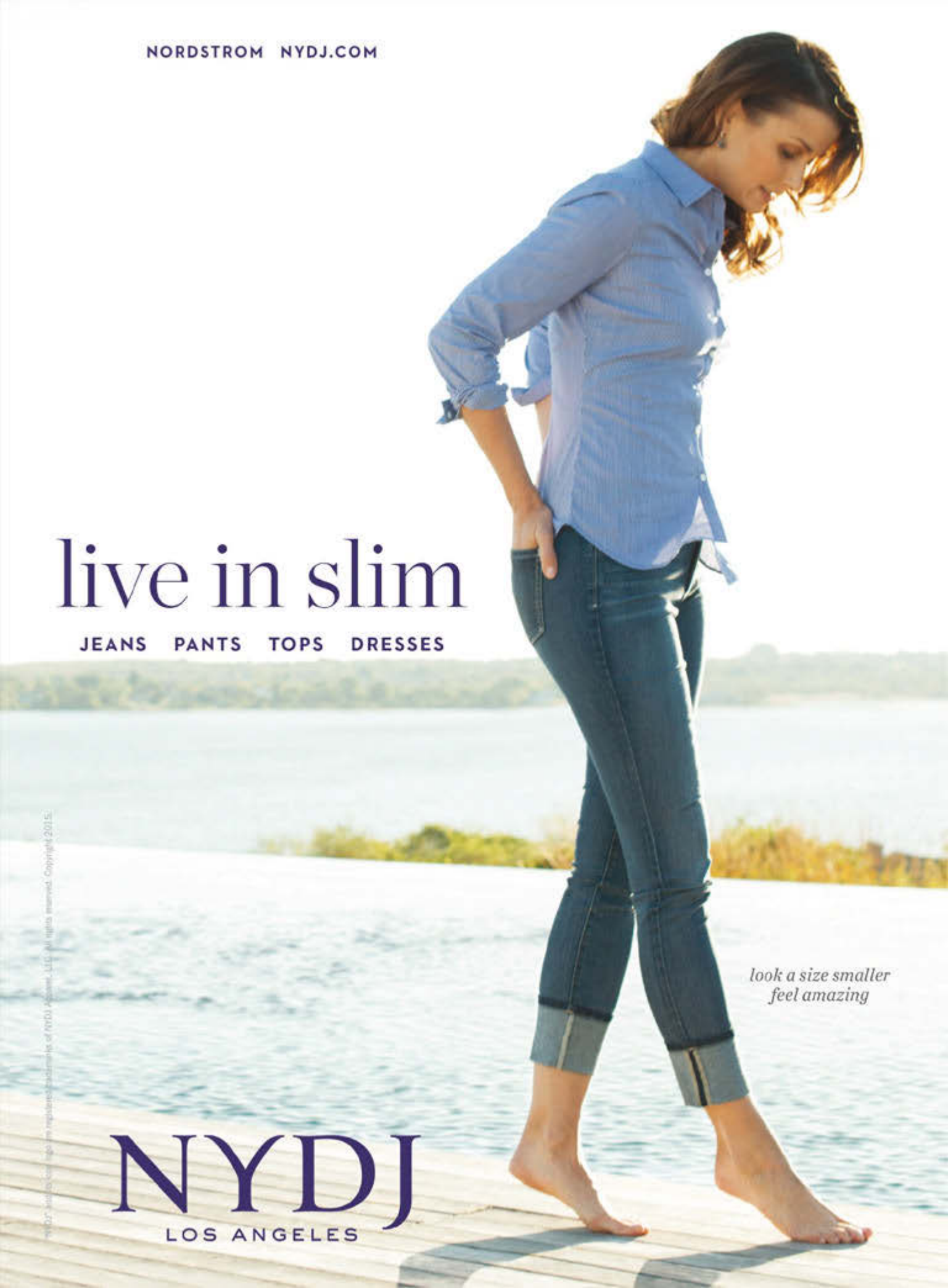
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IN BLOOM ANDREEA DIACONU, *VOGUE*, 2014.

Spring FORWARD

Fresh skin, power brows, and a new lip color are the prerequisites for the season. And whether you're shopping the latest statement makeup, embarking on a major hair-color transformation, or choosing a pretty (and surprising!) perfume, our guide to spring beauty will carry you effortlessly through the warmer months.

Street STYLE

Sometimes the best looks are spotted outside the shows. Check Vogue.com regularly to see what's happening on the so-called sidelines through the lens of contributor and Street Peeper blogger Phil Oh.



ON THE ROAD CIPRIANA AND TAKENYA QUANN.

AROUND-THE-CLOCK UPDATES

We'll be spotlighting trends on the runway and at the shows as they happen in real time in New York, London, Milan, and Paris.

BACKSTAGE DRAMA

A behind-the-scenes look at Fashion Week through the eyes of the photographers, models, editors, stylists, and designers in our world.

FRONT-ROW FIXTURES

A roundup of our favorite celebrities and socialites seen at the collections.

ACCESSORY OF THE DAY

We pinpoint the must-have pieces that come down the runway.

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letter from the editor



TAYLOR SWIFT AND KARLIE KLOSS IN MALIBU. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON.

New World Order

When you spend 26 hours flying from New York to Beijing to London—more on that trip below—it allows for an awful lot of time to fine-tune the balance of our March issue. And given that I have always thought that *Vogue* should be reflective of the moment, I decided to use my letter this month to highlight not only my favorite things in the issue but everything I am looking forward to this season as well.

1 Everywhere I traveled in both China and England, one person was inescapable. That would be one of our cover girls, Taylor Swift, who has attained a magnitude of global fame that only happens every once in a while. Taylor shares the cover with her BFF Karlie Kloss, and when I read Jada Yuan's story of their friendship ("Two for the Show," page 512), I was struck by the fact that the two are, at heart, no different from any other road-tripping, Instagramming girls of their generation. I'm always loath to say that immensely famous individuals are just like everyone else, but in this case, thanks to Taylor's and Karlie's warmth and likability—not to mention the fact that they've retained the values they were raised with—it's true. And all this despite growing up in the intense glare of the spotlight.

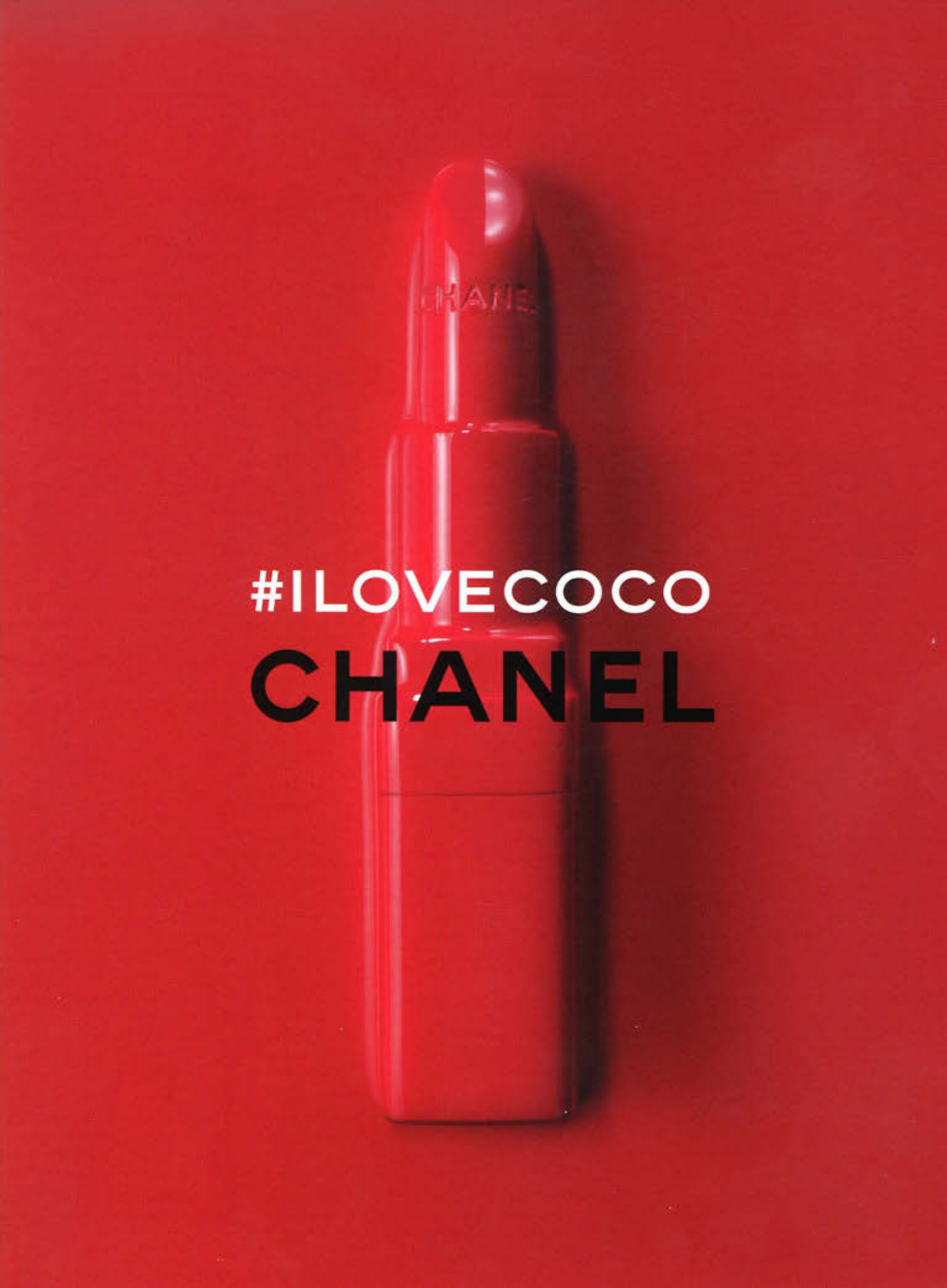
2 The reason for our visit to Asia was to announce the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Center exhibition "China: Through the Looking Glass," opening May 7. It was a very long way to go, but so very worth it: Seeing Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche's lavishly embroidered yellow evening dress in the equally lavish Jingyi Xuan room in the Forbidden City's Palace Museum immediately brought the show to life, and I am eager to see how curator Andrew Bolton's exhibition, which is being art-directed by filmmaker Wong Kar Wai, will surpass that sight's impact. Incidentally, yellow, I learned, is a symbol of good luck in China—so I took Tom's dress to be a positive omen!

EDITOR'S LETTER>278



TOM FORD'S YVES SAINT LAURENT DRESS IN THE PALACE MUSEUM.

TOM FORD: COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART


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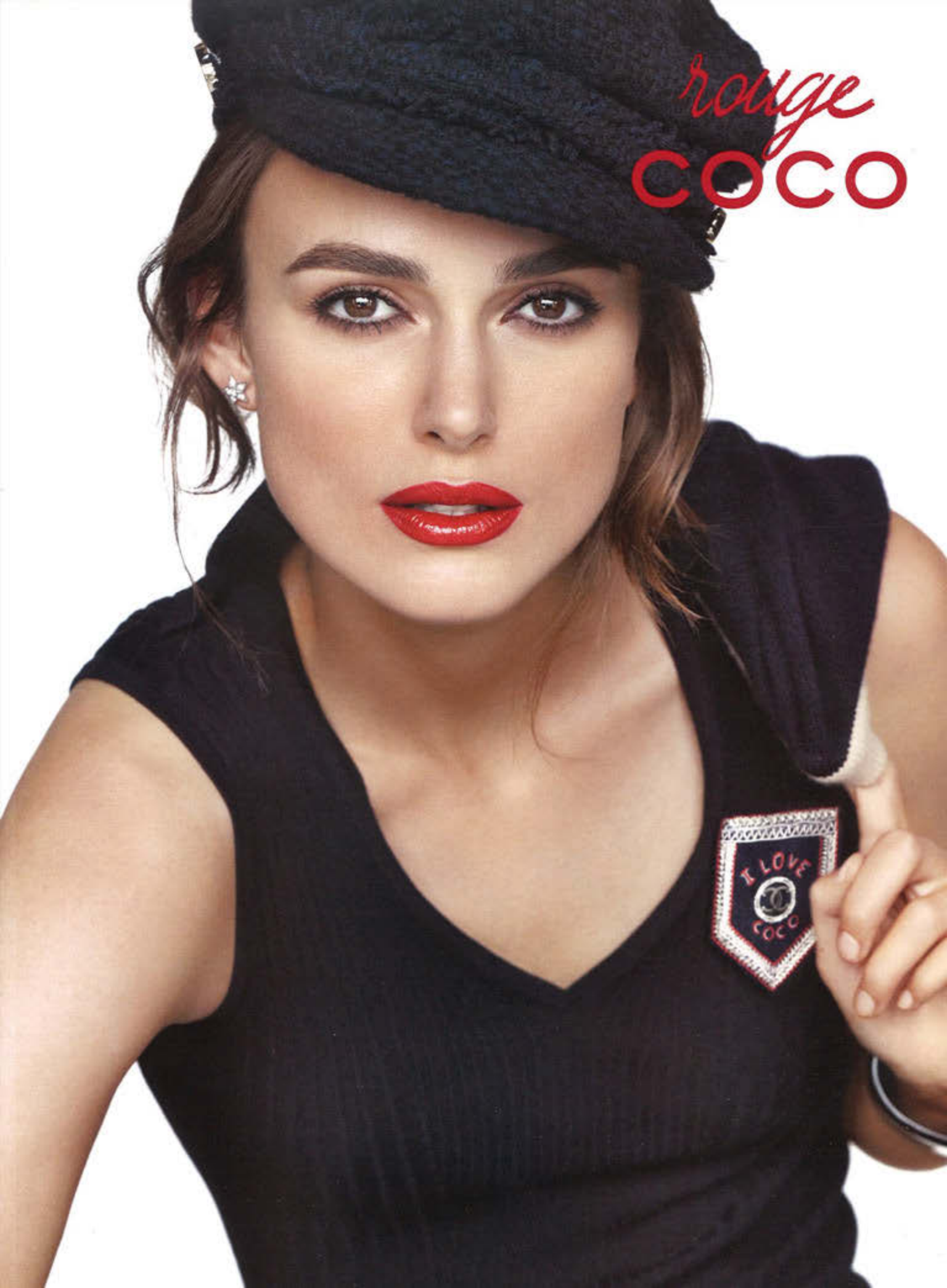
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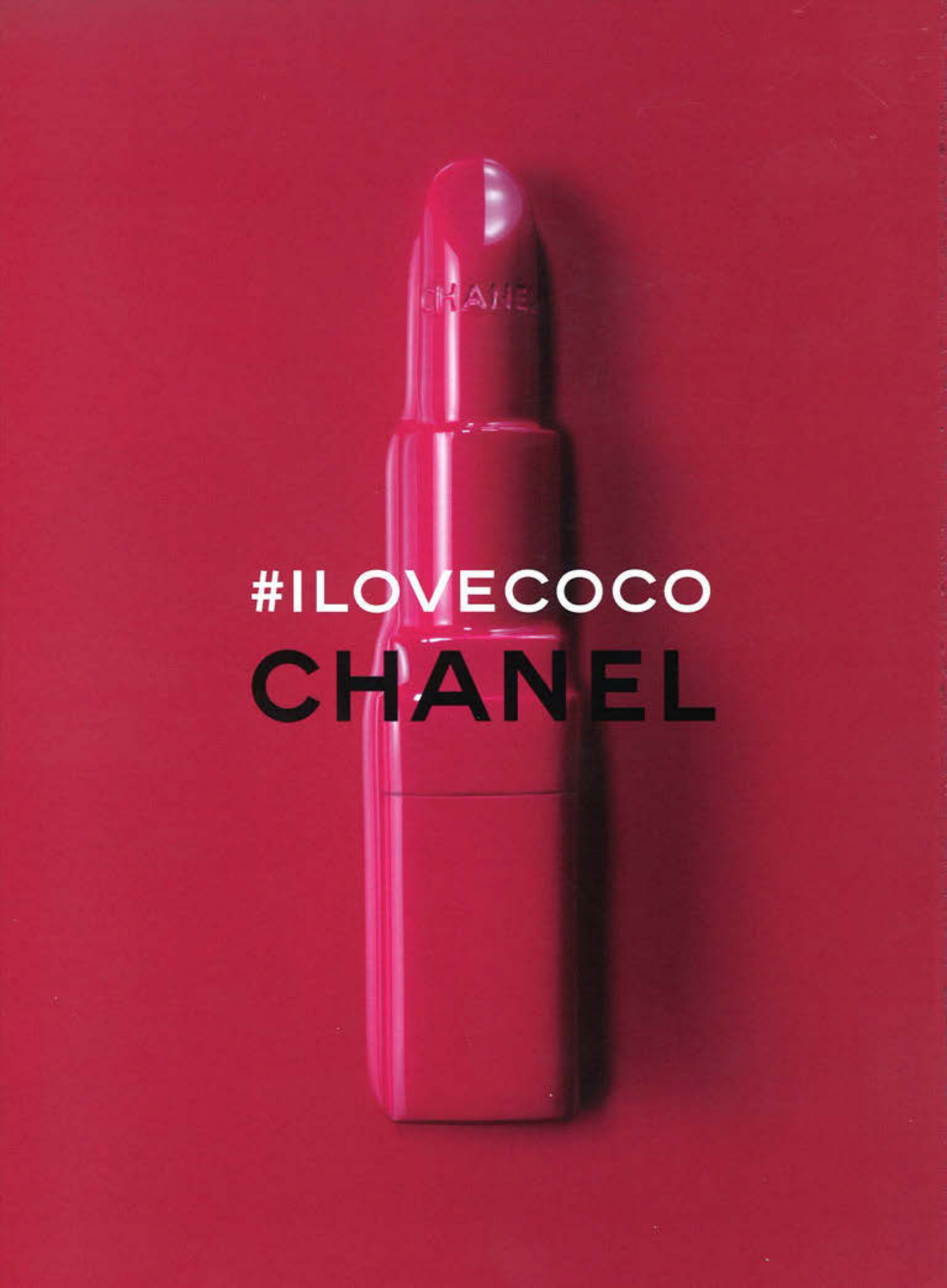


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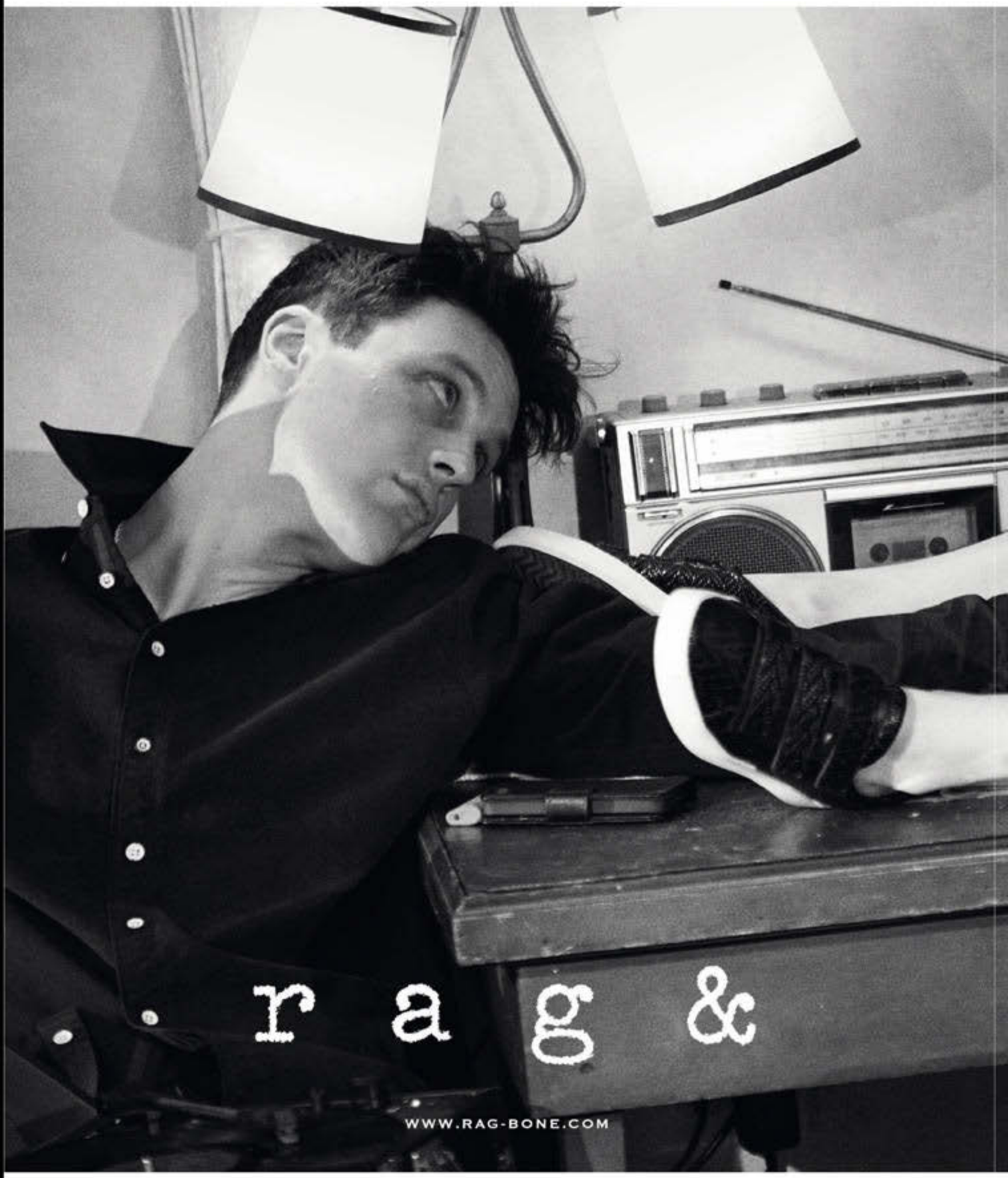
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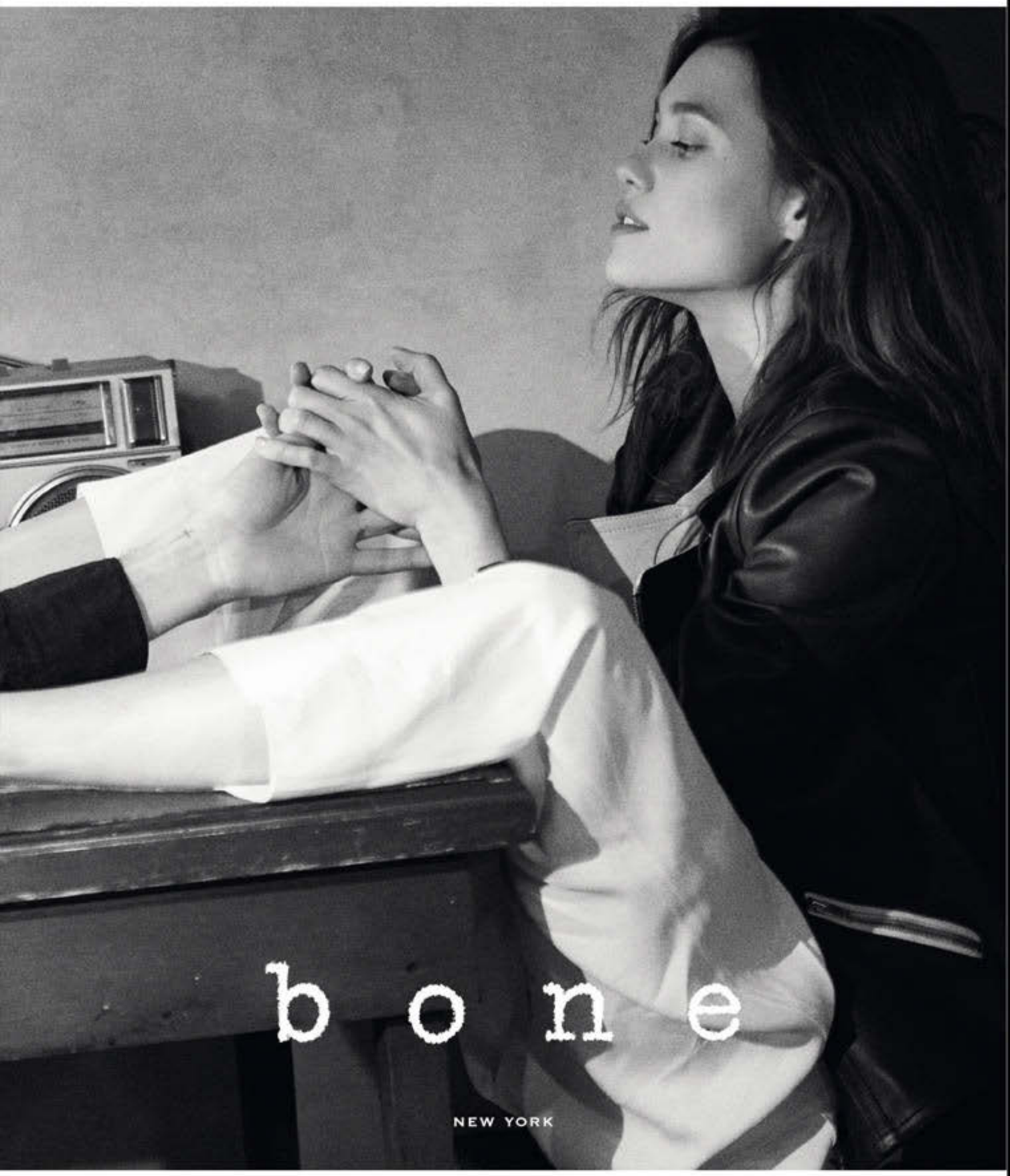


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letter from the editor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 258

3 Every now and then something emerges that you just know is going to be a major fashion hit. This spring, that would be any one of the many versions of the white dress, which is bound to have everyone saying "I want" rather than "I do" ("Light Brigade," page 490, and "White Heat," View, page 414).

4 I lived through the 1970s and remember its stylistic highs and lows, so fashion's obsession with that particular decade has in the past left me wanting it to remain firmly in the past. Yet even I was seduced by the romanticism and optimism of the best new clothes that referenced that era ("Hustle and Flow," page 479).

5 Some of my *Vogue* colleagues mark out their year by Fashion Week schedules, but mine is also punctuated with various tennis tournaments around the world, and I am looking forward to seeing three record-breaking players do their best at the Miami Open in Key Biscayne this month: the Bryan brothers, who captured their hundredth doubles title last year, and Roger Federer—who, rather incredibly, won his thousandth match earlier this year.

6 In Nostalgia ("Hard Candy," page 346), Candice Bergen reminisces about the role that changed perceptions of her—and defied the television industry's belief that no one was interested in women over 40. The column is taken from her forthcoming autobiography *A Fine Romance* (Simon & Schuster). Candice has had a long history with *Vogue,* starting with modeling for us in the sixties, and I am delighted that relationship continues today through her daughter, our smart and witty Social Editor, Chloe Malle.

7 Dodie Kazanjian met the artist Paul Chan at his studio in Brooklyn's Sunset Park, a neighborhood where so much cultural endeavor seems to be percolating. Chan's Guggenheim show opens March 6, and in "The Challenger" (People Are Talking About, Art, page 472), Dodie reveals an artist who constantly challenges himself—and us.

8 I've written a great deal about my friendship with Oscar de la Renta in the last few months, and I am very much looking forward to visiting the SCAD Museum of Art in Savannah to see André Leon Talley's exhibition of Oscar's work (Flash, page 400), where the beauty of the clothes will bring back many, many happy memories, along with a few that are bittersweet.

9 Matthew Morrison stars as J. M. Barrie, the author of *Peter Pan,* in the theatrical version of *Finding Neverland* ("Anchors Aweigh," page 544). Matthew is another actor with a long-standing relationship with this magazine, starting with *Hairspray* in 2002. His star has, of course, risen immeasurably with *Glee,* but it's wonderful to have Matthew back onstage. If Broadway is Neverland, he has found it.

10 After we came back from the spring 2015 collections late last year, Fashion Market Director Virginia Smith mentioned an idea for a story that mixed fashion and food, since what and where we eat has become, if you'll excuse the pun, an all-consuming obsession ("Taste of the Town," page 558). Thank you, Virginia: With its blend of style, personality, and cultural resonance, it's the perfect *Vogue* story.

Anna Wintour



MALAIKA FIRTH IN FROTHY WHITE GIVENCHY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LINDBERGH.



CANDICE BERGEN, *VOGUE* SOCIAL EDITOR CHLOE MALLE, AND LOUIS MALLE IN NEW YORK, 1987.



KLOSS WITH THE BRYAN BROTHERS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, *VOGUE*, JUNE 2012.



KAROLIN WOLTER CHANNELS THE 1970S IN FLORAL CÉLINE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID SIMS.



A STILL FROM PAUL CHAN'S ANIMATED PIECE *MY BIRDS... TRASH... THE FUTURE*.



VOGUE CONTRIBUTING EDITOR MIRANDA BROOKS IN A CUSTOM OSCAR DE LA RENTA WEDDING GOWN, *VOGUE*, AUGUST 2010.



MATTHEW MORRISON AND THE CAST OF *FINDING NEVERLAND*. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.



KLOSS LENDS A HAND AT MILK BAR. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON.

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By Hamish Bowles

Foreword by Thomas P. Campbell

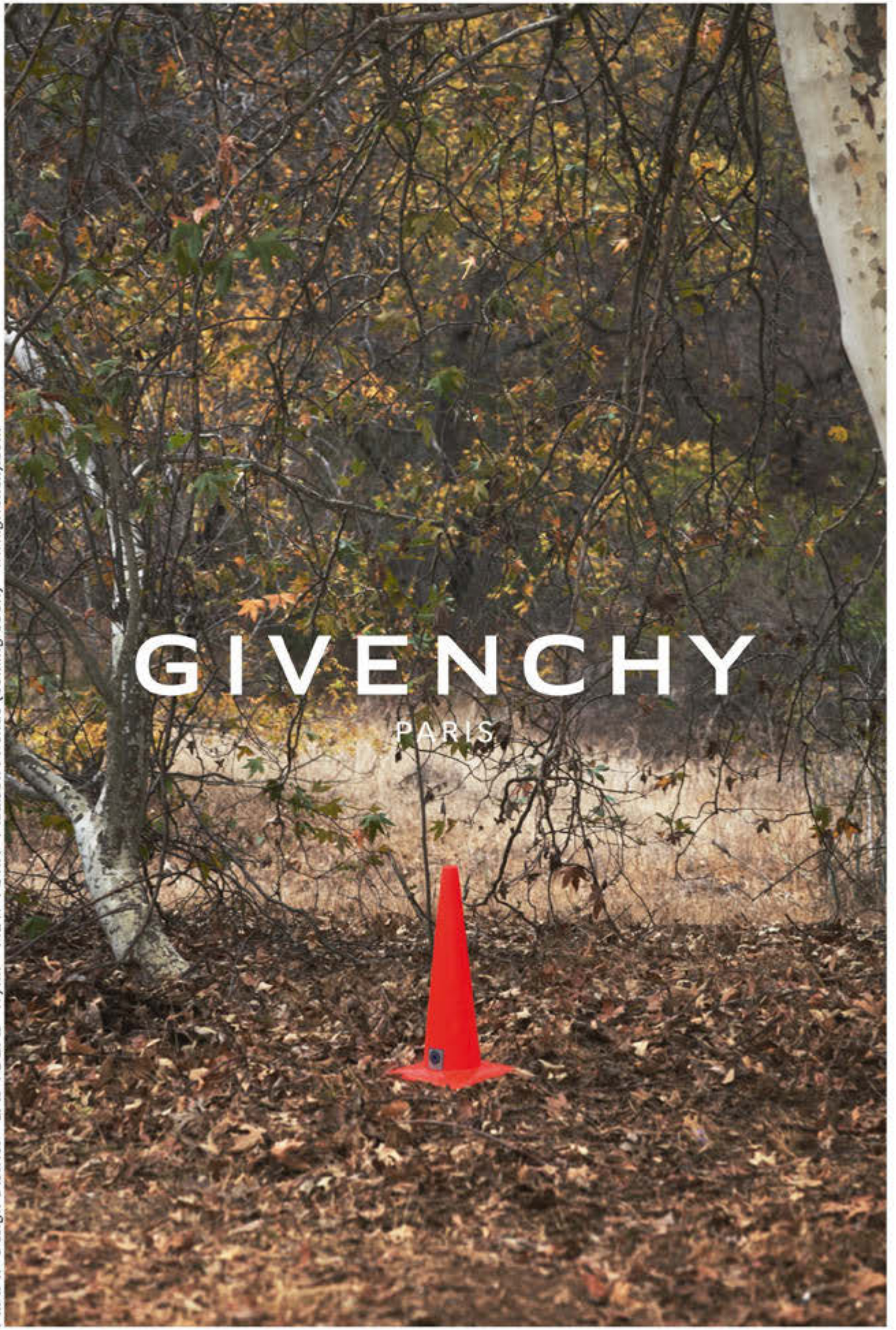
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talking back Letters from Readers



AMAZING AMY AMY ADAMS IN VALENTINO HAUTE COUTURE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

THE ENCHANTRESS

As I sat reading "Amazing Amy" [by Jonathan Van Meter, photographed by Annie Leibovitz, December], I felt my homesickness melt away. I, like Amy Adams, am from Denver. When I moved to New York City, it was an exciting whirlwind, but I found myself missing the simplicity of Colorado and its never-ending blue skies. Reading Mr. Van Meter's piece on Adams reminded me that a Colorado spirit is always within. Thank you, VOGUE, for making me feel at home.

Abigail Kloosterman
Riverdale, NY

Amy Adams has a signature mix of daring and vulnerability that continues to captivate Hollywood directors and audiences alike. Thank you, VOGUE, for choosing her to be the December issue's cover girl.

Melanie Barnett
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

ROOM FOR DEBATE

The Kendall Jenner photo shoot ["Let's Dance," photographed by Patrick Demarchelier, December] warrants thirteen pages, while the feature on Amy Adams receives only six? What a horrible mistake. Each of Annie Leibovitz's photographs creatively retelling Hans Christian Andersen's tale "The Red Shoes" deserved a full spread. But jamming two pictures onto one page ruined what could have been another iconic moment for the magazine.

Amanda Reilly
Schlumberger
Larchmont, NY

I cannot understand why there were thirteen images of Kendall Jenner while Amy Adams, the cover girl, was given only six pages and four photos. Kendall Jenner receives enough exposure. Please feature women who deserve the spotlight because of their work—not because of who their family is.

Mary Klopfenstein
West Lafayette, IN

Gasp if you must, but as a 60-year-old lifelong fashion fanatic I often find some of the latest offerings nothing short of hideous. Your spread on Kendall Jenner, however, left me coveting every single piece. The clothing was stunning yet wearable even for me. Perfection!

Paula Stepanian
Charleston, SC

TALKING BACK>308


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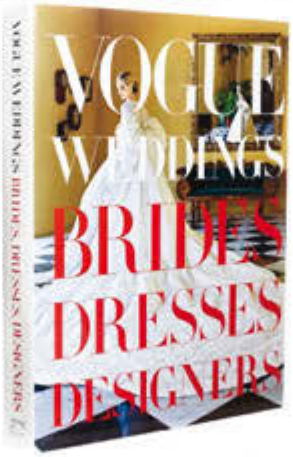




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Introduction by Hamish Bowles.



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talking back Letters from Readers

RIGHT ROUND

I must say "Pass the Parcel," by Dodie Kazanjian [Manners, December], really gave me a delightful laugh going into the holidays—especially as a chronic regifter who has been caught in the act before!

Chance Senser
San Antonio, TX

When I read Dodie Kazanjian's article on regifting, a great sense of guilt was lifted off my shoulders. Many years ago, I regifted something to a family member as a housewarming present. What I did not realize was that the person who gave us the gift had regifted it from this very family member. The embarrassment made me realize that it's best to bring flowers or a bottle of wine! Lesson learned in the suburbs.

Eileen Bergman
West Orange, NJ



LET'S DANCE KENDALL JENNER IN A VALENTINO JACKET AND A SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE HAT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER.

In the December issue, I was most intrigued by "Pass the Parcel." I chuckled as I read Kazanjian's admission of being "impossible to buy presents for," and her rationalization that regifting allows one to give a gift to someone who "would really enjoy it." I, too, am impossible to buy for, and have asked the same question: "Who can I give this to?" In previous years, I attempted to regift but found myself worrying whether the recipient would question what function the item would serve in his or her own life. Now I no longer have to think about whom I will regift to—my answer is always "Donate!"

Katherine Marshall Woods
Washington, D.C.

GIRL POWER

As I thumbed through the December table of contents, one story immediately caught my eye ["Breaking the Silicon Ceiling," by Nathan Heller, Lives]. Thank you so much for respectfully covering the technology industry's significant gender gap. I work for a hardware company that has a female CEO, but even with a woman in that position, only 28 percent of our employees are female. From my own experience, I thought the article accurately described the issues working women face. Competence is often evaluated on the basis of what one wears, and it is too often said that there are not enough qualified women to promote. Tracy Chou's bravery for continuing to push the issue of gender imbalance in tech should be recognized. She is a true hero. Thank you for this article!

Laura Szymanski
Austin, TX

As a young woman, I was elated when I came across your article "Breaking the Silicon Ceiling." Seeing Tracy Chou succeed in what is known as a male-dominated field with such poise and confidence is nothing short of inspirational. TALKING BACK>320

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peter som

BEHIND THE COLLECTION

Peter Som's Spring 2015 collection was inspired by Pop Art—a means of encapsulating the vibrancy and excitement of American optimism. Shades of persimmon, olive green, and creamy beige made a statement on the runway, while **Maybelline New York** turned heads backstage. Maybelline New York Global Makeup Artist Yadim collaborated with Som to create a look that would complement his collection. Here's what transpired.



DESIGNER PETER SOM



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This look was an ode to the '60s—an all-American, fun, sporty girl with fresh summer skin and bold eye color.

—MAYBELLINE NEW YORK GLOBAL MAKEUP ARTIST YADIM



Yadim achieved Peter Som's desire for a look that was bold yet clever and subtle with a graphic orange streak. Som explains, "He knew how to balance the edge with the pretty."

MAYBELLINE NEW YORK





For Peter Som, fashion is fantasy. "The difference between clothes and fashion is that fashion is a dream—so let's give them a show."

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I've always been the kind of designer who wants the girl to be able to walk from the runway out to the street.

—DESIGNER PETER SOM

THE SECRET TO SOM

"My collections always start with prints," says Peter Som. With emphasis on graphic punch, Som evolved the collection from varying stripes ("Who doesn't love a stripe?" he asks), with focus on "under-designing" prints. "I find women most chic and elegant when they are at ease...they want clothes they can grab, feel beautiful in, and get on with their day."

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talking back Letters from Readers

From an early age, I have been told that becoming a stay-at-home mom was the best option for my future. But learning about Ms. Chou further cultivated my hopes of being successful in the workforce. This is why I love VOGUE—it's constantly empowering girls like me to be the best women that they can be.

Sydney Poindexter
Clarksville, MD

I really related to the article about the lack of women in tech. As a fashion-conscious female techie, I've always felt like a square peg in a round hole. Everyone in the industry either expects a woman to look like one of the guys or assumes that she must be an airhead. I can't wait for the day when female programmers are actually the norm—not the exception.

Bola Okedele
Dallas, TX

A FITTING FAREWELL

I was extremely moved by Anna Wintour's personal tribute to her friend Oscar de la Renta ["A Perfect Gentleman," Letter from the Editor, December]. Her letter was an eloquent and succinct piece that was worthy of this fashion legend. Thank you for sharing a little of the person most of us knew only through the signature of his work.

Emma McNamara
Freshwater, New South Wales, Australia

When I eagerly opened my latest VOGUE, I expected to read about the lovely Amy Adams and to see endless pages of beautiful photographs. I did not, however, expect to be brought to tears. Ms. Wintour's salute to Oscar de la Renta was very touching. I was never blessed enough to meet him, but it is clear that Mr. de la Renta was a lovely man and will remain in the hearts of many.

Leah Battaglio
McKinney, TX

HOMETOWN PRIDE

I always enjoy The Hamish Files, but "Detroit by Design" [by Hamish Bowles, December] filled me with such joy. I was born in Detroit, grew up visiting the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Cranbrook, and am old enough to have experienced the city's glory days. Many major cities have experienced periods of decline, and Detroit has suffered much. With this article, Mr. Bowles has directed a shining light and revealed a city that so few acknowledge—let alone feature in a major, well-respected magazine. My heart swelled with pride as he experienced the true soul of Detroit—its arts, culture, and proud citizens. I have clipped and will save Mr. Bowles's article. He has made me happy beyond measure.

Susan McAnally
Bluefield, WV



A PERFECT GENTLEMAN OSCAR DE LA RENTA, WITH HIS WIFE, ANNETTE, AT THEIR KENT, CONNECTICUT, HOME. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANÇOIS HALARD, *VOGUE*, 2008.

WEDDING BEAUS

I was so excited to see Joseph Altuzarra and Seth Weissman's wedding featured in VOGUE ["Pride and Groom," by Mark Guiducci, Flash, December]. It's great to know that VOGUE is TALKING BACK>322

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a supporter of equality—and I'm certain that this makes most readers feel proud to be subscribers. My only critique is that I wish the article had included more details of their special day!

Robert Chretien
Port Arthur, TX

THE FORCE OF NATURE

I enjoyed reading "Natural High" [by Elizabeth Weil, photographed by Patrick Demarchelier] in the December issue. Not only were the pictures of the Swedish wilderness stunning, but I was also pleased to read an article that considers a holistic approach to well-being. As someone in her 20s who has anxiety and has experienced depression, I was glad to see remedies other than antidepressants discussed. I have found that being outside, even in the cold (I live in Canada), can be therapeutic. It was interesting to see that research supports the notion that spending time in nature is restorative. Informative articles such as this one are why I savor reading VOGUE.

Andrea Dowdall
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address all mail to Letters, VOGUE Magazine, 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007, or via e-mail to Talkingback@vogue.com. Please include your name, address, and a daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity and may be published or used in any medium. All submissions become the property of the publication and will not be returned.



NATURAL HIGH KARLIE KLOSS IN A CITIZENS OF HUMANITY TOP AND A DKNY SKIRT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER.

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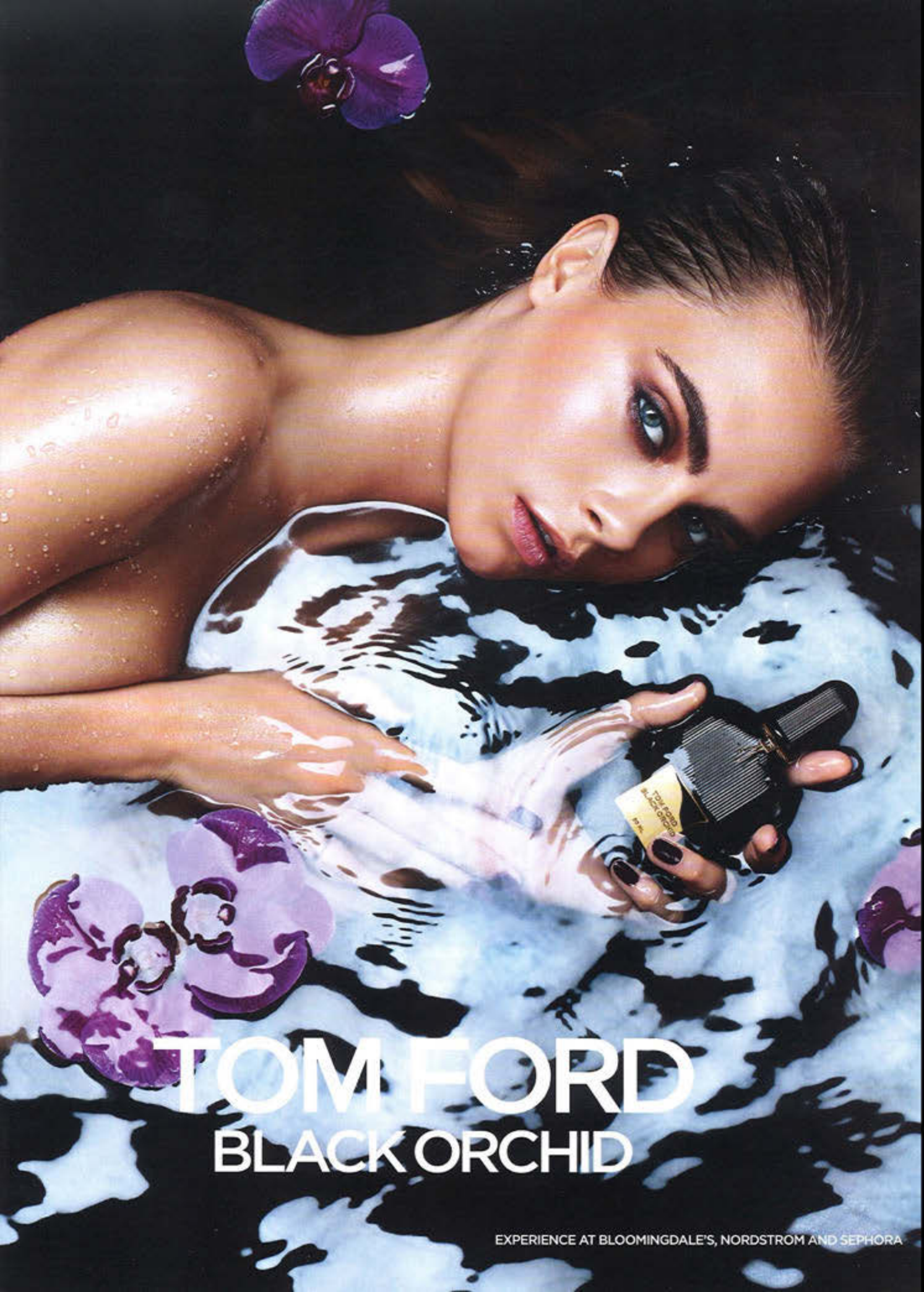
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Lily JAMES

"There's no stopping Rose; she's relentless. Sometimes I found that quite hard, and then I grew to love it. I started to relish her mischief."

THE STEAL OF THE MONTH (PAGE 570) SUBJECT ON HER *DOWNTON ABBEY* CHARACTER

THE ACTRESS IN A MAJE DRESS. YUWEI DESIGNS RING. BANANA REPUBLIC SANDALS. DIANE VON FURSTENBERG BAG

PETER Lindbergh

"Working with Grace is always exciting, as her brilliance forces you to be brilliant, too. At least as much as you can pretend to be."

THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON SHOOTING "LIGHT BRIGADE," PAGE 490



LINDBERGH AND CODDINGTON ON LOCATION

GRACE Coddington

"Peter is an old friend from British *Vogue.* Our shoot was inspired by the '70s film *Picnic at Hanging Rock,* which brought us to our location. After that he took it and made it his own."

VOGUE'S CREATIVE DIRECTOR ON "LIGHT BRIGADE"

CONTRIBUTORS>332

JAMES: SCOTT TRINDLE. FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR: ALEX BROWNSELL. MAKEUP: LOTTEN HOLMQVIST. PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR, LONDON. PRODUCED BY LALALAND. LINDBERGH AND CODDINGTON: STEFAN RAPPO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.





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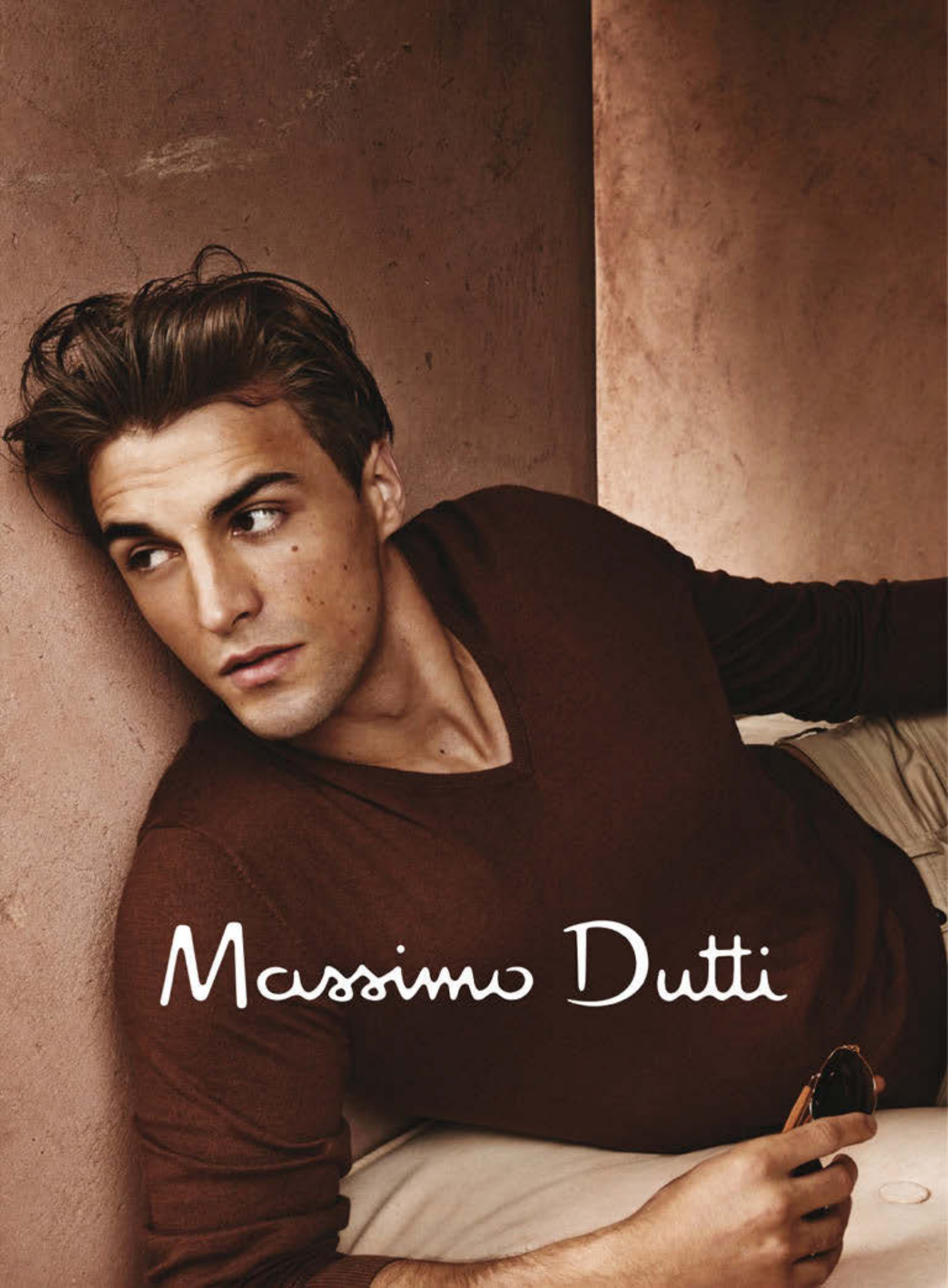
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GALLIANO (LEFT) AND KJARTANSSON DURING THEIR PORTRAIT SITTING

JOHN Galliano

"You don't want to wear concepts, you want to wear a fabulous dress. I'm producing real clothes, but that's not going to stop me from playing with the house's DNA."

THE CREATIVE DIRECTOR OF MAISON MARGIELA ON HIS VISION FOR THE LABEL

RAGNAR Kjartansson

"John Galliano was humble and sweet. We talked of the heart, the soul, and the world."

THE ICELANDIC ARTIST ON PAINTING GALLIANO FOR "BRINGING BACK THE MAGIC," PAGE 528

Matthew MORRISON

"An actor is always searching for that next challenge. In *Finding Neverland,* the character of J. M. Barrie has a darkness to him. And I follow his journey to the light."

THE ACTOR ON HIS UPCOMING BROADWAY ROLE ("ANCHORS AWEIGH," PAGE 544)



MORRISON, SHOT BY MIKAEL JANSSON, *VOGUE,* 2010



ANTRIM WITH DAUGHTER VIVIAN

Taylor ANTRIM

In *Immunity* (Regan Arts, May), Senior Editor **Taylor Antrim** depicts a New York in which the ultra-wealthy make paranoid plays to stay on top in the wake of a major epidemic. Years in the making, it was inspired by Antrim's experience covering high-end real estate for a luxury magazine. "It's funny the way events can catch up with the future you imagine," he says of the book's uncanny mirroring of current anxieties. Time seems to be on his side in other ways, too. Somehow he balances his own writing with editing—for this issue, he worked on "A Person of Interest" (page 536), about the thriller-worthy life of WikiLeaks staffer Sarah Harrison—and parenting.—**KATE GUADAGNINO**

GALLIANO AND KJARTANSSON: LILJA GUNNARSDOTTIR. ANTRIM: COURTESY OF TAYLOR ANTRIM. MORRISON: FASHION EDITOR: EDWARD ENNINFUL. HAIR: EUGENE SOULEIMAN.


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BLURRED LINES THE AUTHOR IN ISTANBUL, WHERE HE LIVES; HIS DEBUT NOVEL, *GREEN ON BLUE* (SCRIBNER), IS OUT THIS MONTH.

Mission IMPOSSIBLE

A decorated five-tour veteran of Iraq and Afghanistan, novelist ELLIOT ACKERMAN traces the moment he realized he was ready to let go.

At Shkin firebase, a remote outpost in southeastern Afghanistan, Thursday night was movie night. There were 300 Afghans in the special-operations unit I advised, and our handful of Americans would invite their leaders to our corner of the compound to relax. We'd hang a bedsheet between two guard towers to make a wide screen, and begin the show. Picking something to watch was an exercise in hurdling cultural barriers. What film could you offer a group of grizzled Pashtun tribesmen, most of whom spoke no English? More times than I care to remember, we viewed *Rambo III* (the one where he fights the Soviets alongside the mujahideen) or *Troy* (which surprisingly, or perhaps unsurprisingly, needs no translation). As the opening credits rolled we'd hand out popcorn and fill brown paper cups with Jim Beam for the Afghans who wished to join us. By the time Sly bagged his first Communist or Brad diced up his first Trojan, the Afghans would be cheering, red-faced, and all grins. In the back row of foldout chairs, two of the seniormost troopers always sat together, the platoon commanders Mortaza and Sabir. I'd take a place next to them, and beneath a flickering projector the three of us would quietly talk.

I joined the Marines at eighteen and was commissioned as an officer straight out of college in 2003, an interesting time with the invasion of Iraq that spring. I was raised by a financier father and a novelist mother, and although I was that little boy who never stopped playing with G.I. Joes, the Marines wasn't the obvious choice. I chose to serve because I didn't want to spend my early 20s scouring spreadsheets at a bank or making photocopies at a law firm. For better or worse, I wanted a job with actual responsibility, where my performance really mattered, and it did in the Marines; it mattered in terms of lives. Within a few years, I'd migrated over to special operations, where the men under my command weren't U.S. Marines but foreign soldiers like Mortaza and Sabir. These two couldn't have been more different from each other and yet, as is often the case, they were best friends. Mortaza was Pashtun, black-eyed with hawkish cheekbones and a wiry frame. Sabir was Tajik, eyes blue as new marbles, face like an anvil, built to absorb anything. The only physical similarity between them was their long hair and fierce, unkempt beards.

Good for a joke or prank on even the worst days—and worst days were plenty around Shkin—Mortaza was an easy guy to get along with. The first time we met, he was sprawled across the sofa in our operations center, watching Bollywood dance videos on the same flat-screen television where we'd sometimes pipe in the live UP FRONT>340

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feed from drone strikes. After our introduction he draped his arm around my shoulder, welcoming me to the unit but also taping a piece of paper to my back. It said KHAR: "donkey." Everyone laughed. Well versed in the dos and don'ts of locker-room bravado, I took it with a smile, which made me OK in Mortaza's book. My first meeting with Sabir was more somber. He'd just returned from the machine-gun range, the 40 guys in his platoon shuffling behind him in a dusty column. Standing at the gate to our firebase, I offered my hand and my name. Sabir offered neither. Fixing his eyes on mine, he asked me how many men I'd killed.

After an eight-year military career, I was 31 years old, with as many dead friends as an 81-year-old. My youthful desire to matter and make a difference had eroded, if it wasn't gone altogether. So why did I keep deploying? Was I drawn back to war because I couldn't find meaning outside it? I had a full life at home, having been with my wife since college, but my career in the Marines and her job as a girls' education advocate, working extensively in Africa, led to long separations and a strain on our relationship. Then we had our first child, Coco.

> My youthful desire to matter and make a difference had eroded, if it wasn't gone altogether. So why did I keep deploying?

Leaving on my first deployment since her birth, I stood in the departures terminal with Coco's small arms looped around my neck in a goodbye hug; it felt selfish to pry myself loose from her grip. I had been thinking a lot about bonds as a new officer in Shkin, especially those I needed to form with this group of Afghans. Protecting the lives of such men provided my last shred of logic for remaining in the war. However, when it came to Mortaza and Sabir, I soon realized there was something they valued more than their lives: their hopes for their future—I guess you'd call these their dreams—and in the back glow of that Thursday-night movie, this is what we usually discussed, mine as well as theirs.

Mortaza would talk about Europe—Copenhagen for some reason. "I will go there and rent an apartment," he'd say, "not work for a while. I've saved money fighting; I'll spend it on girls and the disco." There were variations on this fantasy. Sometimes it'd be Stockholm, but always there were girls and a disco, and he would say this with his whole soul, his eyes piercing yours, making you believe that all the nobility of the Free World resided in those two words.

Sabir's ambitions proved more conventional, not unlike mine. Both of us hoped to be good fathers despite the danger and long absences inherent in our chosen profession. An ethnic Tajik, Sabir lived in the northeast of Afghanistan, in the Panjshir Valley, the epicenter of mujahideen resistance against the Soviets 20 years before. Living so far away, Sabir never used the ten days of leave the soldiers earned every two months. The trip would've taken him from our unit for weeks, the journey to the Panjshir being a long and difficult one. Despite the effect of his absence on his young son, just like me he'd set a pattern of putting his troopers ahead of his family.



CALL TO ARMS ACKERMAN (LEFT) ON A ROOFTOP DURING THE SECOND BATTLE OF FALLUJAH.

COURTESY OF ELLIOT ACKERMAN

I shared my own fears and hopes, offering up details of my daughter's earliest days—how she liked to sleep with the dog, the way she sometimes cried when she saw me on Skype with my own fierce beard, and, if we'd had enough to drink, my misgivings about a soldier's life and how it took me from my family, and my concern that after fighting these many years I'd find a "normal life" boring, even trivial. I have plenty of war stories about Mortaza and Sabir—the ambush at Mangritay, a certain long patrol south of Gomal—but when they return to me now, whether I'm sitting up with my daughter in the middle of the night or riding a crowded bus along the seaside road where I live in Istanbul, what I remember are those conversations.

We'd been out on patrol for three days, scouting a hilltop outpost near the Afghan–Pakistan border. It was cold, late November; frost crusted our field jackets and the barrels of our machine guns. The night before we'd slept huddled in our trucks, nearly 100 of us spread in a column. As the rising sun cast its first shadows across the peaks, the Afghan troops gathered in twos and threes around small propane stoves, heating tea, gnawing on bits of frozen bread. I gathered with Mortaza and Sabir, who were deep in discussion.

Sabir was planning to take leave when we returned from this patrol, his first since I'd known him. That night, a resupply helicopter was headed to our firebase. If Sabir got on it, he'd make it home days ahead of schedule. The two were debating the best route back, and Mortaza thought we should take a shortcut, one that ran across a plateau of hardpan desert, leaving us exposed to ambush by the Taliban but shaving hours off our return journey. "I've done it before," Mortaza explained. "Aside from a few washes, the ground is completely flat." When I looked at Sabir, I could see how much he wanted to be on that helicopter. I wanted to help him home, so I decided we should take the shortcut. Climbing into our trucks, I overheard Mortaza ask Sabir what he planned to do once he was with his son. Staring into his tea, then off to the mountains, then back into his tea, Sabir responded, "What did you do with your father as a boy?"

UP FRONT>345


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CHILD'S PLAY ACKERMAN WITH HIS CHILDREN, COCO, FOUR, AND ETHAN, TWO, IN BEBEK PARK IN ISTANBUL.

Mortaza said nothing.

We drove fast and hard, well into the afternoon. Here and there, our convoy of fifteen pickup trucks would dip into a wash, slowly crawling up the other side. Mortaza's platoon led the way, him up front, acting as our guide. My truck traveled in the back of our column, with Sabir's platoon. We ate lunch on the move, never taking a break, all to get Sabir on his evening flight. By early evening, long shadows had spread from the ridgetops to the foothills. We'd make it, but only just. Descending into a wash, our convoy bunched together. From its back, I strained up in my seat to see what the delay was, then my consciousness did a quick three-step: sight (huge clods of earth, spilling up, like a fountain); thought (*fuck, no*); sound (a thunderclap).

The IED tore apart the front vehicle in our convoy, blasting its doors from the hinges, incinerating its engine block. Then our Taliban ambushers began to shoot at us from a distant ridgeline, its slope popping and flashing, wild as paparazzi. We shot back from all our trucks, except for one. Immediately ahead of me, I saw Sabir peel off the column. Despite the danger of another IED, he'd gone to look for his friend.

That night the helicopter that was supposed to take Sabir to his family took Mortaza to his. Before it landed at our base, the local mullah had readied his body for burial, as well as the three dead troopers who'd also been in the truck. In the center of the firebase's motor pool, we'd parked in a circle, our headlights shining in a ring, illuminating the preparation of the dead while the mullah performed the ceremonial cleaning—sponges against skin and fresh white linen wrapped to make the *kafan,* a burial shroud. As the mullah shaved Mortaza's beard and hair, cleansing him for the next life, Sabir cradled his best friend's head and then lowered Mortaza into his casket.

When the helicopter made a final approach to our firebase, we turned off our trucks' headlights so they wouldn't blind the pilot. Now it was pitch-dark and cold. As soon as the helicopter touched down, small clusters of soldiers rushed forward with the coffins, loading them. Then the helicopter's blades hacked at the dark sky, lifting the bodies away and pouring a surge of air from the engine over those of us who remained behind. That air, warm as breath, is my last memory of that night.

A few days later, it was Thursday again. Despite Mortaza's death, we hung up that sheet, filled our cups, picked a film. We weren't sure if the Afghans would show up, but they did, perhaps needing the escape this ritual provided. I found Sabir sitting on the foldout chairs in back. He was almost unrecognizable, having cut his beard and hair. I sat next to him. "You look young," I said, pointing to his clean-shaven face.

"I'll make my way home tomorrow," he said. Despite everything that had happened, I felt some solace—soon Sabir would see his son. But part of me wondered about his haircut. Had he got rid of his wild mane and beard so his child might recognize him, or was his haircut similar to Mortaza's, the return home signaling a certain type of death? Unlike wars past, Afghanistan wouldn't end but just dragged on—no victory, no defeat—each of us having to declare a separate peace if we ever wished to return home. Mortaza's death felt singular to me even though I'd seen plenty of similar deaths before. It's just that I'd never seen them with the same eyes that looked at my daughter.

Sitting next to Sabir, I wondered how much longer he'd stay in the war and whether he blamed me or himself for Mortaza's death. I hoped even with Mortaza gone we might speak as we once had. But before I could say any of this, Sabir stood to refill his cup. When he came back, he didn't sit with me but went over to sit with the rest of the Afghans. Without Mortaza, our conversation seemed to be over. The next morning Sabir was gone. A month later that same helicopter returned, taking me home after what I'd now decided would be my last tour.

A week or so afterward, I sat in a barber's chair just off Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D.C. While my wife waited for my beard and tangled mop of hair to be trimmed into something manageable, Coco started to cry. She was nine months old now, and my wife took her and circled the block while I sat in the barber's chair, watching a transformation—one I felt uneasy about—take place in the mirror.

I don't know if Sabir ever came back from leave. Perhaps he stayed in the Panjshir Valley with his son, deciding he'd had enough of the war. I often think of Mortaza, too—how he'd do anything for a friend, his easy laugh, the disco and the girls. That day getting my hair cut became a memory I will always pair with those friends, the ritual of it, the letting go of one self for another. When the barber finished, he spun my chair around, then moved on to his next customer. Sitting alone, I looked in the mirror, waiting for my wife and daughter to return from their stroll. I hoped they'd be satisfied with all that'd been hidden beneath that beard and hair. □

BÉNÉDICTE KURZEN



I'M EVERY WOMAN BERGEN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERT STERN, *VOGUE*, 1969, SPEARHEADED A CULTURAL PHENOMENON WITH THE ROLE OF *Mmurphy brown*.

Hard CANDY

She had a baby daughter and a husband, Louis Malle, based in France, but CANDICE BERGEN leaped at the chance to play the funny, feisty career woman Murphy Brown.

In 1988, after living in New York City for years, I had begun to miss smoggy southern California. I am that rare thing: a native Angeleno. I became unexpectedly emotional when I returned for short visits, bursting into tears at random times. Also, to be frank, I missed working. Since the birth of my daughter, Chloe, I'd barely worked in over three years. I might have been going a little crazy. Louis could tell.

There was a script for a television pilot circulating. No one at my agency thought to put me up for it except for one lowly new agent. He was a Southern boy named Bryan Lourd: refined, attractive, very bright. (So bright he is now cochair of CAA, one of the most powerful agencies in Los Angeles.) Bryan submitted my name close to the end of the casting process and sent me the script. I left it by the bed for a week and a half. I didn't watch much TV, unless you counted *Sesame Street* and *Fraggle Rock.* The only show I was aware of with strong female roles was *Designing Women,* which was sharply written and performed. And at that time, in the showbiz caste system, television hovered close to the bottom.

Bryan called to noodge me: "You know the script I sent you? They need an answer." I was leaving for New York the next day and took it with me on the plane. When Chloe went down for a nap, I started it; it was as good as any comedy I'd ever read.

At the end of the pilot script, the character, named Murphy Brown, went home to her empty town house, put Aretha on the sound system, started opening her mail, and began singing along to "(You Make Me Feel Like) A Natural Woman" at the top of her lungs. She was caught by her housepainter, Eldin, who's working in the kitchen. Be still, my heart: It was written for me.

The lead was a television news reporter. She was big, she was brassy, she was fearless. Smart, fast-paced, and funny, the dialogue was similar to the great comedies of the 1940s. There was something in the writing of the Murphy character that hooked me, as she eventually hooked many women. Is it that she was, in many ways, who we wished we could be as women? Successful in a field dominated by men? Free of the need to please? Impolitic, impolite, yet in some weird way, irresistible? In those days we had pay phones on planes; I grabbed it, called Bryan and said, "I hope it's not too late."

The character of a spiky, wisecracking iconoclast who worked for *FYI,* a fictional television newsmagazine, had come to writer-producer Diane English fully formed as she was driving on the Hollywood Freeway. Murphy made her entrance stepping off the elevator at the offices of *FYI* after a month of rehab at Betty Ford. Did it have to be a month at Betty Ford? the network wanted to know. Why couldn't she be returning after a week at a spa? And did she have to be 40? Why couldn't she be 30 . . . and played by Heather Locklear? Diane, a committed feminist, pushed back: The whole point of Murphy was that she had crossed 40 and was at the top of her profession but decidedly flawed, an alcoholic. She refused to let the network defang the show.

The character fit me like a glove. I was instantly comfortable with the writing. Diane had created a complex, original, endearing, feisty, take-no-prisoners woman. And more surprisingly, a woman who cared not a whit what others thought of her. There was not an ounce of submission, not a drop of passivity, no suggestion of shrivel. Murphy was fierce and principled. She had passion—especially for her work, where she gave no quarter. We all wanted to be her. That character gave me permission to be my brattiest, bawdiest self.

Rehearsing the pilot, I felt as if I'd been shot out of a cannon. I had barely watched a half-hour comedy, much less acted in one. Everything was incredibly quick-fire and intense. We packed the studio audience with friends and got lots of laughs—big ones. When we finished shooting the last scene, with Murphy getting caught out by Eldin, the director called, "Cut!" and I burst into tears.

The pilot got high word of mouth among network people and advertisers. There was buzz. *Murphy Brown* was on opposite *Monday Night Football.* The NFL was untouchable in terms of viewing habits. One of the first signs that our audience was growing beyond women NOSTALGIA>348


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was when one of the *MNF* producers told us, "You know, you guys are eating into our lead here. We didn't expect that."

It was the first time I'd thrown myself into something with such abandon and joy. What I had going for me was the element of surprise. No one ever expected me to be funny, not least because of my glacial Nordic looks and affect. I'd mostly been reviled in my acting career. My Oscar nomination for *Starting Over* was an anomaly; basically I'd had fifteen years of bad notices by the time *Murphy* came along.

Diane and the writers were fully responsible for what came out of Murphy's mouth, but the producers let me have a lot of input into the rest of her character. I always saw myself as Murphy's guardian in that I didn't want her to tip over into utter obnoxiousness. It was important that she somehow redeem herself by the end of each episode.

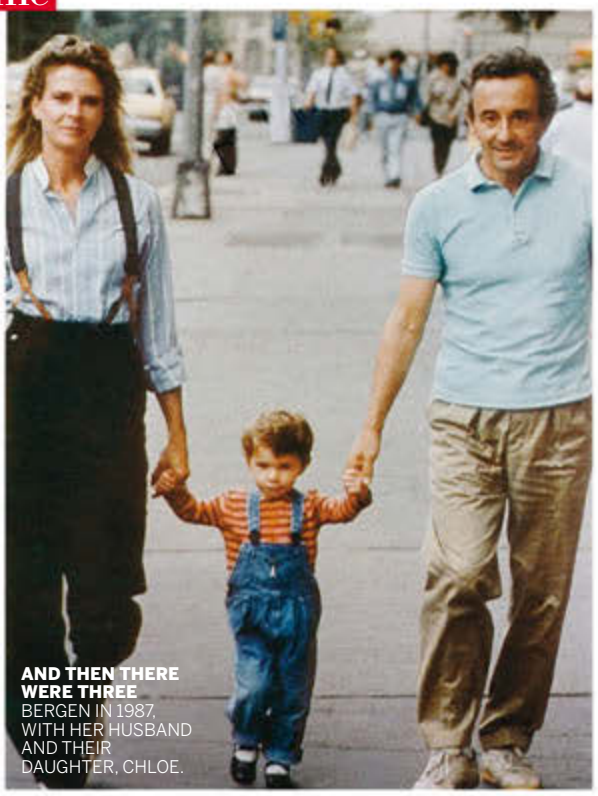
It was also important to me that her work space reflect her sense of humor, so our prop man, Larry Dolan, and I put toys all over Murphy's office. Larry put a Siamese fighting fish into a fishbowl and hung a little green Ninja Turtle on the rim, peering inside. We did actual shoots of fake magazine covers so we could decorate Murphy's office walls with photos of her on the covers of *Time, Life,* and *Newsweek* talking to international figures like the pope. (We hired a pope impersonator in a white beanie and cassock and gold crucifix to stand next to me in the garden at Warner Bros. to give the photo shoot a kind of Mediterranean feeling.) Eventually, the mock *Time* and *Newsweek* covers were replaced by real ones.

I felt that Murphy, a successful, ambitious woman, should have a certain style, so I got very involved with her wardrobe. While I didn't have the time—I had a small child and a big role—I just did it and didn't ask anyone, not even the costume designer, whose tastes were very different from my own. I was friends with many designers. I went to Ralph Lauren, Donna Karan, Isaac Mizrahi, Todd Oldham (he made fantastic whimsical shirts embroidered with tassels and appliqués), Robert Lee Morris for handbags and jewelry. His earrings and cuffs looked great with Donna Karan.

Occasionally, I'd go next door to men's wardrobe and pull out old leather bomber jackets and caps for when Murphy was dressing down. I'd wear my own shoes; then buy the ones I liked. Good shoes are very important to the look of an outfit, and I didn't want inexpensive ones. After the first season, it was clear that Murphy had become a certain style icon. Then the costume designer started getting witty vintage pins: Felix the Cat. Bakelite.

I wanted every outfit to be an event. And in a way, they were. Women loved what Murphy wore. When I wanted to wear a baseball cap with a high ponytail, we couldn't find one with an opening in the back, so Judy McGiveney, our wardrobe woman, made one by cutting a hole in the back. A couple of months after the show aired, you could buy them in any store. Now they're standard.

For the ten years I did the show, my life revolved around a darkened soundstage. Despite the fact that *Murphy Brown* was set at a newsmagazine, it was a struggle to keep up with current events. I'd carry the *New York Times Book Review* back and forth on the plane between L.A. and New York and never read it. I was out of the loop at dinner parties.



AND THEN THERE WERE THREE BERGEN IN 1987, WITH HER HUSBAND AND THEIR DAUGHTER, CHLOE.

Yet I never wanted it to end; doing *Murphy Brown* was insanely fun. When the writing was good, it was a giddy, joyous experience. I was the most comfortable and confident I'd ever been. The part was a godsend—a fantastic role that completely suited me. My friends were all happy for me; it was unusual for a woman my age to get that role and that success.

Early in our relationship, Louis and I had decided that I would never star in one of his films. We feared the demands of a director on an actress would be asking too much of a marriage. I knew he respected the work I was doing on the show. I still have the envelope on which he scrawled, "My darling, I love you, I love you, I love you. And I am fiercely proud of your talent. Le monkey." I was delighted when Louis agreed to star in a single episode of *Murphy Brown* during season six. The writers came up with this idea: Murphy has decided to play a "small but pivotal role" in Louis Malle's new film. She then storms the set to insist on changes to protect her "journalistic integrity." Louis loved the idea and wrote the producers: "Thank you for a very funny scene, very well written. I'll do my best not to embarrass you guys—and the wife. As far as I am concerned, I am beyond ridicule."

He flew in from Paris two days before to do it. He was very game about learning his lines on the plane but arrived exhausted and completely jet-lagged. Everybody on the show had great respect and affection for Louis. I tried to get him to relax for his line readings, and in the end he was great. At the end of the scene, Murphy asks, "You're firing me?" "Bingo," Louis says. Louis stalks off, muttering, "I pity the man who lives with her." He got a huge laugh. □

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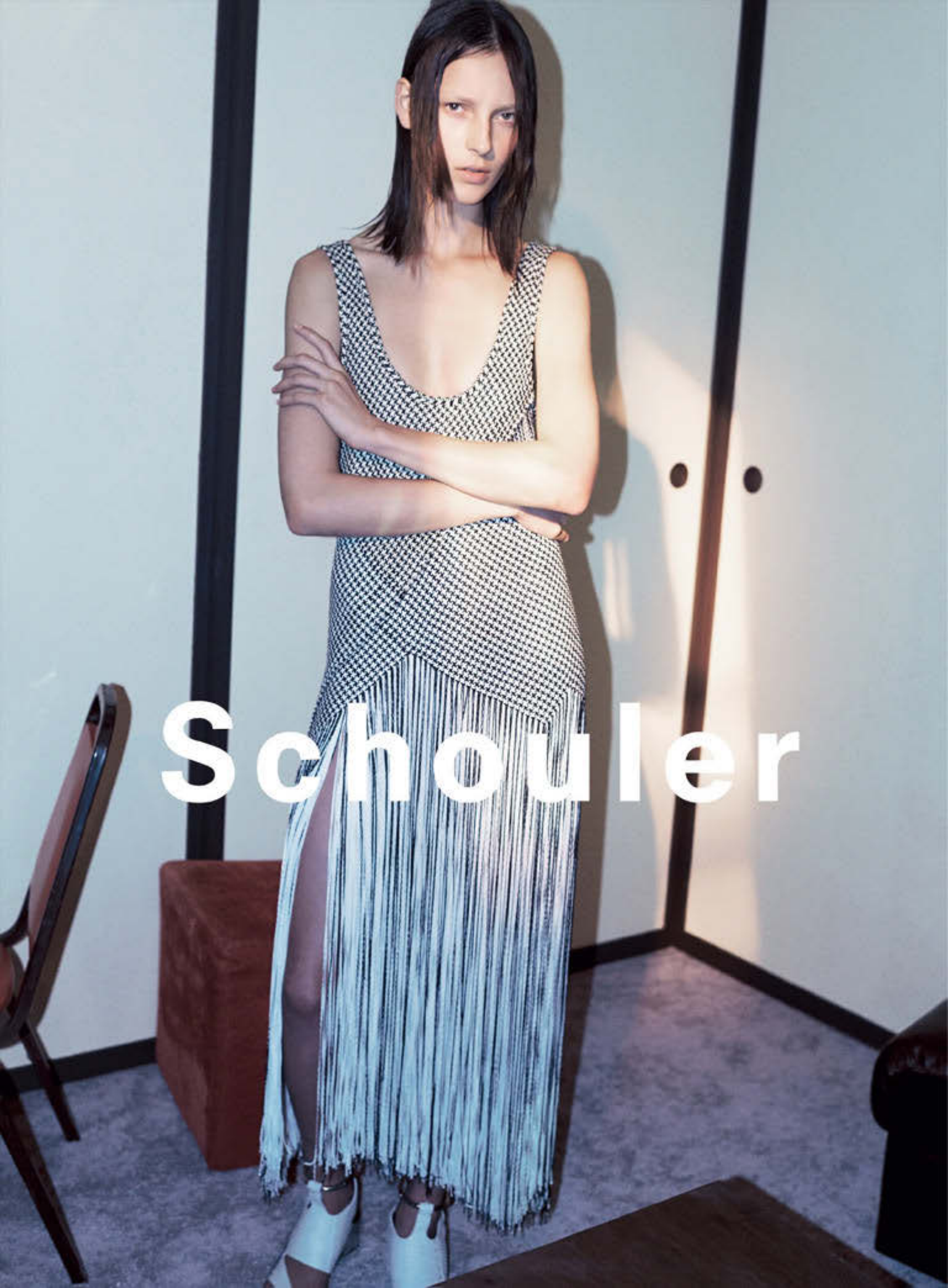
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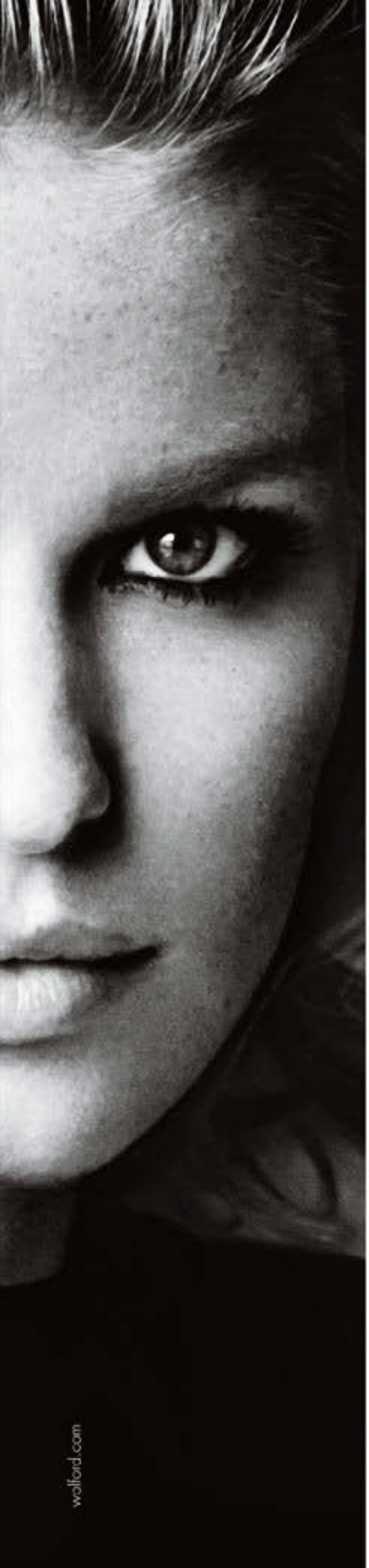


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MAN OF THE HOUR JEREMY BERNARD, AMERICA'S FIRST MALE WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL SECRETARY, IN THE EAST WING.

Breaking the MOLD

The White House has never seen a social secretary like Jeremy Bernard. He and his young team have made the place more inclusive, less formal, and more fun. By JONATHAN VAN METER.

Jeremy Bernard, in a smart, slim brown suit with an orange tie and a perfectly tufted pocket square, is moving through the White House like the longtime maître d' of a four-star restaurant: He doesn't own the joint, but it's his job to act like he does. Indeed, there is something about the way he wears his easy confidence—the suave, winking flirtatiousness, the gravelly voiced bonhomie—that brings to mind Frank Sinatra during the singer's late-1960s period, when he was married to a gamine Mia Farrow and always seemed to have the look of a man surprised to find himself in such marvelous circumstances.

Even though it's been nearly four years since Bernard was appointed to the position of White House social secretary—one of the few people who work in both the East and West Wings, he plans every single event that happens in the house—he still seems a bit incredulous at where he's landed. "Never in a million years did I think I would have this job," he says—not least of all because he is the first man and the first gay person to hold the post.

On the other hand, in recent years the position has been changing. It's become less about tea and place settings and more like an ambassadorship. "Generally the women who used to be social secretaries came from aristocratic American families," says Lea Berman, a social secretary for George W. Bush. "They tended to be fine ladies who wore pearls. It's now more about politics than background. If you know politics and you know who the donors are, you are a more useful social secretary than if you have a distinguished family pedigree."

The morning I first visit Bernard is November 5, the day after the midterm elections that proved so disastrous for the Democrats. When it comes to the collective mood of a political party in defeat, it doesn't get much gloomier than today. Nevertheless, here we are, at the epicenter of what's left of Democratic power in this city, as the East Room is being readied for a midday press conference where the president will begin to try to pick up the pieces. For Bernard and his remarkably young staff, who are as cheerful as they are unflappable, that's the least of what's happening. There is a posthumous Medal of Honor presentation to the family of First Lieutenant Alonzo Cushing, who fought in the Civil War; there is the Jackie Robinson West team, an all-black outfit from Chicago who just won the Little League World Series and are coming in for a visit with the president and First Lady; and there is an unusually large tent being built this very morning on the South Lawn for a televised Salute to the Troops concert featuring Willie Nelson, Common, Mary J. Blige, and John Fogerty, to which 800 LIVES>372

RALPH MECKE. SITTINGS EDITOR: KATHRYN NEALE. HAIR, TIM ROGERS FOR LIVING PROOF; GROOMING, VALERY GHERMAN FOR CHANEL BEAUTÉ.

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POWER COUPLE "PART OF IT IS A TRUST ISSUE," BERNARD SAYS OF HIS BOND WITH THE OBAMAS. "I WAS THERE FROM THE BEGINNING."

people are invited. And it looks like it's going to pour. Oh, and yesterday was Bernard's fifty-third birthday.

For a constitutionally political and irredeemably progressive creature like Bernard, to have one's birthday coincide with such a painful loss for his party seems like a yay-boo if ever there was one. He takes a short break from buzzing around for a coffee in the East Wing reception room under a Mary Cassatt painting. "We had a senior staff meeting where we discussed it," he says referring to the midterms, "and it's not like we don't acknowledge it, but we are much more removed. It just keeps going, what we do. The only thing you think about is: We are in the last two years; what do we want to get done? It's kind of a wake-up call to remind us how short our time here really is."

I chalked some of this up to positive spin back in early November, but by the time Christmas rolled around, with planning in full swing for the White House Governors' Ball (the first big glamorous event on the Social Office calendar, a glittering, bipartisan black-tie affair that falls every year on the last Sunday in February), the president was showing more pep in his step thanks to his surprisingly bold moves on immigration, global warming, and Cuba, all against a backdrop of impressive job growth. Bernard suddenly seemed precise, on-message—prescient, even. "He's a professional!" says David Mixner, Bernard's longtime political mentor, with whom he worked raising money for Bill Clinton in the nineties. "He's one of those people who, if he were on the *Titanic,* would not only have not climbed into a lifeboat but would have made sure people had drinks before they went down. He never forgets that this job is not about him. He is there to serve the president and the First Lady—period."

When Jeremy Bernard was appointed four years ago, it was treated as big news. The choice, after all, was historic, and the headlines went something like this: WHITE HOUSE APPOINTS FIRST MAN AS NEW SOCIAL SECRETARY; JEREMY BERNARD IS ALSO OPENLY GAY.

But a funny thing happened after Bernard made headlines all over the country: He disappeared from view, something that raised more than a few eyebrows in gay social circles, worried that a prominent gay political insider was being kept out of the spotlight. Turns out this was part of what many saw as a deliberate choice after the very public and embarrassing exit of Desirée Rogers, whose thirteen-month tenure as the first African-American to hold the post was marred by her seeming ubiquity: too many glamorous spreads in too many fashion magazines, including this one, and too much talk about Obama as "a brand." As more than one previous social secretary said to me in no uncertain terms, Rule No. 1: Do not outshine your bosses, especially the First Lady. When I ask Gahl Hodges Burt, a social secretary to the Reagans, if she gave Bernard any advice, she says, "I just told him not to forget—ever—that he was staff."

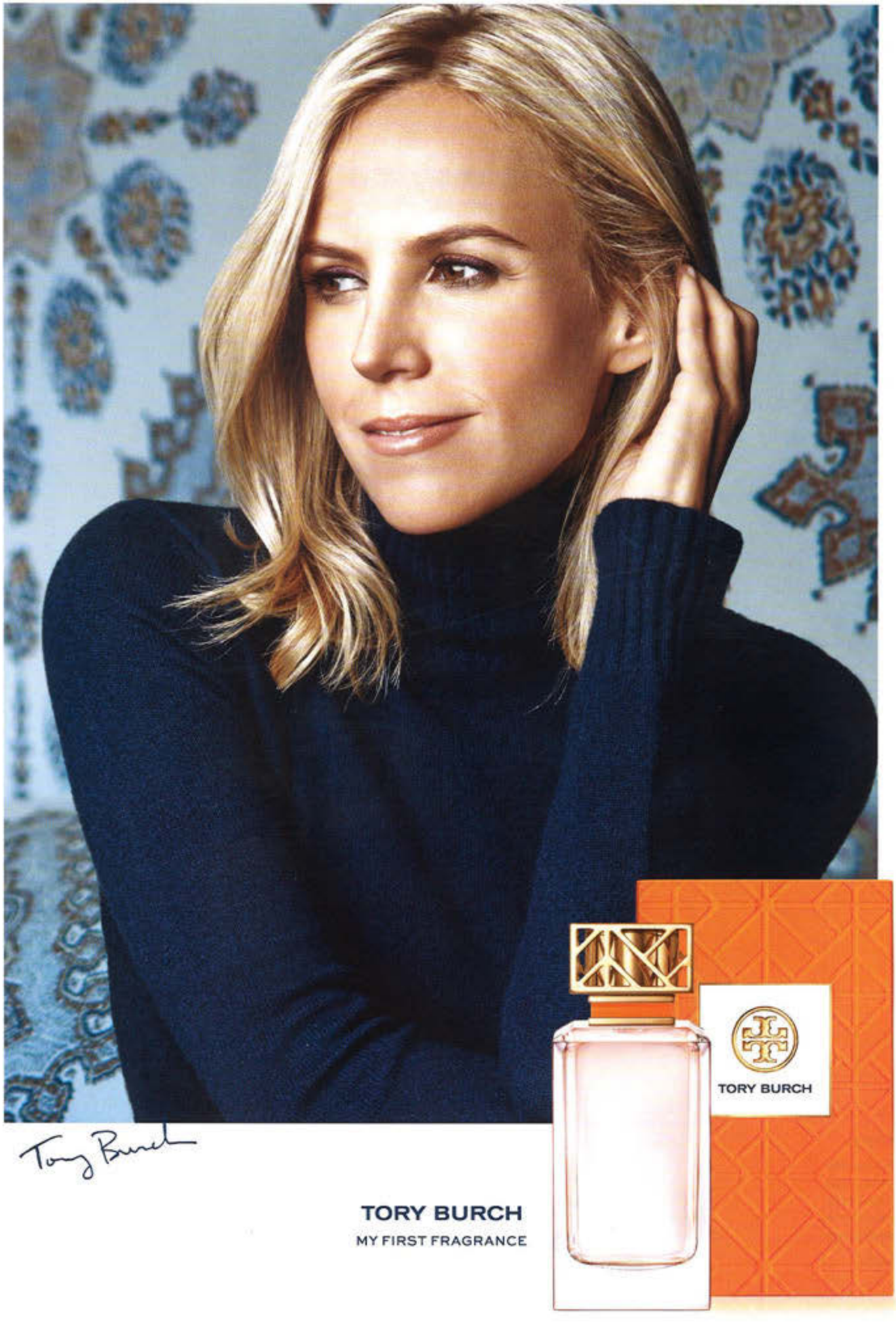
I first met Bernard three years ago at a Human Rights Campaign gala at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. We were seated next to each other at a big round table with Michael Kors and his husband and some other folks from the Democratic National Committee. Bernard and I knocked back a couple of vodkas and had a rollicking good time. I came away thinking, How fabulous that this man is the White House social secretary. We've come a long way, baby. And then I spent the next three years fruitlessly trying to get him to agree to be profiled in *Vogue*.

As anyone who knows Bernard well will tell you, perhaps the real reason he has never given an interview as secretary before now is that he's a humble fellow who does not like to be the center of attention. It could be this quality comes from his father, Herschel Bernard, a civil rights attorney in Texas who was deeply involved in grassroots politics and had worked on the presidential campaigns of Robert and Ted Kennedy. The Bernards lived in San Antonio—a very liberal family in a very conservative town. "My father never told us how to vote; he just said, 'The only way you get disowned is if you *don't* vote,' " says Bernard. "He was always very socially conscious—about equality and treating people a certain way. It was instilled in us."

As Mixner tells me, "Herschel Bernard was a legend, worshipped by many of us as one of the great civil rights attorneys in the South. So Jeremy comes from a great tradition of caring folk, as we say."

Bernard moved to New York City in 1985 to attend Hunter College, but failed to thrive. "I would not have advised anyone in the eighties who was trying to find themselves and, at the time, dealing with their sexuality to move to New York. It was a tough time for me," he says. By 1990, he had dropped out of college and relocated to Los Angeles, where he eventually found a job waiting tables at Trumps, a restaurant on Melrose Avenue popular with folks in Democratic Party politics, including Governor Jerry Brown. There he met Mixner, who was just beginning to raise money for a long-shot presidential candidate from Arkansas. "He said he wanted LIVES>385

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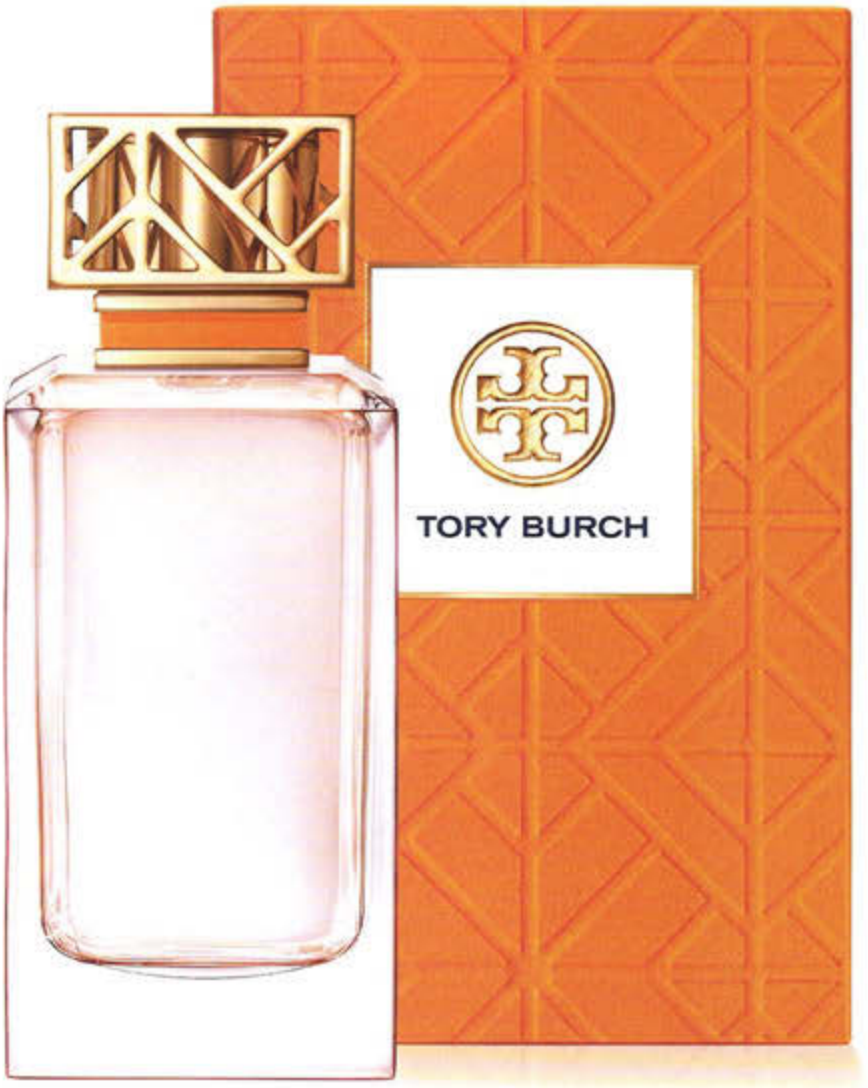
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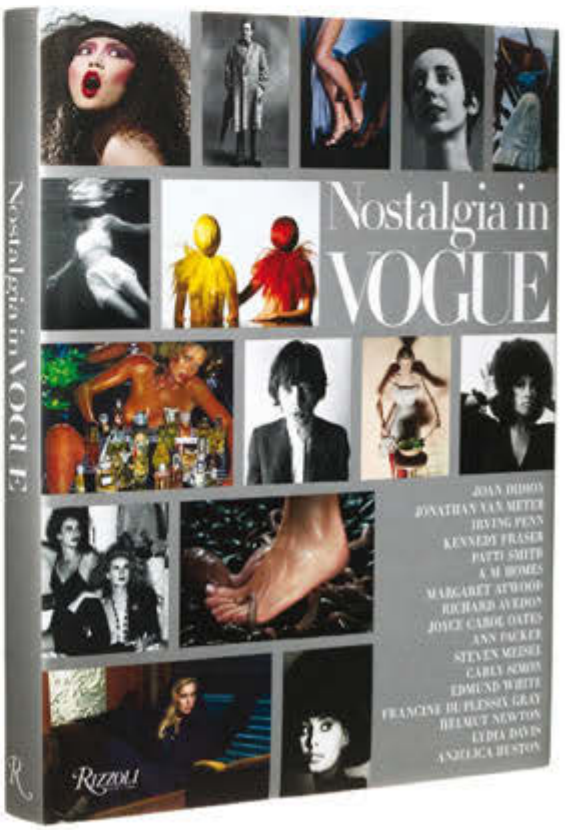




Nostalgia in VOGUE

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TEAM MEETING BERNARD WITH HIS YOUNG STAFF. "A SENSE OF HUMOR IS IMPORTANT IN THIS JOB," HE SAYS.

RALPH MECKE

to get involved in politics," says Mixner. "I said, 'You're not *Herschel's* son, are you?' I told him I couldn't pay him anywhere near what he was making at the restaurant, but I'm going to be in the kitchen cabinet of this guy named Bill Clinton, and what I could do is make sure you get into all the meetings and see how things work." This was just the first of several canny moves Bernard has made, landing him in the right place at the right time. "They loved him," says Mixner, referring to the Clinton team. "At one point, not long after I hired him, George Stephanopoulos called and said, 'Is Jeremy there?' And I said, 'Excuse me? When did this happen? This is Dave Mixner.' George said, 'I know, but I want to talk to Jeremy.' "

It was Mixner who inspired Bernard to finally come out to his parents. "He was always very open and larger than life, so it was hard not to take that from him," says Bernard. But when he finally found the words to say to his parents, he wrote them down and sent the letter via Federal Express. "I think there was a feeling of 'Oh, I don't want to disappoint them' that all of us have. I didn't want to be standing there in front of them

It is still the White House, very historic and traditional, but it doesn't have to be uncomfortable, Bernard says

expecting a certain reaction. I wanted to give them time. I remember my dad calling and saying, 'We got your letter. No big deal.' I don't remember exactly how he said it, but the message was 'We don't live in the Dark Ages; everything's cool.' "

After Bernard worked as a consultant to cable billionaire and philanthropist Marc Nathanson, he and his then-boyfriend, Rufus Gifford, formed B + G Associates, a political consulting firm, and in early 2007 began fundraising for long-shot presidential candidate Barack Obama. The senator from Chicago was still flying commercial back then and had almost no entourage, so when he came to L.A., it often fell to Bernard and Gifford to function as advance men and set up key meetings.

"The main thing I remember about those days," says Bernard, "is that you were working on a campaign where no one thought the candidate was going to win." Indeed, it is one of the novel things about Bernard: Having pitched in with two relatively unknown long shots who went on to win the presidency, he has seen lightning strike twice.

After the election, Bernard and Gifford moved to Washington, where they were both rewarded with jobs, Bernard as White House liaison at the National Endowment for the Humanities and Gifford as the finance director for the Democratic National Committee. But their relationship quickly soured. (When I ask Bernard about Gifford, it is the only time he looks uncomfortable. "Can we not talk about that? It seems like a long time ago.") In 2010, after two years in Washington, Bernard sold his car and moved to Paris to become senior adviser and chief of staff to the U.S. ambassador to France, Charles Rivkin. He'd been abroad only four months when he got a call asking if he would be willing to throw his hat into the ring for social secretary at the White House. "I told the ambassador, laughing, 'Can you believe they want me to apply for that job?' " says Bernard. "Not in a million years! And Charlie Rivkin said, 'Opportunities don't happen at opportune times. You should go for it. It will be a great experience.' "

It is now *two* days after the midterm elections in November, and Michelle Obama is standing in the exact spot where her husband stood yesterday afternoon—in the East Room in front of the iconic Gilbert Stuart painting of George Washington—as the press pummeled him with questions. The mood is a little different today, partly because the audience is a couple hundred nervous students. (The First Lady has expressed a wish that every possible event in the White House include a component that brings in kids—even state dinners.) These kids are here to get a music-history lesson from a panel that includes Willie Nelson, Common, and two former members of the military. As the First Lady introduces Common, "one of the biggest names in hip-hop," she adds that he "grew up on the South Side of Chicago" and then pauses for a nanosecond as a prideful smile spreads across her face and she lifts a fist in the air, pumps it once, and repeats, "South Side!"

This is not Nancy Reagan's White House. Indeed the spirit of the place has changed dramatically since the Obamas arrived. It is still the very essence of "standing on ceremony," where American formality and manners were all but invented, where protocol is like the Torah kept in the Ark. But while there are still black-tie state dinners (the most recent was for French president François Hollande, last February), the Obamas have held only seven thus far—compared with 28 for the Clintons and a whopping 52 during the Reagan years. The typical Obama White House event is less stodgy, more inclusive, and, as more CONTINUED ON PAGE 598

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FLASH

EDITOR: CHLOE MALLE



Patagonian Pairing

Sofía Sanchez Barrenechea and Alexandre de Betak ring in the New Year with the wedding of the season.

NATURAL BEAUTY SOFÍA SANCHEZ DE BETAK IN HER CELADON TULLE VALENTINO HAUTE COUTURE WEDDING DRESS. HER SISTER CATALINA, IN VINTAGE VALENTINO, ADJUSTS HER TRAIN.

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THE THREE AMIGAS
SOFÍA (FAR RIGHT, WEARING TRAMANDO) WITH HER SISTERS CATALINA AND LUCÍA (CENTER).

It was hard enough for the Metropolitan Museum and *Vogue* to get men into white tie and tails for last year's Costume Institute gala, arguably fashion's biggest night of the year. Imagine, then, the eyebrow arching that ensued when the same dress code was requested for **Sofía Sanchez Barrenechea** and **Alexandre de Betak**'s December wedding, which took place at noon, on a deserted beach, in far-flung Patagonia. Then again, during the entirety of the three-day affair, sandwiched between Christmas and New Year's, white and black tie were the easiest dictates of a quartet of dress codes that included Gaucho and Tango Smart.

"We struggled for eight months with people complaining," explained the art director from her honeymoon in Fernando de Noronha, Brazil. "But Alex was very insistent on white tie. It was a very beautiful kind of absurd that he wanted, sort of the most opposite thing from what would be expected—like Darth Vader." The *Star Wars* villain played an unexpected role of wedding mascot—Alex, a master events producer, is a longtime robot collector and space lover—as greeters wearing Darth Vader helmets handed out Maison Michel flower crowns to guests arriving via ferryboat to the dockless beach, and Argentine alpargatas printed with Darth Vader's silhouette on the vamp were provided for those unwilling to ruin their white-tie footwear walking across the volcanic beach.

For the groom, whose Bureau Betak typically organizes events not in the wilds of Argentina but in FLASH>390

Day One: GAUCHO PICNIC



HONCHOS IN PONCHOS
LEFT: THE BROOKS-HALARD BROOD ARRIVING AT THE PICNIC. BELOW: GAUCHO-CLAD GUESTS WALK DOWN TO LAGO TRAFUL.

BROOKS-HALARD: ISAIAS MICIU. ALL OTHERS: SERGIO SANDONÁ (2).

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BEACH ESCAPE
THE NEWLYWEDS AFTER EXCHANGING THEIR VOWS. BELOW: VIOLETTE GREY AND POPPY HALARD OBSERVE THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

Day Two: CEREMONY & LUNCH



WILD PITCH
THE WEDDING LUNCHEON FEATURED INDIVIDUALLY TENTED TABLES.



the jungles of New York and Paris Fashion Weeks, the setting of the wedding was about highlighting the juxtaposition between unfettered nature and the high civility of floor-length frocks and white tie and tails (in his case, custom Berluti). The arrival of the bride, meanwhile, who emerged on the bow of the wooden speedboat like a living figurehead, veil whipping in the wind, was mirage-like for even the most jaded fashion folk in attendance. Her Valentino couture dress, which required 1,800 hours' worth of bas-relief pearl and crystal embroidery, forsook the traditional bridal white for pale chalcedony tulle that blended seamlessly into the soft gray of the beach and the murky green of the Machete River beyond.

Preceded by a fleet of flower girls and boys—the girls in crisp silk organdy by Delphine Manivet, the boys in tiny, white traditional gaucho jackets and pants—Sofía approached the driftwood altar via a path in the sand leading from river's edge to a close of towering coihue trees, under which sat the near 300 guests (including 41 children and one King Charles spaniel). "It was an amazing replacement for a cathedral," she marveled.

"I never imagined myself getting married in a city," explained Sofía, who grew up in Buenos Aires but spent vacations visiting family in Patagonia's lake district. And so the bride and groom, who have homes in New York and Paris, selected a series of venues that represented Sofía's own history in the region and revealed the most pristine and epic vistas of untouched nature, from the foothills of the Andes to desolate lakeside beaches.

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BEACH ESCAPE AND WILD PITCH: ISAIAS MICIU. VIOLETTE GREY AND POPPY HALARD: SERGIO SANDONÁ.

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On the first day this meant a gaucho-themed picnic. Between navigating volcanic ash and barely passable dirt roads, the event was not for the faint of heart—or footwear. Creative gaucho solutions included **Anja Rubik**'s embroidered poncho from her native Poland, and fellow model **Constance Jablonski**'s fringed and bead-embellished suede Pucci rodeo pants borrowed from a shoot a week earlier.

Argentine chef **Francis Mallmann** and his staff of 240 somehow managed to prepare feasts for three days in the middle of fields or forests without so much as the benefit of a kitchen. On day one this meant curanto-style fish and vegetables—a technique in which the food is buried underground to cook on fire-heated stones for six hours. For the wedding lunch the next day, sixteen whole lambs were cooked on weeping willow–branch crosses. Day two, back on the windswept shores of the Machete River, featured a post-ceremony luncheon served under the cover of a cluster of evergreens at the mouth of the forest, with each wooden table tented individually. "We were at the fish market in Venice a year ago, and Alex took photographs of the long tented tables and used those as inspiration," the bride explained.

For that evening's cumbia dance party, which took place in an erstwhile working barn in the lakeside town of Villa La Angostura, Rodarte's Kate and Laura Mulleavy designed two dresses for the bride to revel in. "There's definitely the princessy part of me and the dreamy, fairy part of me, and right away they got the dreamy part," said Sofía of working with the sisters on the floor-skimming silk, tulle, and lace dress with diaphanous winglike sleeves and silver-and-cream embroidered flowers. Around 2:00 A.M., as Argentina's most famous cumbia band, Ráfaga, took the stage, the bride changed into a short feather-embroidered white lace–and–iridescent sequin frock—a kind of disco version of her earlier dress.

The bride and groom returned to their house with the band and 30 or so friends and family at 8:30 A.M. to continue the festivities, which made that morning's tango brunch slightly more challenging. However, despite a severe lack of sleep and a cumbia-induced sprained ankle, the bride looked perfectly the part in a slinky Anthony Vaccarello halter-neck dress and a large silk red rose in her chignon. The newlyweds' months of tango lessons paid off, and together they moved forward in a perfectly synchronized embrace. *¡Adelante!*—**CHLOE MALLE**

FLASH>396

THE WINGS OF LOVE
SOFÍA WORE RODARTE'S HAND-EMBROIDERED SILK, TULLE, AND LACE DRESS FOR THE FIRST PORTION OF THE DANCE PARTY BEFORE CHANGING INTO A SHORTER VERSION.



Night Two: CUMBIA PARTY



Day Three: TANGO BRUNCH



FLIRTY DANCING
LEFT: THE BARN WHERE THE CUMBIA DANCE PARTY TOOK PLACE. RIGHT: ALEX AND SOFÍA, IN ANTHONY VACCARELLO, PRACTICE THEIR MOVES DURING THE TANGO BRUNCH.

ISAIAS MICIU (3)

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MARGHERITA MISSONI'S NEW CHILDREN'S CLOTHING LINE IS SIMPLY A REFLECTION OF HER IDYLLIC ITALIAN FAMILY LIFE.



PLAY ROOM MISSONI WITH HER SON, OTTO, IN HER MOTHER'S HOME NEAR SUMIRAGO, ITALY.



SHORT AND SWEET TWO OF MARGHERITA'S DESIGNS FROM HER NAMESAKE NEW LINE'S LOOK BOOK.

"I never really was a city girl—I'm a country girl at heart," says **Margherita Maccapani Missoni** of her June 2013 move from Milan to the rolling hills in Montonate, near Sumirago, in the province of Varese, where her storied Italian family resides. Nearby, in a vast, airy space, the idiosyncratic entrepreneur and mother—**Otto,** her son with businessman and race-car driver **Eugenio Amos,** is sixteen months old, and there's another boy on the way in May—has been readying her new line, Margherita, for its global launch this month. "I just realized how many children's clothes have been designed by people who don't actually have children," she says, laughing.

The vibrant 70-piece collection, designed for boys and girls from infancy up to age seven, is both accessible and playful—these are not miniaturized adult pieces, and the palette, thankfully, isn't composed of the usual layette hues. Textiles include braided tassel trims, Balinese-batik pinafores, and seersucker striped tops, all in easy sixties-inspired silhouettes. Best of all, it's all meant to go together. "There's no right or wrong look, so they can mix it themselves," Missoni says. Accessories and lifestyle pieces like bags are in the works.

At her mother's beautifully appointed home overlooking a forest, where Missoni's young family are residing until their new "contemporary barn" designed by architect **Aldo Cibic** is constructed, Otto crawls on the sixties mosaic floor Margherita's grandmother **Rosita Missoni** designed as his mother prepares swordfish and a pomegranate salad for an impromptu lunch. En route to a business meeting, Amos drops off her favorite fruit crostata. "He describes our house as resembling an airport terminal," she says, referring to the endless visitors and appointments for both Missoni and her ever-growing team of seven. She cites the fifteen-minute run to the airport as a godsend (design meetings are held in New York, while part of her production is in Los Angeles). In short, this is not one of those artfully staged gluten-free lifestyles; it's an infectiously familial and real reimaging of what the contemporary Italian good life is all about.

"When I fell pregnant with Otto, I thought I'd go mad living in a city with a child, and all my family are here, so it's easy," Missoni says. "Then again, when I was growing up here, I longed for city life." Aside from Milan, she spent a handful of years in Manhattan a decade or so ago studying acting at the Lee Strasberg Theatre & Film Institute, becoming a twinkling society presence in the process, but after a while the allure wore off. She credits reconnecting with her husband, a childhood friend whom she married in a glorious Gypsy-themed ceremony in 2012, with inspiring the decision to return to her roots.

Asked if she misses her former life as an actress, her reply is instant: "I'm too happy in the present." —**KERRY OLSEN**

PLAY ROOM: FILIPPO BAMBERGHI. SITTINGS EDITOR: MARGHERITA MORO. HAIR AND MAKEUP: LAURA STUCCHI. SHORT AND SWEET: TIERNEY GEARON. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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ANIMAL BEHAVIOR
LEFT: MY HORSE AND I ON A MUCH-NEEDED BREAK.
BELOW: ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT THIS SAFARI WAS OUR PROXIMITY TO ELEPHANTS!





TNT

ELISABETH TNT TAKES IN THE WILDLIFE OF BOTSWANA ON AN UNFORGETTABLE SAFARI ADVENTURE.

I'm cantering through water, a rider ahead, behind, and beside me. My horse's ears are alert, its excitement almost as big as mine. Sometimes the water gets so deep, the rhythm becomes a floating sensation like flying. For a keen horseman it's a truly ecstatic experience.

You may remember my 2012 riding safari in Kenya's Maasai Mara. Botswana's Okavango Delta can be quite different. The landscape is almost stark and barren, with tree trunks snapped and branches lying scattered—an elephant's collateral damage. Trotting along makes for a fun little obstacle course. Other places are so green and dense, with trees covered in moss and grass as lavish as in England's Gloucestershire. And then there are endless marshes.



DÎNER SUR L'HERBE
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A "SIMPLE" BUSH DINNER COULD BE SO CHIC!

We did not see a single lion all week, but I was soon to learn that was lucky. A few days into our trip, our knowledgeable guide, **Sekongo,** suddenly halted, pointed at the dusty path, and bellowed, "Lions!" There! I could make out soft paw prints in the sand. My eyes lit up. "Can we follow them?" I asked. He looked at me with a smile masking a serious expression: "No lions on horseback." Later around the campfire the head ranger told me a few horror stories of lion encounters in his former camp. On one ride a lion tore down a horse from underneath its rider. Luckily the ranger was able to rescue both rider and horse. I did not ask to see lions after that.

But we did have wonderful encounters with elephants. One day a bull was grazing by himself behind a big termite mountain. We would have easily ridden past, oblivious, but Sekongo's X-ray vision spotted him. Quietly we approached until there was only a bit of bush between us and this glorious beast. Another very special moment came one hot afternoon in the deep grass when we found a sleeping hyena. Gingerly it jumped up and let us follow it, turning around and staring right back, almost as curious as we were. With its long back legs it looked like it was wearing a good pair of heels.

There is nothing quite like the Botswanan morning: a moment of cool breeze, the moist air, a dewy-soft haze of daylight. From our camp beds we were able to peer out far across the green and yellow marshland with its grazing buffalo and elephants. After our rides we would spend the days lazing on our platform out of the scorching sun, looking out over the Okavango, reading, chatting, and watching the animals pass. □

FLASH>400

HORSEBACK AND TABLE SETTING: COURTESY OF ELISABETH VON THURN UND TAXIS. ELEPHANT: MAYA BENTELER.

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MAN OF THE HOUR OPRAH AND OSCAR DE LA RENTA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO, *VOGUE*, 2010.

OSCAR SEASON

In November 1974, a 25-year-old Costume Institute volunteer newly arrived in New York idled in the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for that year's gala opening of the "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design" exhibition. As guests arrived for dinner, an elegant couple approached the volunteer and invited him to join their table. That evening marked the beginning of a 40-year friendship between Oscar de la Renta, who passed away in October, and **André Leon Talley.** Talley looks back on the late couturier's career in "Oscar de la Renta: His Legendary World of Style"—on view now through May 5 at the SCAD Museum of Art in Savannah, Georgia—for which he selected 70 of his favorite de la Renta designs, borrowed from the closets of Park Avenue (**Catie Marron, Mercedes Bass**) to Pennsylvania Avenue (**Hillary Clinton, Laura Bush**). The focus is on creations that de la Renta clients donned for their most momentous occasions. One gallery is dedicated to wedding dresses, including the *Marie Antoinette*–inspired showstopper worn by **Miranda Brooks** in 2010. Another highlight: a *Belle de Jour* black cashmere number with a white satin collar and cuffs (from the designer's early days at Jane Derby) that belonged to the society dame C. Z. Guest, most of whose couture wardrobe was bequeathed to SCAD. Will any of the spectacular pieces on display meet a similar fate? "Oh, no! People love their clothes," Talley insists. "They want them *back!*"—JULIE BRAMOWITZ

Silver Sirens

AT THE GOLDEN GLOBES, STARS TOOK TO A DIFFERENT PRECIOUS METAL FOR THEIR ENSEMBLES.



JULIANNE MOORE IN GIVENCHY HAUTE COUTURE BY RICCARDO TISCI.



EMMA STONE IN LANVIN.

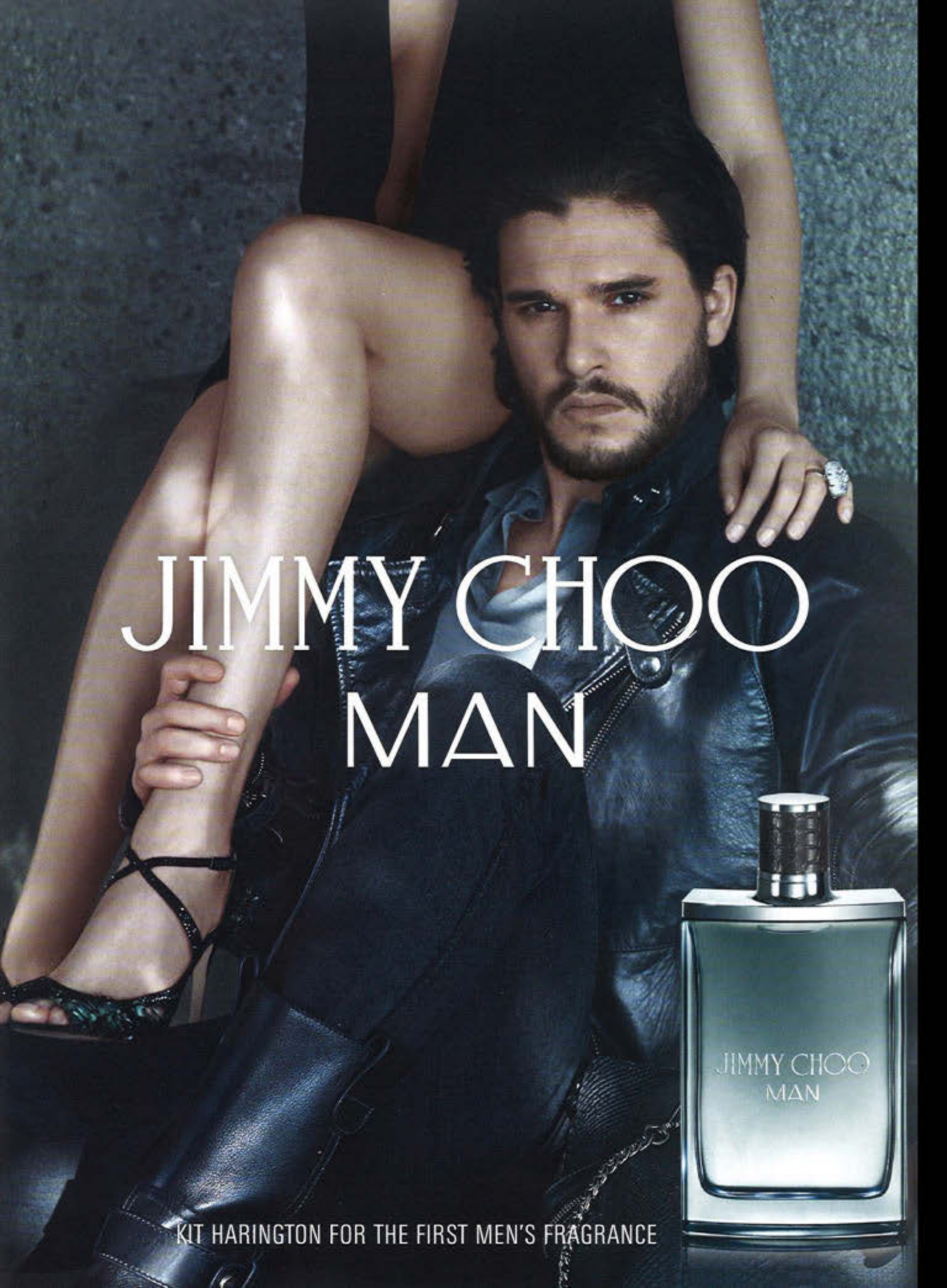


DAKOTA JOHNSON IN CHANEL HAUTE COUTURE.

DIANE KRUGER IN EMILIA WICKSTEAD.

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KIT HARINGTON FOR THE FIRST MEN'S FRAGRANCE

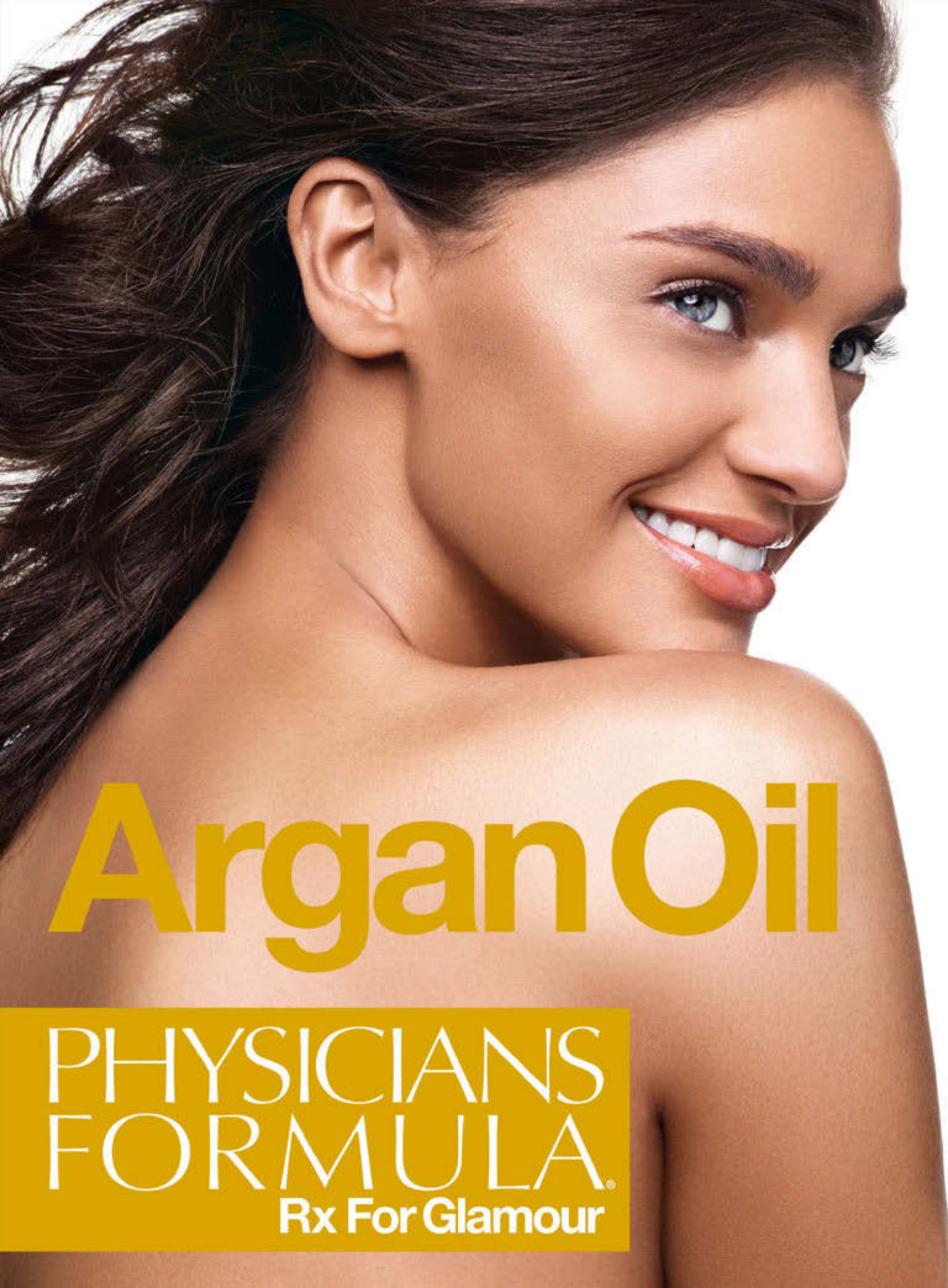


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LEADING LADY FROM FAR LEFT: BLANCHETT AT THE 2014 OSCARS IN ARMANI PRIVÉ; IN AN ARMANI PRIVÉ DRESS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CRAIG McDEAN, *VOGUE*, 2014.

A Sense of Occasion

AT THE HEIGHT OF RED-CARPET SEASON, CATE BLANCHETT CONSIDERS THE TIMELESS CLOTHES—AND CHARACTER—OF GIORGIO ARMANI.

Before I met **Giorgio Armani** for the first time—backstage at a Privé show in Paris—I was a young actress in search of the quiet strength his designs seemed to afford. Whether *I* could afford *them* was another matter, and yet I reached beyond myself and spent my first paycheck on an Armani suit, not unlike those that **Jodie Foster** was sporting on various red carpets at the time. I learned, though, that the chic you feel wearing Armani is all your own.

Like the designer, I spent my childhood years idolizing a cinematic sort of glamour: women like Bette Davis and Greta Garbo, who radiated light as if they were the source. I also admired Giulietta Masina, the star of Fellini's *La Strada,* in which her character is forced to play the clown. It was her lack of self-seriousness that I found so appealing. With clothes, too, I've always been drawn to pieces that have a slight sense of humor or irreverence. By high school, I'd developed a taste for menswear, bought at secondhand stores around Melbourne. As a teenager, you're a bit of a burlesque of yourself: more hard-core about your beliefs and aesthetics. Since then my look has broadened, but the basics have endured—my go-to is still a jacket and custom oxford shoes. When I have the pleasure of dressing up, I frequently reach for Armani because even his evening dresses have a touch of the masculine, and that mix-and-match duality speaks to me. There's a sensuality there. When you watch *American Gigolo,* in which **Richard Gere** parades around in every manner of suit, or look at images of **Michelle Pfeiffer** from that period, you have a strong sense of what the clothes are covering, the bodies beneath.

At my first fitting with Mr. Armani, he got down on his knee to pin the hem under my skirt and started giving me advice about undergarments. Talk about hands-on! Then we had lunch together. With my woeful schoolgirl French and my traveler's Italian, there's always a slight barrier to conversation between him and me. I can tell you he has a fabulous laugh. Sometimes I feel like I'm with a lover—sigh, not to be—because instead of talking we end up just holding hands. Still I feel we manage to understand each other. You are not invited into his world casually; relationships, for him, are not transitory things. It's the same way his designs transcend the fleeting three-month fashion seasons. There's something almost tectonic about him.

I remember every design of his I've ever worn. For my role as a maniacal CIA operative in *Hanna,* he helped costume me in a cool-gray skirt suit and the perfect cashmere overcoat. At the Academy Awards last year, I was wearing a gold- and crystal-studded Privé dress that fit me like a glove. Such attentiveness felt like a vote of confidence. I treasure the time he came with his niece **Roberta** to visit the Sydney Theatre Company, of which he was then a patron. At first it took some convincing because of the distance and his busy schedule, but I said, "Look, there are lots of boats, great theater, and a lot of very handsome men." We ended up having an absolute ball. When he toured the company, he shook hands with all the dressmakers and talked to them about the theater. Just like those old movie stars, he radiates a certain light.—**AS TOLD TO JONATHAN VAN METER**

RED CARPET: FREDERIC J. BROWN/ © GETTY IMAGES



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TRUE COLORS
ABOVE: FABRICS FOR CUSTOM DIRNDLS AT LANZ IN SALZBURG. RIGHT: CAROLINE SIEBER PAIRS A VINTAGE JACKET WITH HER CHANEL.



HUDSON KROENIG IN THE CHANEL MÉTIERS SHOW AT SCHLOSS LEOPOLDSKRON.

Minding My Manors

What better cicerone for a romp through Austria than the lovely **Caroline Sieber,** whose 2013 wedding in Vienna to **Fritz von Westenholz** had me swooning with the beauty of the city—and of the bride, of course, in her magnificent Chanel couture gown designed in homage to the Empress Sisi. So when **Karl Lagerfeld** brought the Chanel circus to Salzburg, presenting his richly detailed Métiers collection in the simply enchanting lakeside Schloss Leopoldskron, Caro concocted an itinerary for us that turned into a visual and culinary feast.

The morning after Karl's exquisite show, we hied to Lanz, famed purveyors of traditional dirndls and trachten jackets—the kind that originally inspired Coco Chanel when creating her own iconic jacket—where the guest book included the gratin of fashionable 1930s society, from Marlene Dietrich to Cecil Beaton, who later gave six of his Lanz jackets to the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. Then on to the esteemed gallerist **Thaddaeus Ropac**'s Schloss Emslieb, a jewel box where eighteenth-century antiques jostle some very serious contemporary art.

We lunched at the picturesque hilltop Schloss Glanegg and from there drove through the fairy-tale Austrian forests to discover the sequestered Schloss Blühnbach, a fifteenth-century hunting lodge amplified by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand to its appropriately imperial scale in 1910. The culturally minded **Frederick R. Koch,** its present owner, has renovated it to perfection and filled it with both Hapsburgiana and a trove of masterworks.

Well and truly schlossed, we pushed on to Vienna, thither to drool over the wasp-waisted Empress Sisi's HAMISH>412

COUNTRY CLUB: COURTESY OF CAROLINE SIEBER. ALL OTHERS: COURTESY OF HAMISH BOWLES.


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HOLDING HORSES WITH A PRIZED LIPIZZANER AT THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL.



STRICTLY BALLROOM THE 1840S ROCOCO REVIVAL MASTERPIECE AT VIENNA'S STADTPALAIS LIECHTENSTEIN.

HOLDING HORSES: COURTESY OF CAROLINE SIEBER. STRICTLY BALLROOM: COURTESY OF HAMISH BOWLES. KELLY AND CARON: THE EVERETT COLLECTION. COVER: COURTESY OF THÉÂTRE DU CHÂTELET. SKETCHES: BOB CROWLEY.

Winterhalter portraits amid the treasures at the Hofburg Palace (chicest accoutrement of all: her fan, in fawn-colored leather, made specially for riding); feasted on cakes at Demel, supplier of frosted violets to the doomed empress; and feasted some more at Zum Schwarzen Kameel and in the crimson dining room of the storied Hotel Sacher. In between we admired the artistry of the riders and their milky steeds at the Spanish Riding School, and were lost for words at the breathtaking Stadtpalais Liechtenstein, where a €100 million restoration has recently brought its 1840s Rococo Revival interiors to glittering life. □

SETTING the STAGE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET'S Robert and **Megan Fairchild** are rapidly becoming the Fred and Adele Astaire of the twenty-first century. While Megan delights in **John Rando**'s electric revival of *On the Town* on Broadway, her brother wins hearts in **Christopher Wheeldon**'s adaptation of *An American in Paris* in the role made famous by Gene Kelly in Vincente Minnelli's Academy Award–winning 1951 movie. I caught the scintillating production at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris (it moves to Broadway's Palace Theatre on March 13). Wheeldon and his writer, **Craig Lucas,** place the action in traumatized post-Occupation Paris, opening with scenes of a shorn-headed *collaboratrice* being manhandled by the crowd. **Bob Crowley**'s inventive design, meanwhile, transforms the perfume counter at the Galeries Lafayette into a flowery New Look Dior fashion show and seamlessly turns a tatty nightclub into a Busby Berkeley–style set for the Gershwins' irresistible "(I'll Build a) Stairway to Paradise." Paradise indeed.—**H.B.**



THEY GOT RHYTHM ABOVE: GENE KELLY AND LESLIE CARON DANCED THROUGH THE 1951 FILM. RIGHT: THE CHÂTELET'S PROGRAM FEATURES ILLUSTRATIONS OF CROWLEY'S EVOCATIVE COSTUMES.


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view

EDITOR: MARK HOLGATE



LIGHT BRIGHT MODEL TASHA TILBERG IN MULBERRY'S BRODERIE ANGLAISE DRESS, $3,000; MULBERRY, NYC. JIMMY CHOO FLATS.

White HEAT

THE WHITE DRESS BREEZES BACK IN MANY INCARNATIONS—BUT THE TRICK, AS EMMA ELWICK-BATES LEARNS, IS HOW TO WEAR IT.

Wedding dress aside, the most exquisite item in my closet is an ankle-grazing white organza dress with a lace yoke, preordered a few years ago in a fit of impracticality. And yet the closet is where it stays, as alluring and forlorn as one of the Lisbon sisters in *The Virgin Suicides*. It's too precious (and too impractical) to actually, you know, wear. But then I saw the *sommerfrische* dresses—all fragile trimmings and celestial broderie anglaise—on the runways.

The total whitewash on the season was inescapable, from a daring athletic cutaway minidress at Alexander Wang to monastic cotton folds at The Row and a sheer sixties babydoll at Giamba—and, yes, those dreamy numbers at Erdem and Roberto Cavalli. Valentino, meanwhile, gave New York a white night to remember, presenting 47 couture VIEW>416

ANNEMARIEKE VAN DRIMMELEN. FASHION EDITOR: SALLY LYNDLEY. HAIR, RAMSELL MARTINEZ; MAKEUP, GEORGI SANDEV. PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART (LACMA). DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



PORSCHE DESIGN

looks at the old Whitney building in subtle variations of the non-color. For its annual *le mois du Blanc* collection—a series of all-white collaborations with such designers as Chanel, Chloé, and Dior—Le Bon Marché teamed up with The Webster in January.

"A white dress implies so many things—purity, summer, newness," says Erdem Moralioglu. The common denominator: the compelling softness and ease of the fabrics, each of which imparts the sort of enviable cool that's made the white dress's return—in endless permutations from long and loose to short and sweet—a street-style sensation.

How, though, to make it feel fresh? For starters, find your footing with uniform-like flats, gladiator sandals, or uptown tennis shoes—or, if you've fallen for the languorous appeal of the Edwardiana mood (see Grace Coddington's homage to Peter Weir's *Picnic at Hanging Rock,* page 488), ground your dress with a black boot. Add a playful boater for a filmic finish—and keep the period heroine suitably repressed with discreet modern jewelry, like the yellow gold–and–diamond dormeuse earrings that jet-set jeweler Eugenie Niarchos adds to her lace Valentino.

It also helps to think of the white dress as your blank canvas to accessorize at will, day or night. The more urban-minded may prefer the commanding simplicity of pulled-back hair and athletic black slides as shown at Marni. At Dior, Raf Simons paired his smocked cotton nightdresses with Flyknit mesh booties. Riccardo Tisci, meanwhile, suggests "playing off white's innocent stigma with a rock 'n' roll spin"—and the peep-toe cuissardes and suede jerkins he walked down the Givenchy runway added the kind of edge that dares one to try.

"A woman in white is a decadent prospect," says Alexa Chung with Austen-like clarity, and she should know: She burned a noticeable hole in the crepe de Chine quilting of her alabaster Erdem at the British Fashion Awards nominees' dinner in November, demonstrating the capacity for white to illuminate prettiness and precariousness in equal measure. Still, a devil-may-care attitude remains the perfect foil to those prim details. So my unloved preorder is back in the game—tricked out with psych-rock metallic booties and a fringed suede jacket. Miss Havisham this is not. □

VIEW>418



IVORY GIRL
DIOR EMBROIDERED SATIN RIBBON DRESS; DIOR BOUTIQUES. JIMMY CHOO FLATS.







BLANC CHECK
ON THE STREET, SANDALS, SNEAKERS, AND SIDE-SWUNG BAGS LEND AN ENVIABLE COOLNESS TO THE WHITE DRESS.

ANNEMARIEKE VAN DRIMMELEN. SCOOTER: BLAUBLUT EDITION/TRUNK ARCHIVE. COUPLE: SILVIA OLSEN/REX USA. BLACK PURSE: SANDRA SEMBURG. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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FROM LABEL TO LIVING ROOM, ERDEM MORALIOGLU'S WORLD REFLECTS A WARM—AND DOWNRIGHT SPLENDID—MODERNISM. BY SARAH MOWER.

It's a big year for Erdem Moralioglu. He is the reigning British Womenswear Designer of the Year, a trophy won after he showed his swoon-inducing Victoriana-hothouse spring collection—a thing of verdant beauty based on a fantasy about an intrepid lady explorer and illustrator of exotic flora. He's about to open his first shop, in London's Mayfair—an enterprise purely self-funded by almost ten years of his lacy, flowery empathy for women. There's an Erdem collection for Moncler in the offing for fall. And, undaunted by throwing both his life and his work up in the air at the same time, Erdem has bought a garden-square haven in the East End of London with his boyfriend, Philip Joseph, torn off the roof, and put it all back together.

GREENHOUSE EFFECT MORALIOGLU, WITH MODEL IMAAN HAMMAM, AT THE BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN. HAMMAM WEARS AN ERDEM FLORAL DRESS; MYTHERESA.COM.

"Here it is—ta-da!" Erdem is gesturing expansively on the doorstep of the grand establishment in South Audley Street—formerly an antique-rug shop—that is being transformed into his store. "This is where you have VIEW>430

SEBASTIAN KIM. FASHION EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES. HAIR: EDWARD LAMPLEY; MAKEUP: VALERY GHERMAN FOR CHANEL BEAUTÉ. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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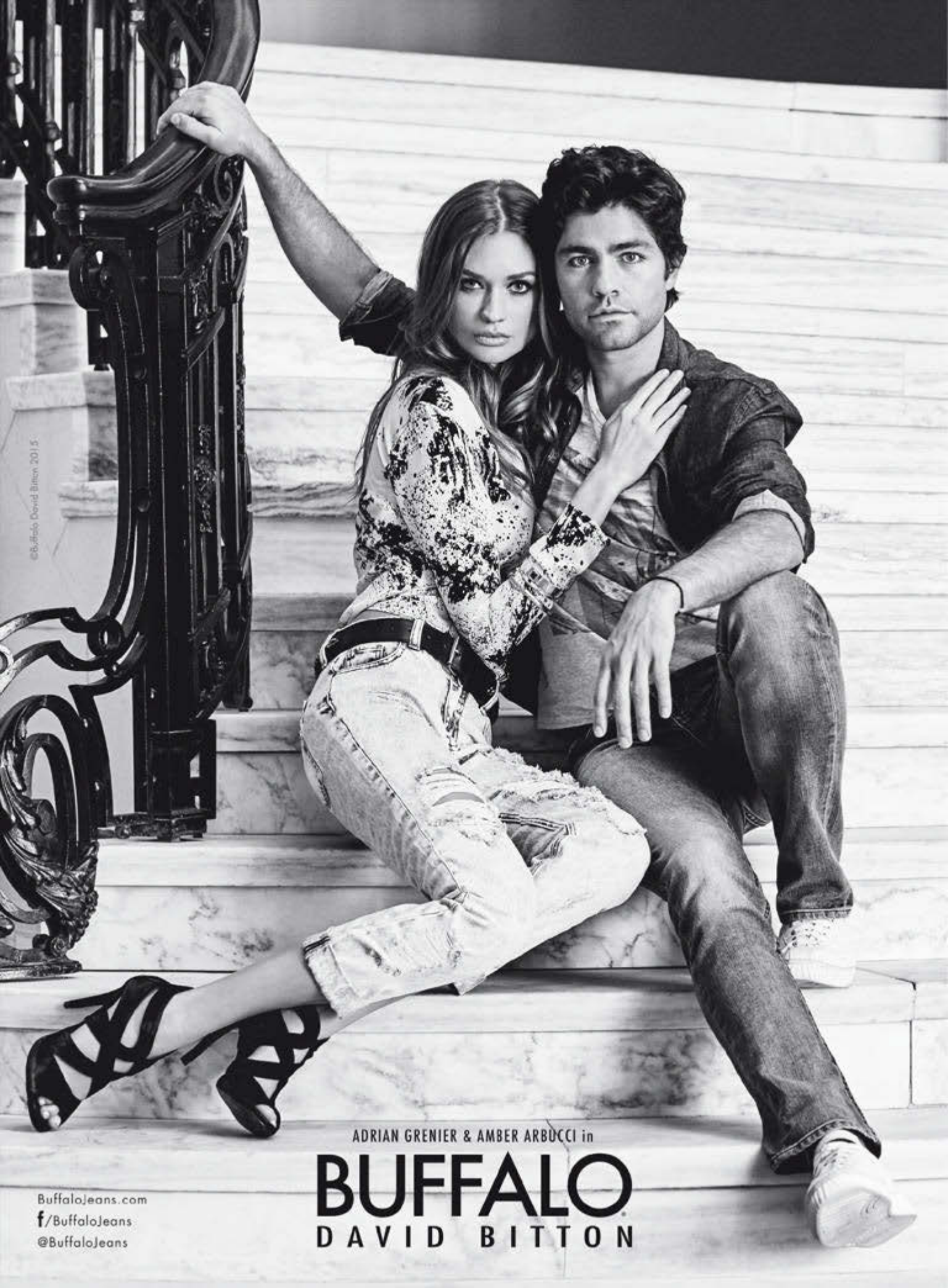

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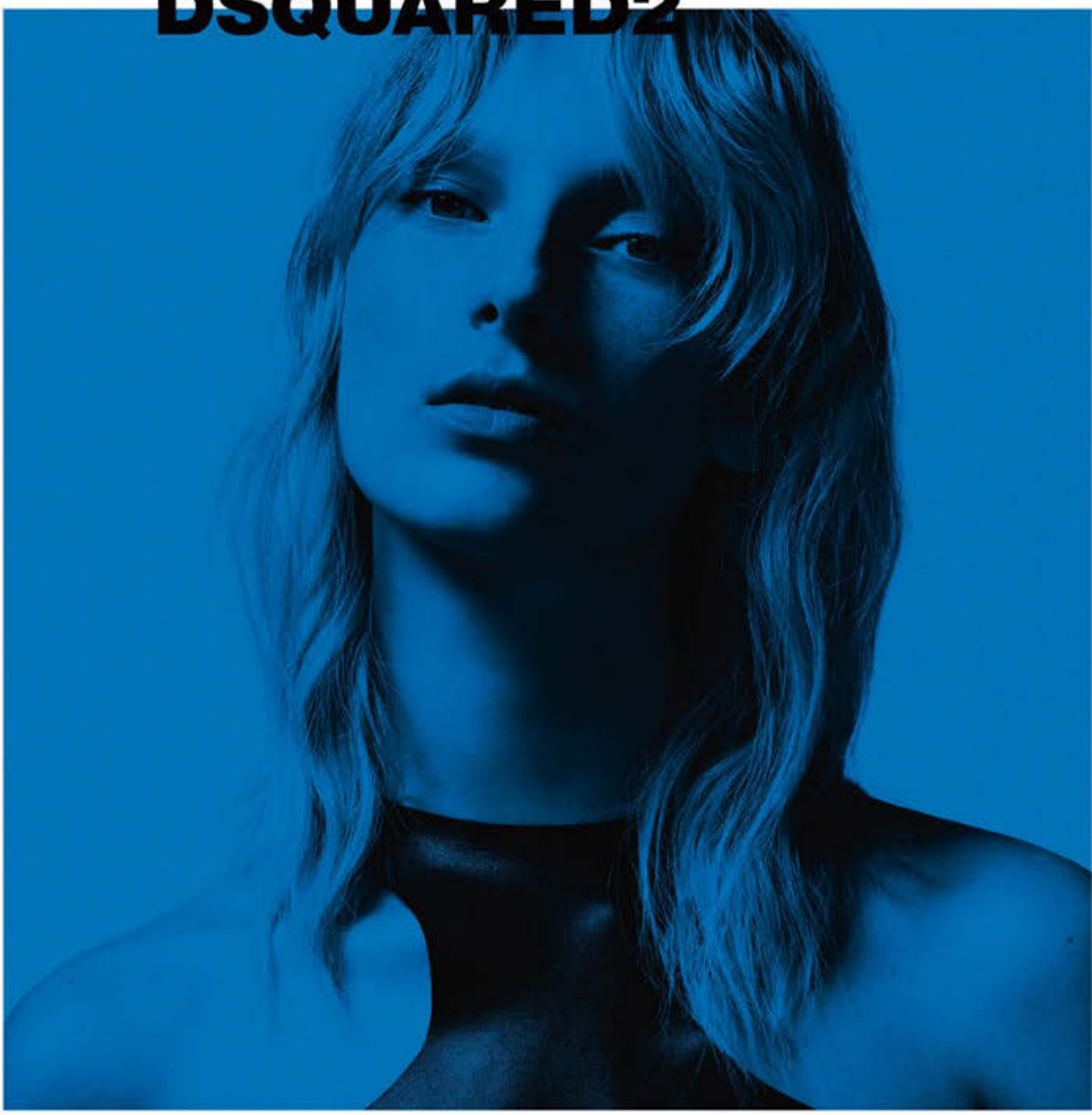
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Environmental Art

to imagine my new logo set in mosaic," he says. "It's a kind of big, curly *E,* which I tweaked from a Victorian alphabet."

Pretty soon, Erdem enthusiasts of many nations (many of them brides-to-be) will be tripping, Cecil B. DeMille–style, down a sweeping marble staircase to discover a brand-new bespoke department, where their most extravagant lace-and-organza, flower-print, and embroidered fantasies can be conjured. "His clothes have a wonderful sense of mischief, of fun, of play, much like the man himself," says Golden Globe winner Ruth Wilson, who was Erdem's date for last year's Met gala. "We had so much fun—he had decided that our pale complexions resembled those of a couple of siblings from a Visconti movie. That became our inspiration. I matched my side-part to his and we walked arm in arm down the red carpet."

Keira Knightley, another Erdem devotee, appreciates both the designer's flights of fancy and his practicality. "He made me this amazing peppermint-green dress for the premiere of *Anna Karenina,*" she says. "It was a proper gown, but he put pockets in it. It made me so happy—his clothes allow for the tomboy in you." And while this may be a London business, its foundations are built on the love of American women. Erdem's very first customers—going back to his inaugural collection in fall 2006—were won through Barneys New



ERDEM MAY BE A LONDON BUSINESS, BUT IT'S BUILT ON THE LOVE OF AMERICAN WOMEN

York, planting the seeds of a socially attuned empire-ette that has fanned out exponentially through the country. And many more countries, West to East, ever since.

Which is why *building* is indeed the operative word at the moment. As it happens, Philip Joseph is one of London's up-and-coming architects—and thus the ideal wingman to oversee all of Erdem's retail and domestic works. "Warm modernism" is how Joseph describes his design, and it's a pretty good way of summing up the manner in which they've converted their home into a place where their favorite things—Scandinavian mid-century furniture, sixties and seventies family treasures from Moralioglu's parents' home in Canada, Murano glass, flea-market finds, and contemporary photography—harmonize.

Upstairs on the third floor, a large antique-seeming dormer window has been installed to flood sunlight across Erdem's pride and joy: a window seat, upholstered with leftover dark-green fabric from his hothouse collection, that sits above a long bookshelf. "Oh, buying books—it's my disease!" he groans. He's been able to hang his collection of art and photographs for the first time, too—an accumulation that, consciously or not, includes many pictures of clean-faced girls with side-parted hair, including a painting by Sandro Kopp, Tilda Swinton's partner, of Swinton's daughter, Honor Byrne.

MELLOW YELLOW HAMMAM WEARS A GUIPURE-LACE ERDEM TOP ($2,375) AND SKIRT ($3,120); NET-A-PORTER.COM.

In the bathroom, just below an Andy Warhol pen-and-ink sketch, stands Joseph's favorite acquisition: a custom-made two-foot-deep rectangular wooden tub of hinoki cypress. "So Philip's in Japan, and he calls me and says we've got to have this amazing bath he's found," Erdem relates, his eyebrows rising. "Then I find out you can't use soap in it—only salts." Joseph looks excitedly unabashed. "It smells beautiful!" he says. "After we replaced the boiler and reinforced the floor, it's fine!"

The good-looking, perfectionist, almost doppelgänger-like pair have been together since 2003, when they were both studying at London's Royal College of Art. Erdem, a fashion student transplanted from Montreal (his English mother, Marlene, painted watercolors; his Turkish father, Erkal, worked as a chemical engineer), was paying his way through a fashion master's by serving drinks in the student café and whizzing books around on trolleys in the college library. Joseph, meanwhile, was studying architecture. "Everyone knew Erdem," Joseph says. "I used to call him the CEO of the college. I knew from the moment I met him that he'd make it."

Erdem's ability to amuse—and to draw women to him—has no limits. He and Joseph, along with Erdem's twin sister, Sara, who makes television documentaries VIEW>432

SEBASTIAN KIM





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WINDOW SEAT AND BATHROOM: TIM BEDDOW. ALL OTHERS COURTESY OF MORGAN O'DONOVAN. SKETCH: © 2015 THE ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION FOR THE VISUAL ARTS, INC./ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK.



DOMESTIC DASH
ERDEM AND PHILIP JOSEPH'S LIVING ROOM (TOP). ABOVE, A PORTRAIT BY WOLFGANG TILLMANS IN THE KITCHEN.

as well as films for Erdem's Web site, have been legendary throwers of themed parties in their Dalston neighborhood for years, serving up iced Kate-and-Will cakes alongside plastic-sapphire engagement rings on the royal wedding day while the singer Beth Ditto bounced on the sofa, shrieking. Incredulous onlookers at a stiff British fashion-industry reception at Buckingham Palace, meanwhile, once stood by and watched Erdem crack a joke that made the queen laugh.

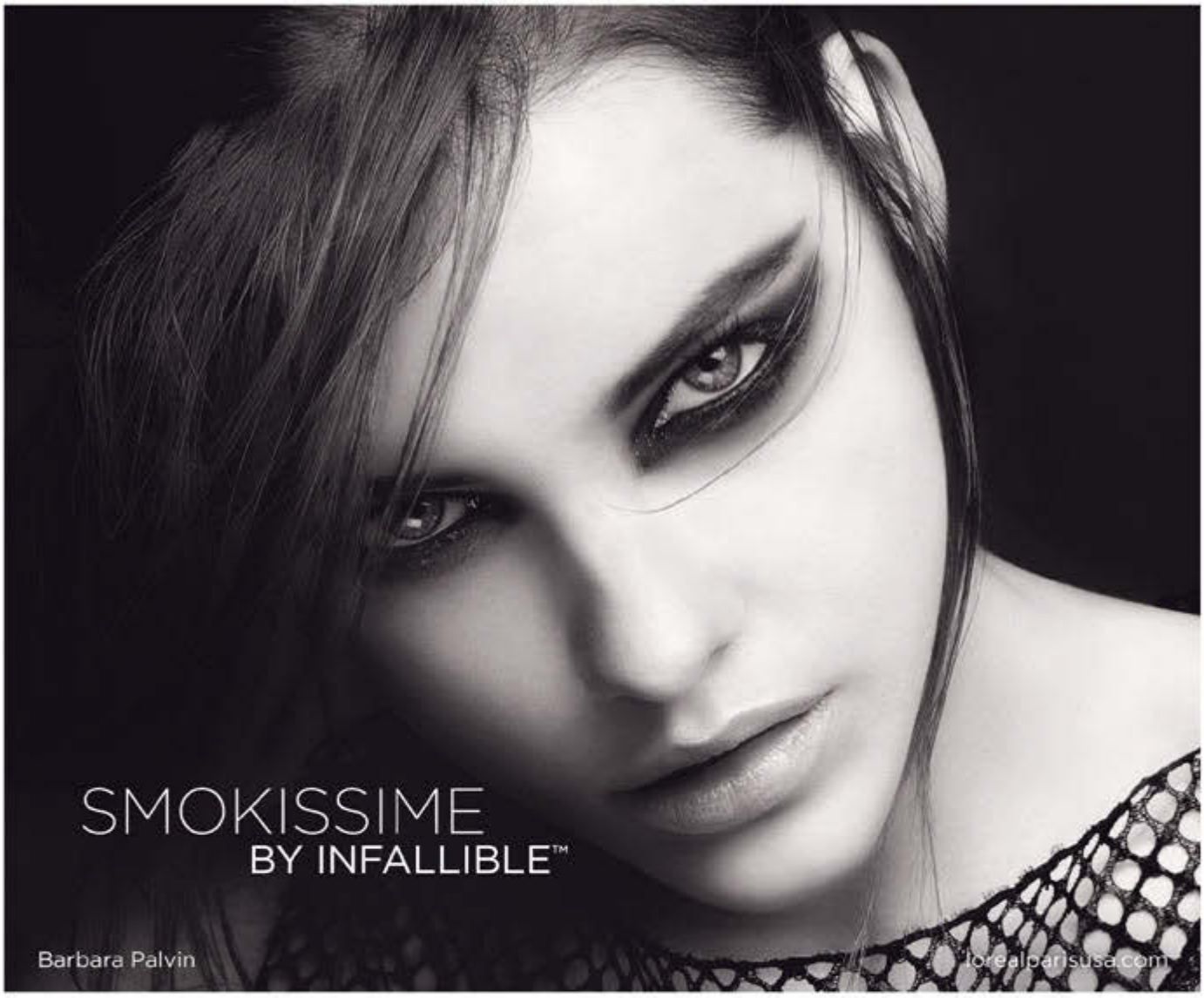
But back to the Audley Street shop. At this precise moment, there's a large hole in the floor where Joseph's staircase will eventually be lowered, along with a view into an Edwardian brick basement. Erdem pokes his head in and comes up with a gritted-teeth grin. "Well, it's a little less *Silence of the Lambs* today, isn't it, Philip?" he says. Not to worry. The pair of them stroll over for a cocktail at the Connaught hotel before wending their way home, perhaps to throw some logs in Joseph's wood-burning cast-iron stove, or to wait (rather a longer time than is normal in the area) for their bath to fill. Soon enough the store will open, the ladies will clamor, and the celebrations will begin anew. □

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OUT OF THE WOODS
ABOVE: THE WINDOW SEAT, UPHOLSTERED IN FABRIC FROM ERDEM'S SPRING COLLECTION. LEFT: THE JAPANESE BATH, BENEATH A WARHOL SKETCH.





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In RESIDENCE

CREATIVE DIRECTOR JONATHAN ANDERSON RENOVATES TWO HOUSES: LOEWE AND HIS LONDON DOMICILE.

A heartbeat away from Hackney's Church Street in northeast London—where East End authenticity meets artisanal bread shops—is Jonathan Anderson's Victorian row house. "Come downstairs," says the designer, his six-foot-two frame gamboling down the rickety steps and into an impressive 30-foot-long basement kitchen.

To call the last year or so of his life epic would be an understatement. Anderson turned 30, purchased his first home, and is off to a flying start as Loewe's creative director; his debut runway show in September energized the house anew with his highly desirable, left-field take on luxury. He refers to his work on both his charming three-story home and the 169-year-old Spanish luxury label as "ripping up the floors."

"I think it's good to extract people from their comfort zone," says Anderson, who also moved the Loewe design studio to Paris, where it now occupies a Haussmann-designed building opposite the Saint-Sulpice church. Of course, moving houses can be one of the most traumatic experiences in life, and Anderson now has two of them to run. But bold moves and a Promethean drive are his signature. In keeping with his vision of reinventing Loewe as "a totally new brand," complete with a redesigned logo and an edgier customer, Anderson is deconstructing the bourgeois associations of the leather-goods-centric label. The exquisite leathers we expect are there—but they've been pushed into a myriad of experimental guises, from paper-bag-waist pants to twisted checkerboard tees. His impetuous approach has also brought a Balearic breeziness to the house, with oro suede ripped apart and pieced together to create sheaths and totes, along VIEW>436

OFF THE GRID MODEL AMANDA MURPHY WEARS A LOEWE SWEATER ($890) WITH AN AMAZONA 75 BAG ($3,390); SWEATER AT BARNEYS.COM AND BAG AT BERGDORF GOODMAN, NYC.

COLIN DODGSON. FASHION EDITOR: SARA MOONVES. HAIR, MARI OHASHI; MAKEUP, CIARA O'SHEA. PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE LOEWE DESIGN STUDIO, PARIS.

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*Based on units sold ©2015 P&G

with other pieces in humble raw linens and muslins—what Anderson calls "a good way of showing Spanish culture in a different way."

His London house, meanwhile, set on a leafy street, is home not only to Anderson but to Snoopy, his gangly English pointer puppy, as well. At the moment, he's contentedly curled up in a rattan basket in the country-style kitchen while Anderson bounds to the stove to check on a roasting salmon. The kitchen leads to a secluded garden inspired entirely by a trip to artist Barbara Hepworth's sculpture garden in St. Ives, Cornwall. A keen cook, Anderson based the communal kitchen in Loewe's new St.-Germain headquarters on this one. "We all sit down for lunch every day," he says. "Very French and civilized—plus, it's good for morale."

Lunch is served, the oak table set with antique blue-and-white Spode platters filled with beet and squash and rustic breads. There's a small vase of rough-cut purple anemones next to three iPhones labeled variously with stickers: J.W.A., LOEWE, and PERSONAL. Gentle, fervent, and just a little bit scruffy, Anderson looks like an archetype of the laid-back young creative, but acute organization undergirds his multitasking life. Between Loewe and J.W. Anderson he is producing ten collections a year in London, Paris, and Madrid. "It's like being an athlete," he says. "You do always have to be on."

THE COLLISION OF INFLUENCES HAS AN UNEXPECTED RESULT—MUCH LIKE ANDERSON'S REINVENTION OF LOEWE





SITTING PRETTY ABOVE: BAILLIE SCOTT CHAIRS AND A KEITH VAUGHAN PAINTING FRAME A FIREPLACE. LEFT: THE DESIGNER AT REST.

Anderson is a born collector. "It started with Wade miniature animals as a child," he says—tiny porcelain figures that he meticulously cataloged (and which are still meticulously displayed at his parents' house). His maternal grandfather was creative director of a textile company and inspired his interest in antiquing. "I get obsessed—particularly with Arts and Crafts—to the point of no return," Anderson says. His first acquisitions were two tall-back Harry Napper chairs ("I generally try to buy the best two examples I can find," he says), though by now his passion for the movement serves as a kind of uniting force between his London home and Loewe, with seminal pieces scattered throughout the Parisian HQ and the stores themselves, many of which boast original William Morris and Charles Rennie Mackintosh seats, which inspired Anderson to design Arts and Crafts–style wicker and bronze tables for displaying accessories.

The tour continues, with a double reception room lit by imposing sixties French chandeliers from Alfies Antique Market in Marylebone ("my favorite place on the planet," he says). Two M. H. Baillie Scott chairs sit on either side of one fireplace, the Harry Nappers flanking the other, while twin bookshelves house Anderson's vast vintage-book collection ("I estimate about 12,000," he says VIEW>438

PORTRAIT: COLIN DODGSON. INTERIOR: TIM BEDDOW. SITTINGS EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES. © 2015 ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK/DACS, LONDON. .

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blithely) and his leather-bound scrapbooks. Above one fireplace hangs a moody landscape by Keith Vaughan; above another, a print by Anderson's collaborator Jamie Hawkesworth of a young boy running in a mackintosh; a Ben Nicholson abstract hangs on the door. The collision of influences has an unexpectedly harmonious result—much like Anderson's reinvention of Loewe.

As I bring up the 1997 Meisel beach print that turned heads in his first Loewe campaign, I recall the designer in his more modest flat four years ago pouring port into antique teacups and pulling out the Italian *Vogue* it first appeared in. "I saw it in a block of discounted magazines at a newsagent's. Surreal,



INTERIOR MONOLOGUE
THE RECEPTION ROOM IS A CORNUCOPIA OF ART BOOKS AND CURIOSITIES—ALONG WITH A REPURPOSED GYNECOLOGIC CHAIR—OVERSEEN BY A MID-CENTURY FRENCH CHANDELIER.

isn't it?" he says, dropping down on the dove-gray Scottish-wool sofa. Meisel will also be working on his next campaign, another mix of archival and newly commissioned pieces—"One is of his brain scan," says Anderson, whose propensity for pushing toward the uncomfortable has so far been a successful tool at Loewe for drawing people into his world.

As I say goodbye, I'm reminded of the architect Le Corbusier's famous dictum that "a house is a machine for living in." Not that this impressive example is a bastion of cold functionality—quite the opposite—but Anderson's approach to his first home has been every bit as methodical as his rebranding of Loewe. "It's exciting—sometimes you don't realize where you are, which is nice," he says. "When I come home, though, I disappear."—E. E-B.



ANSWERED PRAYERS
JOAN SMALLS WEARS JOAN SMALLS X TRUE RELIGION DENIM LEGGINGS, $218; TRUE RELIGION STORES. BALMAIN BLAZER AND TOP. CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN SANDALS.

Jean THERAPY

THIS MONTH, MODEL (AND NOW DESIGNER) Joan Smalls will unveil her first collection—a sixteen-piece lineup composed of everyday basics, from high-rise skinny jeans to workout crop tops—for the denim giant True Religion. "I went for simple and comfortable, but I also wanted to make a statement here and there," says Smalls, who envisions a favorite piece from the collaboration—a gym-friendly, French-terry rolled-sleeve tee—worn with "a patterned skirt and a pair of killer heels." Given that the mogul-in-the-making counts the likes of Riccardo Tisci and Olivier Rousteing among her closest pals, it's not surprising that designing came quite naturally to her. "I've always kept my mind open as to how women dress," she says. Both her own look and the Joan Smalls x True Religion capsule play with tomboy vibes of various stripes, including what she calls "sexy" and even "punky" takes—evidenced, respectively, by a midriff-baring sweatshirt printed with SUEÑA, a variant of the Spanish word for "dream," and gunmetal zippers on the ankles of satin jeggings. Regarding the latter, Smalls also took particular care with the fit of her trousers. "Your butt has to look good," she says. "If it doesn't, they're not working!" OK—we'll file those under "sexy" as well.—**NICK REMSEN**

VIEW >442

INTERIOR: TIM BEDDOW. © 2015 ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK/DACS, LONDON. SMALLS: MATTHEW KRISTALL. FASHION EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES. HAIR: KAYLA MICHELE. MAKEUP: CHIHO OMAE. PHOTOGRAPHED AT CAFE MOGADOR, BROOKLYN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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Light SPEED

SACAI TEAMS UP WITH NIKE ON A RIOTOUS NEW PERFORMANCE-INSPIRED LINE.



GYM DANDY
BINX WEARS A NIKE X SACAI WINDRUNNER JACKET ($400), SPORT SKIRT ($250), AND AIR MAX 90s ($175); NIKE.COM/NIKELAB.

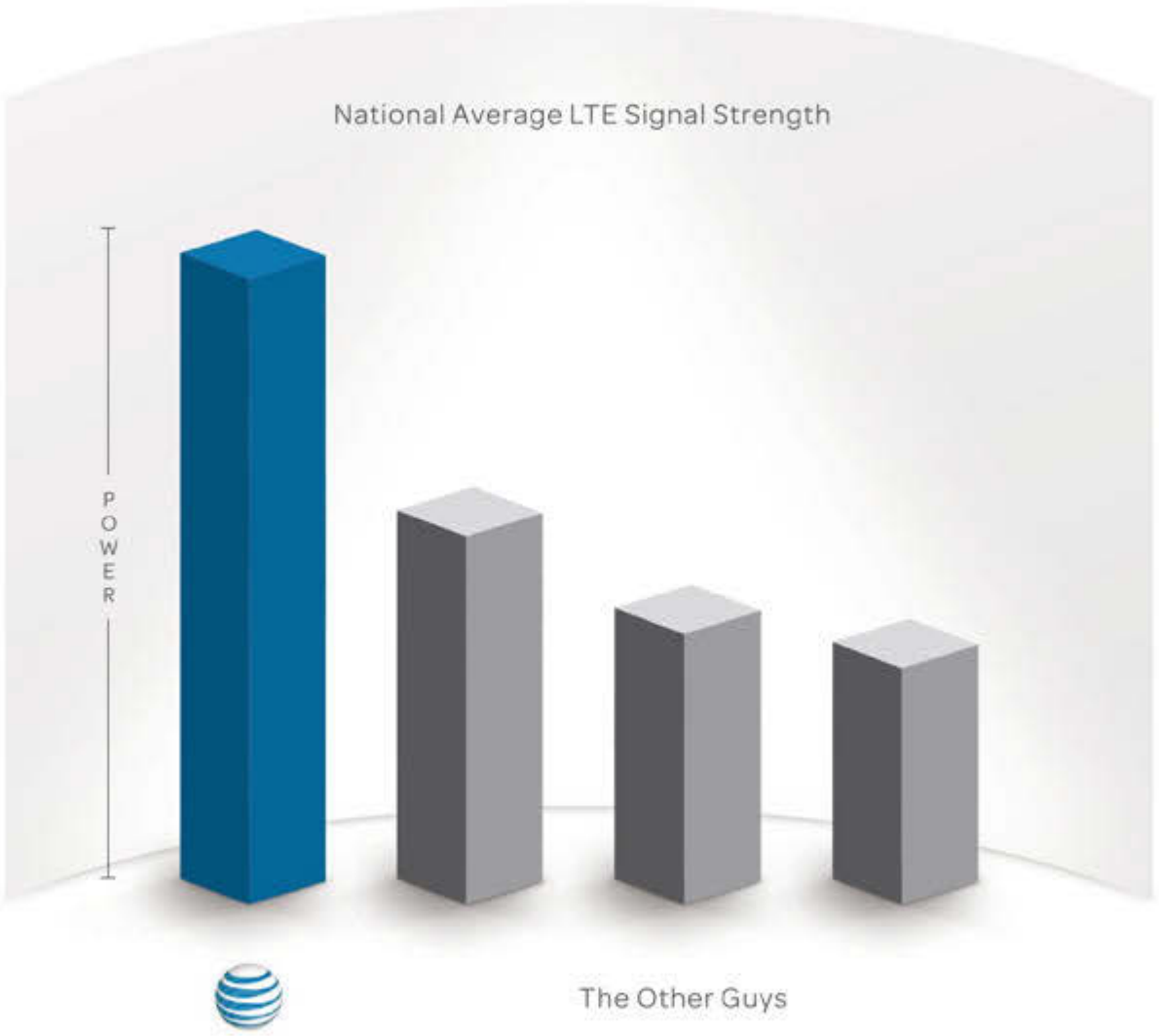
When Chitose Abe, the designer of the Japanese label Sacai, visited the Nike archives in Beaverton, Oregon, last year, she found herself enamored of a very sensible jacket known as the Windrunner. This plebeian item had been in production for more than 30 years, and though it had been a favorite of hip-hop artists in the eighties, it is safe to say that none of its original wearers envisioned this garment with a wild profusion of plissé paneling colonizing its formerly conventional rear panel. Now this old friend, still recognizably sportif from the front, is in fact throwing a veritable party in the back.

The reimagined Windrunner, along with a spectacular roster that includes abbreviated sport skirts and ridiculously stylish hoodies, is part of the Nike x Sacai collaboration, the latest project of NikeLab, launching this spring. It might at first seem like a stretch to combine Abe's Sacai sensibility, which relies on a delicacy of detail and a surfeit of unexpected feminine VIEW>444

CRAIG McDEAN/COURTESY OF NIKE X SACAI

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Starting Blocks

flourishes, with Nike's frank and unapologetic commitment to performance. But then again, maybe this happy hybrid isn't so strange.

After all, when Karl Lagerfeld was bold enough to pair sneakers with airy, gauzy evening frocks at his January 2014 couture show, the only shock was how right and unjokey this marriage of opposites appeared. Less than a year later Alexander Wang, an early proponent of the gym clothes–as–fashion aesthetic, held his wild H&M-partnership launch party, which featured kickboxing, parkouring performers. At spring 2015 collections from Lanvin to Stella McCartney, the desire to elevate the comfort and practicality of workout clothes and translate these staples into serious fashion was inescapable. The biggest names in popular culture are vaulting into this arena: Rihanna, an avowed sneaker collector, has been named a creative director at Puma; Beyoncé is launching an activewear label with Topshop.

So maybe we shouldn't be surprised when Abe's trademark Sacai juxtapositions turn up with such easy grace in these reinvented Nike classics. A thick band of satin ribbon borders a hem made of tech fleece, a fiber that doesn't usually conjure up sleek chic. That same tech fleece is also the guiding force behind a soft shift with a style quotient enhanced by a broken-twill panel serving as a kind of peplum. A tank top has been slashed at the neck—the NI and KE flopping on either side of the bonded edges—to reveal a splash of mesh lace in Nike's iconic Volt hue peeking through, a nod to Sacai's chartreuse signature. "Nike allowed me to cut this open," Abe says, smiling. "They were really cooperative!"

In fact, the roots of the collaboration were in evidence long before Nike joined forces with Abe: The designer confesses that she has for years worn Nike sneakers with her own Sacai clothes. "In a good collaboration, neither party should override the other," she says. "These are obviously both Sacai and Nike at the same time." Then she laughs, acknowledging her penchant for abundant, exploding pleats where you least expect them. "It's Nike when you're coming and Sacai when you're going!"—LYNN YAEGER



Metal MASTERY

IN THE FRONT ROOM of Eddie Borgo's Elizabeth Street studio in Manhattan, the signature cone bracelets and gemstone earrings aren't quite enough to distract from the display of sumptuous Italian-made handbags in colors called Evergreen, Blush, Frost, and Jet. The ladylike designs, inspired by 1950s Americana—think of a vintage Cadillac Series 62—aren't a continuation of Borgo's self-titled jewelry line but a new thought altogether. "If someone heard that we were doing bags, there would be an expectation as to what they would look like," says Borgo. (This is, after all, the man who once designed a pavé-crystal padlock necklace in homage to Sid Vicious.) "What we've grown to realize is that our customer is very discreet, and I wanted the bags to reflect that attitude. We want her to wear these every day."

As such, Borgo's designs focus on functionality and durability as much as aesthetics. The box calf leather of the exterior is coated in a powdered rubber, which nods to Borgo's punk appeal but also prevents dings and scratches. A mirrored compact with a wrist strap comes with four of the seven styles and holds cash and cards in case one must abandon her bag at, say, the office. ("I wanted there to be an element of surprise," Borgo says.) And though styles range in size from a large doctor's bag to a tiny cross-body that converts from day to evening with the removal of a leather canteen case, each is deceptively lightweight thanks to the ingenious use of aluminum. "We're really in the third industrial revolution," says Borgo, "and I love objects with functioning engineer details and thought-provoking design elements."—ALLY BETKER

IN HER ELEMENT
SOO JOO PARK WITH AN EDDIE BORGO BAG, $3,195; MAXFIELD, L.A. THEORY CLOTHING. PROENZA SCHOULER HEELS.

MATTHEW KRISTALL. FASHION EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES. HAIR: SHIN ARIMA; MAKEUP: KRISTI MATAMOROS. PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT TIJUANA PICNIC, NYC. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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Beauty

EDITOR: SARAH BROWN



CRYSTAL CLEAR
CAROLINE TRENTINI IN A VERA WANG COLLECTION DRESS, WITH A SPARKLING COMPLEXION TO MATCH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON. FASHION EDITOR: TONNE GOODMAN.

That Glow

The look of the season: bare skin—but better.

It sounds great in theory, this phenomenon of no-makeup makeup, which spread like pale fire across the spring runways, from Calvin Klein (polished, natural) to Marc Jacobs (literally barefaced). After all, who wouldn't love to march out the door each morning with tomboyish ease, ethereal skin, and minutes to spare? In the cold light of the bathroom, however, reality often intrudes—scattershot redness here, the shadow of a former blemish there—leaving the mere mortal to whisper, *No makeup??*

Fortunately, the season's refreshing new approach to beauty—no-fuss skin that evokes a certain low-maintenance luxe, not to mention confidence—isn't just relegated to genetically gifted 20-year-olds. Because here's the thing: This isn't a call for the renunciation of foundation. It's the moment to rethink what you use and how you use it. Thanks to a new cast of pre-makeup primers that double as invisible troubleshooters, featherweight foundations, and updated application techniques (forget the full face—forever), arriving at the very best version of your own skin is now within reach. BEAUTY>448

HAIR, JAMES PECIS; MAKEUP, MARK CARRASQUILLO. PHOTOGRAPHED AT FULTON CENTER. PRODUCED BY LAUREN GROSS FOR NORTH SIX. PRODUCTION DESIGN, NICHOLAS DES JARDINS FOR MARY HOWARD STUDIO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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Prep Work

It should come as no surprise that the basis for great skin is . . . great skin. "I'm a believer in daily exfoliating," says New York dermatologist Patricia Wexler, M.D. "That is immediately going to make you look more luminous." Wexler suggests finding an exfoliant that works with your skin type and sticking to it, whether it's a refining serum (her recommendation: Ren's Radiance Perfection Serum with fruit actives) or a microbrasion product (her own Skin Resurfacing Cream, made with finely scaled aluminum-oxide crystals, is easy to add to your shower routine).

A skin-cleansing device can also help dislodge impurities and dead skin cells, further delivering fresh-faced polish. "Think of a dirty windowpane, the light bouncing off in all different directions. That's what dull skin looks like," says Manhattan dermatologist Catherine Orentreich, M.D. Clinique's new sonic-powered handpiece features two types of bristles for targeting both the T-zone and delicate areas like the cheeks; the palm-size, Swedish-designed Foreo Luna—clad in pebbled silicone in a range of cheerful colors—issues rapid-fire pulsations to gently cleanse and boost microcirculation. (Bonus: no brush head to replace.)

For a truly transformative glow, Wexler recommends scheduling an in-office peel, like the multi-acid Spot Treatment peel, safe for all skin tones. "Two days later, you shed like a reptile," she says. "It makes the skin radiant, and I mean *radiant.*"



FORCE OF NATURE A STRONG EYE, AND BROW, SMOLDER AGAINST FRESH SKIN. KENDALL JENNER, *VOGUE*, JANUARY 2015.



AMOREPACIFIC COLOR CONTROL CUSHION COMPACT. BELOW: SHISEIDO GLOW ENHANCING PRIMER.

FOREO LUNA. LEFT: CLINIQUE CLEANSING BRUSH.

ABOVE: COVER FX CUSTOM COVER DROPS. LEFT: ESTÉE LAUDER BRUSH-ON GLOW BB HIGHLIGHTER.

Prime Time

Primers, designed as a perfecting base that glides on after moisturizer and before makeup, are also having a moment; with the rise of barely there foundations, now's the time for ground support. Optical-light technology powers Shiseido's Glow Enhancing Primer, which helps to refine skin texture and lock in hydration; think of L'Oréal's Revitalift Moisture Blur as Photoshop for your face, subtly retouching imperfections. Make Up For Ever's ten new mix-and-match Skin Equalizer primers address the spectrum of tone and texture, allowing you to fine-tune as needed, from mattifying and pore-erasing to redness and color correction.

Finishing School

Foundation has acquired a bad reputation over the years, but the best new formulas behave more like skin care, less like makeup, and are designed to melt into the skin rather than sit on top of it. To pull off a deceptively barefaced look, take a cue from Daniel Martin, makeup artist to no-makeup-makeup all-stars Felicity Jones, Charlotte Gainsbourg, and Vanessa Traina Snow: "Treat your foundation like concealer: only as needed," he says. It's how makeup artist Mark Carrasquillo approached Brazilian model Caroline Trentini's signature freckle face for this story, strategically dabbing "a really minimal amount" of Kevyn Aucoin's translucent Sensual Skin foundation on isolated areas to conceal redness. His goal: "really touchable skin. I didn't want to cover it up."

Martin regularly "sheers out" foundation by blending it with moisturizer, which is precisely the idea behind Cover FX's new Custom Cover Drops: The concentrated pigment can be added into your medium of choice—moisturizer, face oil, serum—for coverage as sheer (one drop) or complete (four drops) as desired. Cushion compacts, the latest Korean innovation to sweep the shelves, are also leading the charge of stealth foundations that neither look nor feel like makeup. From brands like Dr. Jart+, AmorePacific, and Laneige, the dewy, light-as-air formulas, many bolstered with hyaluronic acid, antioxidants, and SPF, go on with a sponge and allow for no-mirror-necessary touch-ups throughout the day. Skin breathes; freckles show. Consider dabbing a luminizer—like Bobbi Brown's Extra Illuminating Moisture Balm or Estée Lauder's Brush-On Glow BB Highlighter pen, which doubles as a concealer—on spots like the cheekbones, cupid's bow, or tip of the chin, where you want to emphasize the freshness of bare skin. Last step: Expect compliments. —**LAURA REGENSDORF**

BEAUTY>450

JENNER: DAVID SIMS. SHISEIDO: COURTESY OF SHISEIDO. ESTÉE LAUDER: COURTESY OF ESTÉE LAUDER. ALL OTHERS: TOM GORMAN.


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SCREEN Star

MEET LISA ELDRIDGE: MAKEUP ARTIST TO LONDON'S A-LIST, AND THE (SURPRISING) NEW QUEEN OF THE YOUTUBE TUTORIAL.



CYBERSAVVY ABOVE, ELDRIDGE IN A STELLA McCARTNEY SWEATER WITH CLOUD APPLIQUÉ. BELOW, IN HER LONDON STUDIO.



The makeup-streaked track pad on my MacBook Air doesn't look at all dissimilar to the Laura Mercier Secret Camouflage concealer palette I currently hold in my left hand. It goes like this: A dab in the palette, a dab on my face, pat, pat, pat, blend, blend, blend, a dab on my track pad to hit from PAUSE to PLAY. And repeat.

Like 340,921 people before me, I'm watching Lisa Eldridge's "Concealer" tutorial on YouTube. This is what a twenty-first-century makeup master class looks like. And frankly, a smudgy track pad is a small price to pay to finally—*finally*—learn how to apply makeup like a professional. Millions of others must think so, too; Eldridge has followers from England to Australia, Saudi Arabia to Tibet. That's a lot of smudgy track pads out there.

I thought I knew how to use concealer, but "stippling" is a new one on me. When it comes to covering a blemish, Eldridge recommends the Georges Seurat approach: tiny stabs of concealer applied with an eyeliner brush. And—I'm sorry—can we discuss the effects of patting concealer on the outer corners of the eye, or is everyone already in on that secret? It magically lightens and brightens and lifts the eyes right up! Meanwhile, who knew you needed a big fat fluffy brush for the perfect smoky eye? (Well, more than 1.3 million of you, according to YouTube.) I'm talking about the wonder tool that is Paula Dorf's Perfect Sheer Crease Brush. It's a life-changer.

Via YouTube, Eldridge is changing the way women approach makeup: Watch the video, become inspired, buy the product. Except she isn't a teenager recording clips from her bedroom; she's a 40-year-old makeup artist with a stack of *Vogue* covers to her credit who works with Mario Testino, David Sims, and Tim Walker, and regularly makes up the faces of Kate Winslet, Jessica Biel, and Emma Watson.

"There was a lot of snobbery surrounding the Internet when I first started, but I knew it was the future—I knew that's where I should be," says Eldridge when we meet at her home in north London, a former factory built in the 1840s that she shares with her creative-director husband, their two teenage sons, and two purring cats, who are currently circling her feet.

Lisa is pocket-size and pretty, a dark-haired Brit with a penchant for Chanel tweed and Tabitha Simmons heels. In person, it takes a while for the eye to adjust to seeing her in any environment that isn't the stark white backdrop of her online tutorials (which she now films in a bright, makeup-filled studio five minutes from her home). She has always been digitally savvy, BEAUTY>452

SARAH PIANTADOSI. SITTINGS EDITOR: EMMA WYMAN. STUDIO: INGRID RASMUSSEN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



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having launched her own Web site fifteen years ago, but it was only when she came across an amateur how-to detailing Keira Knightley's look before a red-carpet event that she became motivated to start filming videos of her own. "I had actually applied that makeup to Keira, and it was completely different from what the video showed," she says.

Lisa posted her first tutorial in December 2009. There wasn't a great deal of preparation—a spare room downstairs in her house, a camera, a couple of lights, and Exhibit A: her ("tired, dehydrated") face. She had been out late at a party the night before. "I had spots; I looked and felt *terrible.* I decided it should be about morning-after makeup." While Eldridge does film tutorials on models—among them friends like Alexa Chung and *Downton Abbey*'s Laura Carmichael, who agree to go bravely barefaced for all the Internet to see—many of her most effective makeovers are those she does on herself. When it's her own face, she explains, viewers can see precisely how she holds the brush, the position of her arm, the exact technique.

"THERE WAS A LOT OF SNOBBERY SURROUNDING THE INTERNET WHEN I FIRST STARTED, BUT I KNEW IT WAS THE FUTURE"

There's something about watching another woman apply makeup that's incredibly soothing, and watching Lisa is a treat. Her followers think so, too. A comment posted describes her voice: "so relaxing, similar to PJ Harvey's." Others, on her appearance: "Dude, you look like Natalie Portman," reads one; "Kristen Stewart," opines someone else. (They're both right; her face lands somewhere between the two.) Meanwhile, viewers can't get enough of the hypnotic clinking sound that her William Welstead sapphire-and-gold rings make as she pats on foundation and cream blush.

But Lisa didn't just emerge out of cyberland. To give a brief history: She started out in the nineties, assisting legendary editorial makeup artist Mary Greenwell; launched a makeup collection for Shiseido in 2001; and spent a decade at the favorite English drugstore brand, Boots No7, as creative director. She has television experience, too (which goes some way in explaining why she is so terrifically watchable), as the resident beauty expert for the popular British makeover series *Ten Years Younger.* It was that show—namely her frustrations with the editing processes (in her opinion, the most vital points were often cut), plus the influx of letters from viewers asking for makeup advice—that further inspired her to start filming her own videos.

No doubt it all got pulses racing at Lancôme, where Eldridge is the newly appointed global creative director of makeup. It's a role that will have her commuting between London, Paris, and New York to weigh in on everything from color and packaging to product development. And of course she has grand plans (likely including lots of video) for Lancôme.com, too. "I want to completely redesign the Web site. I'm excited—no other brand will be anything like it," she says. Her work has already begun: Two days after we meet she embarks on a whirlwind trend-scouting trip to South Korea and Japan, Instagramming all the way.

Eldridge's first collection for Lancôme will debut next year; in the meantime, her own site will remain independent, and her uncompromising edit of products—a mix of brands, high and low—will not change. She's researching and writing a book, too, on the history of cosmetics, to be published in September. "I've only ever been interested in one thing my whole life," she shrugs. "Makeup."—**SARAH HARRIS** HEALTH>454

Makeup



Phenom: LIP OILS

Shedding their seventies rollerball image, lip oils resurface as the new obsession this spring, with sheer formulas that shine like a gloss, wear like a balm, and taste like childhood. YSL cracks the code with a passion flower–infused oil that doubles as a long-wearing (and here's the key, *hydrating*) stain, in eight subtle shades. Clarins' springy, gel-like limited edition (in Raspberry and Honey) creates a pillowy sheen; Bite Beauty's cinnamon oil runs hot with circulation-boosting peppermint and pink pepper that plump lips and leave them gently flushed. Meanwhile, Hourglass's culty N° 28 Lip Treatment Oil claims to amplify moisture levels up to 6,000 percent thanks to an all-star ingredient list rich in oils (bois de rose, kukui nut, cherry pit . . .) and extracts from a moisture-trapping succulent native to the Mediterranean coast of France.—**ARDEN FANNING**

CITY SLICKERS
ABOVE: SASHA PIVOVAROVA, *VOGUE,* 2014. FROM NEAR RIGHT: CLARINS INSTANT LIGHT LIP COMFORT OIL IN RASPBERRY, BITE BEAUTY CINNAMON LIP OIL, YSL VOLUPTÉ TINT-IN-OIL IN CHERRY MY CHÉRIE.

PIVOVAROVA: MARIO TESTINO. SMEAR: MARKO MacPHERSON. ALL OTHERS: TOM GORMAN.



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BOTTLED UP
STUDIES HAVE LINKED A CHEMICAL USED TO MAKE BEVERAGE CONTAINERS TO CANCER, OBESITY, DIABETES, AND HEART DISEASE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC BOMAN.

Package Deal

WE CAN SHOP ORGANIC, BUT THE ENTIRE FOOD-PRODUCTION CHAIN—FROM CONVEYOR BELTS TO CONTAINERS—MAY STILL BE EXPOSING US TO DANGEROUS CHEMICALS. ELIZABETH ROYTE INVESTIGATES.

We have all scrutinized food labels, attempting to decipher the small print and figure out how much sugar lurks in our cup of yogurt or bottle of iced tea. But most of us stop short of craving information about the cup or bottle itself: specifically, the chemicals that could migrate from the plastic into what we eat and drink. Not so Penelope Jagessar Chaffer, who blames her obsessive scrutiny of food packaging on no less a figure than Prince Charles.

After hearing the prince rail against the use of potentially harmful chemicals in everyday products, Jagessar Chaffer—an award-winning, British-born filmmaker now living in Brooklyn—threw herself into learning all she could about environmental contaminants and how to avoid them. When she became pregnant, her vigilance went into hyperdrive. She quit eating meat, bought only organic products, and bent over backward to avoid foods that came wrapped in plastics.

In 2008, Jagessar Chaffer decided to find out if all this trouble had been worthwhile. At a laboratory in the Netherlands she was tested for, among other things, traces of bisphenol A (BPA)—a substance recently banned from babies' bottles and sippy cups but still present in an array of food packaging—and phthalates, chemicals that can leach from plastics into food and drink. "The tests showed some of my phthalates were high," Jagessar Chaffer said. "That horrified me because I was doing everything to avoid them. I couldn't figure out where they had come from. I mean, what else could I do?"

Why was Jagessar Chaffer moved to cross continents and spend thousands checking her system for obscure chemical compounds? Because both BPA and some phthalates have been classified as endocrine disruptors, meaning they interfere with our hormonal system—potentially affecting our sexual development, reproductive organs, and other key internal functions. Exposure has been implicated in low birth weight in babies, asthma and skin diseases in children, and abnormalities in the male reproductive system, such as decreased testosterone and sperm quality. One study published in *Environmental Health Perspectives* concluded that BPA is toxic to the human reproductive system; others have linked it with cancer, obesity, and heart disease. Recently, a study published in the journal *Hypertension* established that just two hours after drinking from a can of soy milk, subjects' BPA levels rose dramatically, along with their blood pressure.

But as Jagessar Chaffer was discovering, these chemicals are extremely hard to avoid. BPA has been detected in the bodies of nearly 90 percent of Americans—unsurprising, as it is used in a vast array of consumer products and industrial processes. You'll find BPA in the linings of most food and drink cans (it's what prevents the metal from rusting and migrating into our beer or our baked beans). It's also used to harden plastics used to make bottles, jars, and tableware. Phthalates, on the other hand, make plastics softer: They often show up in food wrapping and food-processing equipment.

The chemical industry, as you might expect, vocally defends using BPA and phthalates to package food. And the Food and Drug Administration, which regulates these chemicals as indirect food additives, considers low-level exposures to be safe. But hundreds of independent animal and human studies—most of which Jagessar Chaffer can quote from—suggest the very opposite. HEALTH>456

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A passionate, articulate woman, Jagessar Chaffer decided to write, direct, and produce a film about her journey down the environmental-contaminant rabbit hole. (Called *Toxic Baby,* the documentary is due to be released as an app in May.) "Each new piece of information I gathered—about the link between these chemicals and rising rates of cancer, asthma, diabetes, developmental disabilities—hit me like a body blow," Jagessar Chaffer says. "I couldn't give it up. What if my kids come to me in 20 years with cancer, or they can't get pregnant? I don't want to say I kicked back and drank another bottle of wine. I want to be able to say, 'I did my best.' "

How much these individual efforts can achieve is unclear, however, and the latest research is dispiriting. Recently, Sheela Sathyanarayana, M.D., M.P.H., a University of Washington pediatric environmental-health specialist, found that even a diet expertly designed to avoid all contact with plastic packaging can still contain troubling levels of these potentially toxic plasticizers.

As part of a study, Sathyanarayana arranged for five Seattle families to eat a specially catered diet of fresh, local, and, whenever possible, organic foods—none of which had been stored, prepared, or transported using plastics. But when the study was over, she was amazed to find her families' BPA levels had doubled, while their phthalate concentrations had increased by a hair-raising 1,500 percent. Sathyanarayana set out to analyze every ingredient in the catered meals. She discovered that the butter, cream, milk, and cheese had very high phthalate levels, while some of the spices had alarmingly high concentrations (the worst offender, ground coriander, had far more than the recommended level). By a process of elimination, Sathyanarayana figured out the dairy items had probably been contaminated during the production process, as they all contain fats, which phthalates bind with, making them more likely to migrate into food.

"WHAT IF MY KIDS COME TO ME IN 20 YEARS WITH CANCER, OR THEY CAN'T GET PREGNANT? I WANT TO BE ABLE TO SAY, 'I DID MY BEST' "

Other studies confirmed her suspicions: Experts had found consistently high levels in cooking oils, cream-based dairy products, and poultry. They didn't know precisely where plastics were introduced, but the opportunities are fairly mind-boggling: Phthalates are often used in food conveyor belts, lubricating oils, cleaning agents, food-prep gloves, plastic storage used for animal feed, and containers and films used during transport and storage.

The idea that what we eat may be contaminated long before it's packaged and sold is unsettling, to say the least. "Consumers do all they can to avoid these chemicals, but the reality is that our food comes with phthalates in it," says Tom Neltner, the former director of the Food Additives Project at the Pew Charitable Trusts. "Consumers can't test their products, and there's no requirement for food companies to list phthalates or BPA on their labels."

But if levels of these chemicals in our foods are relatively low, and if they leave our bodies quickly (plasticizer levels in Sathyanarayana's families dropped to the pre-study range within three days), then what's the big deal? We should be concerned, experts say, because plasticizers can still have adverse effects at very low doses; because we're continually exposed to them; and because little is known about their cumulative or combined effects. Trace amounts of four different chemicals may have no obvious effects on their own, but taken together they may well cause harm.

The good news is, there are a few simple ways we can reduce exposure to phthalates and BPA. The first step is to avoid heating food and liquids in plastic, and to store it in glass, ceramic, or stainless steel; if plastics can't be avoided, try to stay away from those marked with the numbers 3, 6, and 7, and look for containers marked free of phthalates, BPA, and BPS (a BPA cousin). Don't worry about storing food in plastic bags; they tend not to contain phthalates or BPA. (Nor do most containers made of expanded polystyrene, marked with a 6, but you should eschew them anyway: The lightweight material leaches styrene, a potential carcinogen.) Avoid processed and canned foods; buy low-fat dairy products; avoid high-fat foods like cream and fatty meats. Finally, increase your intake of fresh or frozen fruit and vegetables. They're good for you, of course, but eating more of these foods also means you'll probably eat less of the potentially risky stuff.

It is, of course, unlikely that anyone will be able to follow all these rules. Neltner doesn't contort his lifestyle in order to avoid plasticizers, but he does urge his pregnant and nursing nieces to steer clear of food in metal cans, and to never heat anything in plastic. "I explain that the science is not certain, but the risks for vulnerable populations—pregnant women, unborn babies, and young children—are simply not worth it."

Vigilance only can go so far, considering how much of the food chain is out of our control and how little information manufacturers provide to consumers (or even to food companies: In this highly competitive arena, many of the formulations used for packaging are closely guarded secrets). That's why public-health advocates and scientists are calling for top-down reform. In government hearings, through online petitions, and in the courts, campaigners are demanding safety assessments of chemicals that migrate into food; independent testing of chemicals that have long been presumed—but not proven—to be safe; and empowering the FDA to better exercise its authority to restrict materials that may be harmful.

"Right now," Jagessar Chaffer says, "the onus is on consumers to decipher what's in a product and its packaging, whether it's going to migrate, and how it might affect our children. You need to be a chemist to figure this stuff out." You also need the money to shop organic, the time to cook from scratch, and the fortitude to brush off skeptical looks from family and friends who will, inevitably, think you are out of your mind.

Obviously, Jagessar Chaffer represents an extreme on the caution continuum, but more and more people are beginning to echo her concerns. If their efforts spur legislation that ensures the safety of food processing and packaging materials, advocates say, then we will all, with any luck, have one thing fewer to worry about. □

FITNESS>458

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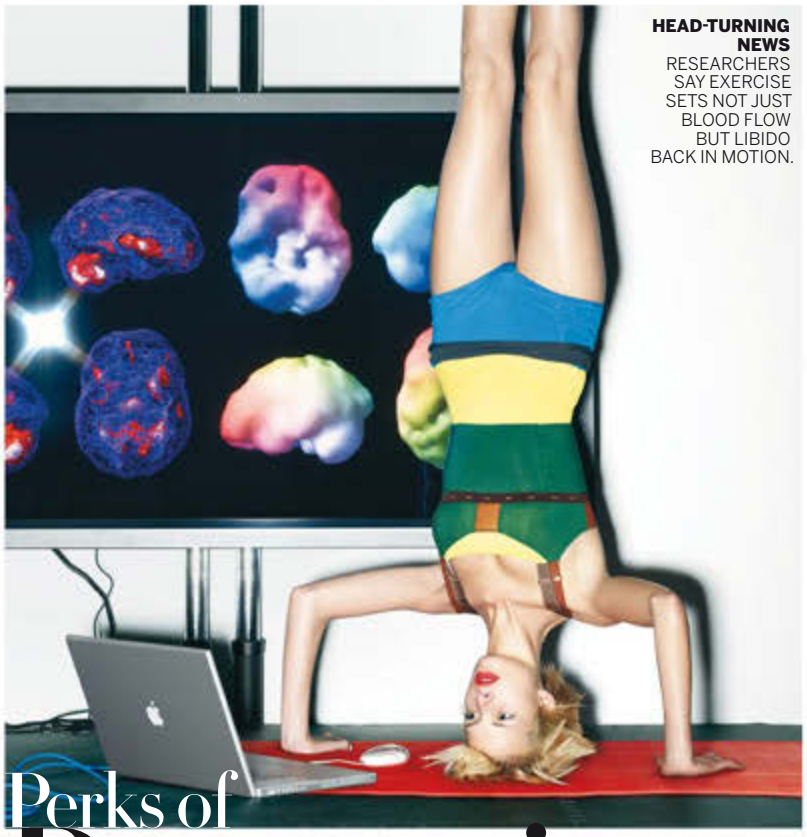
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HEAD-TURNING NEWS
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Perks of Recreation

RAISED ENDORPHIN LEVELS AND DISEASE PREVENTION ARE JUST THE BEGINNING. JANCEE DUNN REPORTS ON THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC FINDINGS ON EXERCISE'S SURPRISING BENEFITS.

The rising mountain of evidence on the disease-preventing powers of aerobic activity could fill the Metropolitan Museum. *The British Medical Journal* recently published a meta-analysis from a number of prominent doctors confirming that exercise was just as effective as drugs for preventing diabetes and heart disease.

Add in the endorphin rush and visible effects, and it's hard to dispute that exercise is good for us. But a number of recent studies reveal some surprising, lesser-known benefits of a good workout—offering more motivation than ever to forget about the cold and sprint out the door.



VISION QUEST
RUNNERS ARE AT ABOUT 20 PERCENT LESS RISK OF DEVELOPING CATARACTS THAN NONEXERCISERS.

It Can Reverse Skin Aging

In a small but noteworthy study, researchers at McMaster University in Ontario found that exercising doesn't just slow skin aging in women over 40—it can actually move the clock backward. In their first experiment looking at the effects of physical activity on skin, they took two groups: one that didn't exercise at all, another that regularly logged in at least three hours a week. Then the scientists took skin biopsies and examined them under a microscope. The active set's outer layer of skin, which typically gets drier and denser with age, was markedly thinner than the other group's. Meanwhile, their inner skin layers, which usually lose elasticity with age, were firmer—and in the case of some senior participants, virtually indistinguishable from subjects two decades younger. "It was fairly dramatic," says Mark Tarnopolsky, M.D., Ph.D., who oversaw the study.

But what if the active group simply had healthier lifestyles—or superior genes? Back to the lab, where Tarnopolsky had staunchly sedentary volunteers take up running or cycling twice weekly. After three months, he compared the pre- and post-exercise biopsies; again, even after so little time, the difference was astounding. Tarnopolsky suspects that the change may have something to do with certain cell-rejuvenating proteins specifically released by exercise, as well as the extra nutrients delivered to the skin by increased blood flow.

It Protects Our Eyes

A long-term U.C. Berkeley analysis of runners and walkers found that they were much less likely than nonexercisers to develop cataracts, which will plague nearly half of us after age 65. The reasons behind this connection are still being explored, but results are impressive: Subjects who logged at least fifteen miles per week at a vigorous pace saw their risk of developing cataracts over the next six years plummet by nearly 20 percent. Those who reported more than 20 miles per week developed a 41 percent lower risk than nonexercisers. FITNESS>464

HEAD-TURNING NEWS: RAYMOND MEIER. VISION QUEST: BEN HASSETT.


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It Enhances Our Gut Bacteria

Our health greatly depends on the trillions of bacteria that live in our gut. Low microbe variation has been linked to obesity and heart disease, while diverse colonies have been shown to strengthen both metabolism and immune response. Most people boost their digestive health and immunity by reaching for probiotics, or fermented products like live yogurt or kombucha tea, to add to the microbes that already live in their bodies. In the first study of its kind, scientists have discovered that exercise may also play a role in diversifying the bacteria in our gut. Irish researchers who monitored professional athletes found that their systems' bacterial colonies were much more diverse than those of the nonathletes they also studied. The participants had particularly high levels of the helpful bacteria Akkermansia, which has been linked to lowering obesity.

The researchers were not sure how much exercise is needed to enhance gut bacteria—but they say that you don't have to be an elite athlete to get results.

It Offsets One of Antidepressants' Most Dismaying Side Effects

For many women, a consequence of taking antidepressants is a dwindling—or flat-out nonexistent—libido. But breakthrough research published in *Depression and Anxiety* shows that a mere 30 minutes of intense strength training and cardio, three times a week, can revive desire. Antidepressants have been shown to depress the sympathetic nervous system, which normally primes the body for sex by increasing blood flow; researchers say exercise sets it back in motion.

It Reshapes Our Genes

The prevailing belief has always been that heredity is unchangeable. But scientists have recently determined that an altered genome for better health is a few gym sessions away. A study from Lund University in Sweden found that six months of moderate exercise—as in twice-weekly spinning classes—remodeled the subjects' genes linked to obesity and Type 2 diabetes. In this gene behavior–changing process, clusters of atoms attach to DNA and alter its ability to send signals to cells in the body—essentially switching the gene on or off.

Charlotte Ling, Ph.D., an associate professor at Lund and senior author of the study, says that these findings join mounting evidence confirming the enormous effect that exercise has on our bodies, even at the genetic level. In other words, we still have some control over our health—no matter who our parents happen to be. □









For Dabblers and Warriors

A working Brooklyn mother's week in exercise: a post-brunch session of microbends at a barre studio on Sunday. An excruciating hour after work on Tuesday heeding the instructor's cries of "Hup! Hup!" at Barry's Bootcamp. A gentle Saturday-morning yoga class at a studio in the neighborhood. A promiscuous schedule, but whose isn't? With the rise of boutique studios specializing in everything from Brazilian martial arts to underwater cycling, retreating from simple StairMaster sessions at the gym has become increasingly common. Yet dipping in and out of studios can be a hassle to plan, not to mention costly. Enter ClassPass, an online membership program geared for monotony-phobic exercisers. For less than $100 a month, members have access to classes at hundreds of studios—all searchable by activity, time, and neighborhood. The service is the idea of Payal Kadakia, a 32-year-old entrepreneur (and dancer-slash-runner) who holds a degree from MIT. "The majority of people end up paying for the gym and not even going," she says. "We train people to be dabblers and warriors." The latest item on Kadakia's agenda: partnering with traditional gyms, so we can have our ballet barre and big box too. *classpass.com*—LAUREN MECHLING

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people are talking about

music

EDITOR: VALERIE STEIKER



RAW EDGE
LAMAR IN A ROBERT GELLER SWEATSHIRT AND A.P.C. JEANS.

HEIR Apparent

Kendrick Lamar, hip-hop's breakout star, prepares his hotly anticipated new record.

To understand **Kendrick Lamar,** the 27-year-old bard of Compton, you might consider the circumstances of his sixth birthday. "Huge party, small apartment, lots of toys," Lamar explains in the soft, deliberate cadence that lends him an almost mystical air. "Kids running around doing backflips in the house, cake, ice cream, noon to six. Now it's dark, party's over. You leave the house on your new bike. You're out on the corner. Somebody pulls up with a shotgun and commences firing at the people right beside you. And there, happy birthday, you see your first murder."

Lamar paints this grim tableau as dusk begins to darken the Los Angeles offices of Top Dawg Entertainment, the record label that allowed him the extraordinary creative freedom that resulted in 2012's *good kid, m.A.A.d city*—already regarded as a hip-hop masterpiece—and is set to release his breathlessly anticipated new record any day now. The Compton of Lamar's childhood, rife with gang violence, ravaged by crack cocaine, is a world evoked and often glamorized by the West Coast gangsta rappers who emerged from it. But Lamar's verses do something different: They provide the running commentary of a keen observer and a reluctant participant. Lamar is tough, sure, but he is also traumatized—and unafraid to show it.

"Nurture at home, danger on the streets," he says about growing up. "Being a dreamer but snapping back to reality when I was done dreaming—that gave me an edge as an artist."

In the two years since his breakthrough album, Lamar has become a star, heir apparent to the kingdom of hip-hop. "Kendrick's verses belong in a museum where sacred artifacts are on display," says Pharrell Williams. But one senses that the crown, when it does come, will weigh heavily. Lamar, unlike his friend Kanye West, on whose Yeezus tour he served as opening act, is no natural at fame. He describes himself as an introvert and confesses that he's amazed to find he can perform in front of stadium crowds. Though Lamar earned close to $10 million over twelve months recently, he still prefers the company of his MUSIC>468

CARTER SMITH. SITTINGS EDITOR: LAWREN HOWELL. GROOMING, CHRISTINA GUERRA. PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE HAMMER MUSEUM, LOS ANGELES. CHRIS JOHANSON AND JOHANNA JACKSON. *FURNITURE*, 2012. FOUND MATERIAL, FABRIC. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

music

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 467

longtime girlfriend, Whitney Alford, and shops at thrift stores near where he grew up. "My mother grabbed some things for me from there recently," he says, "and when I wear them, because of my celebrity, people walk up to me and say, 'Is that Alexander Wang?' "

Lamar hints that his new record will address the way in which fame has jostled his sense of self. The first release is called "i," and at first blush it may seem to inhabit the Zeitgeist of Pharrell's "Happy," with its jubilant hook and affirmative message. But the song is much less straightforward. In it Lamar raps about his struggle with depression—far from a safe topic in hip-hop—and about the "scars" that bind his fans to him. "In hip-hop it's often been 'Things were rough, but look what I got now!' " says his friend Devon "Devi Dev" Anjelica Brown, a hip-hop-radio personality based in Los Angeles and Houston. "That's how we've taught ourselves to heal, with material things. For Kendrick, what he has is what he's been through. That is his asset."

His message of self-love, scars and all, feels especially poignant against the backdrop of fresh racial wounds in America. Lamar, who was a kid when the Rodney King riots burned through South Central L.A., is inclined to view the events of Ferguson, Missouri, as an opportunity not for recrimination but for self-examination. "If you'd told me about Ferguson years back, I'd have been ready to riot and loot," he says. "I'm still angry about it, but I can't go out with these big messages if I'm not fixing myself first. In the black community, in order for others to respect us, we have to respect each other, and that starts with respecting ourselves."

If he hadn't become a rapper, Lamar says, he might have liked to be a psychiatrist, and indeed his rhymes suggest that it's time to talk not only about cars, clothes, jewelry, and women but also about feelings. "Why can't we show a more vulnerable side?" he asks. He's even willing to borrow a metaphor from fashion to make his point. On "i," Lamar raps, "Peace to the fashion police, I wear my heart/On my sleeve, let the runway start."—**ROB HASKELL**



BROADWAY BOUND THE ACTRESS IN A SWEATER BY THE ELDER STATESMAN.

theater

Working GIRL

When **Elisabeth Moss** asked her friend Jeffrey Richards for a drink, she never imagined the producer would hand her a copy of *The Heidi Chronicles* and ask her to play the lead. "I was sort of in shock," Moss says, wearing a black Rag & Bone jacket and a jaunty red felt cap at Nick & Toni's on the Upper West Side. "I went to meet my mom at Fiorello's—it's our place—and it was like this quintessential New York moment, walking through Central Park with the play under my arm."

Wendy Wasserstein couldn't have written the scene better herself. A die-hard New Yorker and wry feminist, the playwright often captured women in transition. Her 1988 masterwork, *The Heidi Chronicles,* introduces us to Heidi Holland, an aspiring art historian on a high wire between society's expectations and her own. Amid the charged sixties, she starts lifelong friendships with Peter, a handsome gay pediatrician (Bryce Pinkham), and Scoop, an irritatingly confident journalist (Jason Biggs)—"that guy who you definitely shouldn't be with, but you're so attracted to," says Moss, with a conspiratorial laugh.

What better role for the actress who's riveted us as Peggy Olson on *Mad Men*? "Heidi could be Peggy's younger sister," Moss observes. "The play is so relevant right now. That idea of having it all—I feel like women can define what that is for themselves." Growing up in L.A., Moss, who began acting at six, saw her own musician mother negotiating the balance between work and life. "She was very, very present, but at the same time I respected her a lot for having dreams." Director Pam MacKinnon (*A Delicate Balance*), for one, couldn't be happier with her lead: "Elisabeth is sublimely sympathetic. She can dig into this character in a deep and personal way." With the play covering 24 years, costume designer Jessica Pabst has her work cut out for her. But, Moss says, "they want it not to be distracting." MacKinnon agrees: "We don't want the fringed jacket to get the laugh."—**VALERIE STEIKER**

MOSS: THEO WENNER. SITTINGS EDITOR: HEIDI BIVENS. HAIR, EDWARD LAMPLEY; MAKEUP, CHIHO OMAE. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

movies

Seize the DAY

A pair of spring films reminds us that it's never too late for reinvention.



GOLDEN HOUR DEV PATEL'S SONNY SHOWS THE RESIDENTS SOME NEW MOVES.

The ups and downs of aging take a gentle turn in **The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel,** the sequel to the cozy international hit about British retirees who find a new life in a run-down Indian hotel. Not one to trifle with success, director John Madden has brought back most of the original cast (Bill Nighy, Judi Dench)—and stirred in perma-handsome Richard Gere as a mysterious, white-maned American. Where the original had fresh things to say about globalization and remaining open to experience, this feels more familiar, stuffed as it is with silly misunderstandings, Bollywood-style numbers, and a manic performance by Dev Patel. Still, the movie is buoyed by the effortless grace of its older stars, who know how to make us follow them anywhere.

Of course, everyone wants to be young nowadays. That's the fantasy tackled by **While We're Young,** Noah Baumbach's trenchant new comedy. Ben Stiller and Naomi Watts play Josh and Cornelia, a childless New York couple who are surrounded by the latest technology but feel life is passing them by. They're befriended by Jamie (Adam Driver) and Darby (Amanda Seyfried), hip Brooklynites with a taste for vinyl and VHS. Soon the older couple feels reborn, but is it all too good to be true? This collision of generations is ideal material for Baumbach, who has always had a sly eye for cultural detail and a mordant awareness of how easily we become foolish when we don't act our age. But he's an equal-opportunity social satirist. Even as he mocks Josh and Cornelia's delusions, his movie is equally deft at capturing how, for all their laid-back vibes, Jamie and Darby expect nothing less than to take over the world.—**JOHN POWERS**



DOWN IN THE VALLEY PINAR DEL RÍO IS POPULAR WITH CLIMBERS.

travel

PARADISE Found

It's been a long time since Nat King Cole brought down the house at the Tropicana, the glamorous locus of 1950s **Cuba.** And while remnants of that era linger—cabaret shows at the club still go until dawn—the country has, of course, been mostly closed to Americans since the jet-setters took their leave in '59. "It's the great unknown, and that's what draws people," says Abercrombie & Kent's Marianne McNulty. Now, with diplomatic relations warming, the island is back on the travel map, and interest has never been greater.

Those eager to see it before people are ordering cafés con leche from Starbucks should consider Abercrombie & Kent's people-to-people tour—all you need is your passport. As Geoffrey Kent puts it, "Visiting on the eve of great change affords a rare glimpse into the heart and soul of a culture." After a night in Miami, travelers land in Havana, where a local guide leads them through the cobblestone streets to the bustling Malecón boardwalk. Home base is the five-star Meliá Habana—with views of the bay and a pool shaded by palm trees—while meals are taken at charming privately run restaurants called *paladares.* Other highlights include salsa lessons and an excursion to the hillside house where Ernest Hemingway wrote *The Old Man and the Sea.* This fall, the luxury travel company is launching an even more immersive, thirteen-day tour, which will venture into the lush eastern end of the island, home to beaches such as Guardalavaca that are truly breathtaking—just ask the Canadians.—**KATE GUADAGNINO**

PATA>470

MOVIES: COURTESY OF FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES. TRAVEL: ADALBERTO RÍOS/AGE FOTOSTOCK.

people are talking about

books



POISED FOR SUCCESS
THE WRITER, IN LANVIN, AT THE MARLTON, NYC.

CIRCLE of Friends

Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* is spring's must-read novel.

"My friends joke this place is like the love child of Vivienne Westwood and Edmund White," says **Hanya Yanagihara,** sitting down to tea in her red-walled jewel box of a SoHo apartment, filled to the brim with books and an impressive collection of Asian photography, including a seascape by Hiroshi Sugimoto. Still waters that run deep, a suggestion of submerged turmoil—these are crucial themes for Yanagihara, 40, an editor at *Condé Nast Traveler* who kept quiet about her fiction writing for well over a decade. "The nice thing about publishing later in life is that you already know who you are," she says. "You don't have to hang out with the *Paris Review* crowd to try to make yourself feel like a legitimate writer." If her assured 2013 debut, *The People in the Trees,* a dark allegory of Western hubris, put her on the literary map, her massive new novel, defiantly titled *A Little Life* (Doubleday), signals the arrival of a major new voice in fiction.

Spanning 700 pages and three decades, it follows four friends—architect Malcolm, artist JB, actor Willem, and attorney Jude—who move to still-just-barely gritty New York, where the fizz of ambition is charged with the politics of race, class, and sexuality. As all four find professional success, the constellation of their friendship only grows brighter. "Part of adulthood is searching for the people who understand you," says Yanagihara, who grew up in Hawaii before attending Smith and moving to New York. "Friendship is one of our most treasured relationships, but it isn't codified and celebrated. Like my closest friends, I'm not married and don't have children. I think, partly, I wanted to write a tribute to the way we live now that answers the question: What is life when it's not lived within those conventions?"

At a time in which big books by women (Eleanor Catton's *The Luminaries;* Donna Tartt's *The Goldfinch*) have taken the publishing world by storm, her achievement has less to do with size than with her powerful evocation of the fragility of the self. When Jude, the novel's tragic hero, comes into focus, the novel deepens like a piece of ombré cloth. A brilliant litigator, he remains enigmatic even to those closest to him, as do the origins of his limp. The facts of his past, revealed with a slow mastery, summon a pin-the-reader-to-the-sofa suspense. In one scene, Jude accidentally breaks an object of special meaning to his mentor, who pens him a reassuring note: "No matter what gets damaged, life rearranges itself to compensate for your loss." The extent to which that does or doesn't prove true for Jude is the source of the pained beauty that suffuses this novel, an American epic that eloquently counters our culture's fixation with redemptive narratives.—**MEGAN O'GRADY**

PATA>472



YOU ZIG, I ZAG
THE DESIGNER'S FERGANA TOWELS, AVAILABLE AT JOHNROBSHAW.COM.

design

A Day in the SUN

"How fun would it be to have animals on the beach?" **John Robshaw** mused as he planned his first-ever line of towels. Launching this month, the collection is a riot of color that features the sort of Indian motifs for which the textile designer is best known: A resplendently dressed maharaja's horse and elephant—"who are clearly going somewhere," he explains—are based on one of the many miniature paintings he's collected on various visits to Jaipur. Rounding out the line are sherbet-hued Uzbek and bright Kalasin ikats, created in an attempt, Robshaw says, "to liven things up in a world of boring beach towels."—**MIEKE TEN HAVE**

BOOKS: CHRISTOPHER CHURCHILL. SITTINGS EDITOR: DELPHINE DANHIER. HAIR: NICHOLAS EDLIN; MAKEUP: DANIEL MARTIN. PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT MARGAUX AT THE MARLTON HOTEL, NEW YORK. DESIGN: GORMAN STUDIOS. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

I like to funk up my little black dress.

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The CHALLENGER

After a self-imposed break from the art world, Paul Chan is back—with new multimedia work as probing as ever.

The pomp is over," says **Paul Chan,** arms spread wide and a big smile on his face, as we meet outside his studio building in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, on a chilly December morning. By "pomp," he means the avalanche of public recognition that began last spring with the opening of his retrospective at the Schaulager museum in Basel, and came to a climax two weeks ago, when he won the coveted Hugo Boss Prize in a ceremony at the Guggenheim (an exhibition of his work will open there on March 6). Chan finds pomp and all its trappings a bit much. "I think it benefits more experienced artists," he tells me, "and perhaps those with a less questionable reputation than mine."

For Chan, questionable is a good thing. Forty-one years old, five-foot-three in his unlaced sneakers, he looks like a schoolboy dwarfed by his enormous backpack, but that impression quickly evaporates. Although his family moved from Hong Kong to Omaha in 1981, when he was eight, it took him only a few years to grow up and feel at home in his adopted country and in the world.

His studio has two large, high-ceilinged rooms, one with a wall of windows overlooking Gowanus Bay and, in the distance, the Statue of Liberty. This is where Chan and his four young co-workers edit Badlands Unlimited, the publishing imprint that he started in 2010 to give himself "a day job." Badlands—named after Terrence Malick's 1973 film, it's also a nod to Chan's Nebraska background—grew out of his decision to retire from artmaking. "I wanted to get off the train," he says, referring to the unexpected early success of his large-scale video animations—vivid and troubling projections, with acid colors and not-so-veiled allusions to Iraq and other disasters of the George W. Bush years, that were shown at the Greene Naftali Gallery in New York and snapped up by the Museum of Modern Art and collectors like Dakis Joannou. "I was shocked," he says. "I'd been prepared to have three people see them."

Chan gave as much time to social activism as he did to his art. He went to Baghdad just before the 2003 invasion,

MY BIRDS... TRASH... THE FUTURE, 2004 (STILL). TWO CHANNEL DIGITAL PROJECTION INSTALLATION. 16:36 MINS. COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GREENE NAFTALI, NEW YORK.





FLIGHTS OF FANCY THE ARTIST IN AN A.P.C. SWEATER. NAILS BY HIS DAUGHTER. LEFT, *MY BIRDS... TRASH... THE FUTURE*, 2004.

PORTRAIT: ERIC BOMAN. SITTINGS EDITOR: MICHAEL PHILOUZE. GROOMING: BRIGITTE. *VOLUMES* (DETAIL), 2012. INSTALLATION CONSISTING OF 1,005 PAINTED BOOK COVERS (OIL ON FABRIC, PAPER, AND SYNTHETIC LEATHER); DIMENSIONS VARIABLE. EMANUEL HOFFMANN FOUNDATION, GIFT OF THE PRESIDENT, 2012, ON PERMANENT LOAN TO THE ÖFFENTLICHE KUNSTSAMMLUNG BASEL. © PAUL CHAN. PHOTO: BISIG & BAYER, BASEL. COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GREENE NAFTALI, NEW YORK. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

in defiance of U.S. sanctions, and made a video of daily life there. After Katrina, he spent four months in New Orleans, where he lectured at Tulane and eventually teamed up with Creative Time and the Classical Theatre of Harlem to stage an acclaimed production of *Waiting for Godot* in the devastated Lower Ninth Ward.

His life expanded in other ways. He met Marlo Poras, a young documentary filmmaker whom he would eventually marry. In 2008, in his first solo museum show in the States, he presented an ambitious new work called *The 7 Lights* at the New Museum. It dealt quite clearly and movingly with the 9/11 attack in New York. Massimiliano Gioni, who curated it, describes Chan as "not only an artist but an intellectual agitator," someone who is "invested in a form of intellectual emancipation."

After finishing his work for the Venice Biennale, he decided to stop. "Once in a while," Chan says, "we all have to get out of the circus, especially when things are going well. I just knew I needed time." Ironically, he didn't get much of it. Paul and Marlo had a baby girl, Ruby, in 2011. (When I meet him, the nail on his little finger still has the pearlescent pink polish that Ruby had applied for his Hugo Boss ceremony.) Instead of spending thirteen or fourteen hours a day by himself "in an attentive euphoria," he adapted. "I've learned so much from Ruby—adaptability and

ART>474

COVER STORY *VOLUMES*, 2012, WAS SHOWN AT THE SCHAULAGER LAST YEAR.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 473 cunning and reason. Kids are the most reasonable beings around."

Badlands Unlimited published its first book, *Phaedrus Pron,* in the fall of 2010. The list now is up to 38, among them *On Democracy by Saddam Hussein* and *Wht is a Kardashian?* Chan has written quite a few himself (including the latter), but he's particularly proud of a new series called "New Lovers," modeled on books of erotica published by Olympia Press in the 1950s and written by young, unknown writers, which will debut at the Guggenheim. He pulls the first three out of his backpack to show me. They're all uniform—white type on purple covers. My instant favorite is *How to Train Your Virgin,* by Wednesday Black.

Chan's return to artmaking, about three years ago, was as unpublic as his soi-disant retirement. Maja Oeri, the founder of the Schaulager museum, approached him about doing an exhibition there in 2010. He said no at first but gradually relented. Since 2003, the Schaulager has done one show a year, most often by a single artist—major talents such as Matthew Barney and Robert Gober. What triggered Chan's change of heart was the possibility of "failing on such a grand scale."

Chan had never been to Basel before. Characteristically, he began going there and reading in depth about the city. Friedrich Nietzsche taught at the University of Basel from 1869 to 1879, he learned, and while there became a formidable scholar of classical Greek history and philosophy. "That was the beginning of the rabbit hole," says Chan.

In his readings about Greek thought, Chan was struck by the word *pneuma.* "For the Greeks, *pneuma,* breath, is the same as the word for spirit," he tells me. "It's the breath that engenders life. You can't see it, but it's essential to how we live, and it's constantly moving." The new work he will show at the Guggenheim embodies this notion.

Some early stages of it are in the adjoining room, where we go next. At first, all I can see are clumps of what looks like white sailcloth on round black bases, and a great tangle of electrical cords. Chan goes over to one of them and flips a switch on the base that activates a fan. Within seconds, the inert fabric comes alive. It jumps up and becomes an elephant's trunk, moving and swaying in different directions. He turns on another, a grayish-green nylon ghost that grows to twice his height and then drops down and quivers on the floor. A few more join the dance, hilariously animated sculptures that seem to be playing games with one another. The elephant's trunk cuddles up to Chan, who pets it and says, "Aw-w-w." He calls them "Breezies."

> "Once in a while, we all have to get out of the circus, especially when things are going well," Chan says. "I just knew I needed time"

The small-scale muslin models that preceded them are across the room, along with two sewing machines he taught himself to use. "I had to learn the language of pattern-making," he says. "I'm trying to make clothes for spirits." I can't help asking if he was influenced by those giant, inflatable clown figures that solicit our attention in suburban used-car lots. "I bought one of those," he says. "They're certainly in the mix of what I'm thinking about. But their job is to glorify. The Breezies don't glorify. They're more pathetic. Some of them just lie on the ground and shake—it's what I call 'petrified unrest.'

"What I like about it is that it's questionable to me," he continues, "and that these questions lead me to other questions. There's another Greek word, *atopos,* whose range of meaning goes from 'disturbing' and 'unsettling' to 'questionable' and 'ridiculous.' I'm very fond of *atopos*—it reminds me of all the experiences in art that I've come to cherish."

—DODIE KAZANJIAN



GHOST TOWN
HARDY AND REVEREND COATES (ARTHUR DARVILL) TRY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS.

television

Secrets AND LIES

What makes murder mysteries go down so easily is that they offer the satisfaction of closure—the story ends when the killer is caught. Things aren't so simple on **Broadchurch,** the addictive TV series (shown here on BBC America) whose serpentine plotting has made it a British national obsession. The first season ended with its heroes, detectives Ellie Miller (Olivia Colman) and Alec Hardy (David Tennant), arresting the murderer of a young boy in a seaside town in Dorset. Yet as the second season begins, the apparent culprit unexpectedly pleads not guilty, and the townspeople—not least the boy's grieving parents (Jodie Whittaker and Andrew Buchan)—are aghast at having to relive the whole tragedy. As if that weren't enough, the case is being tried by a couple of newcomers to the show—rivals played by hard-charging Marianne Jean-Baptiste and the quietly fierce Charlotte Rampling. Oh, yes, have I mentioned that a psychopath (James D'Arcy) is just hitting town? While Tennant is good as the saturnine Hardy, his face gaunt from his earlier failures, Colman is extraordinary as DS Miller. Sunny by nature, this small-town detective wants to believe the best of life but keeps bumping up against the worst.—J.P.

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Hustle and Flow



HOT STUFF
The easy, funky swing of the classic 1970s silhouette—elevated by a few inches of sole—is being updated. On model Karolin Wolter: Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane emerald leather jacket, $4,590; Saint Laurent, NYC. Erdem silk tiered dress; barneys.com. Marni cuff. Proenza Schouler leather-and-crocodile bag. Prada platform sandals. Details, see In This Issue.
Fashion Editor: Camilla Nickerson.

The mood of the moment? Modern takes on the gritty-gorgeous 1970s—that magical time when Ziggy Stardust platforms, Studio 54 suits, and skinny leathers ruled the streets. Photographed by David Sims.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

On the dance floor, John Travolta was upstaged by none other than Bianca Jagger, who burned up acres of tabloid ink—and popularized the men's evening suit for women. With its belled bottoms, narrow sleeves, and intriguing fabric treatment, this take on the Bianca classic hits today's high notes. Tom Ford green-and-black safari jacket ($4,990), sheer top ($990), and flared pants ($2,990); select Tom Ford boutiques. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane studded platform sandals.





YOU'RE SO VAIN

If the 1960s ideal was an unvarnished natural beauty, the 1970s gave women permission to wear lipstick again. A layered tunic with a small-scale daisy print is both folky and free-spirited—but cut with an of-the-moment edge. Céline tunic ($3,250), asymmetrical skirt ($3,900), and bell string necklace, worn as a belt; Céline boutiques. Prada platform sandals. Details, see In This Issue.



HOOKED ON A FEELING

Tight, ribbed knits, the foundation of what used to be called "sweater dressing," were (and are) a hit with liberated women who don't have time for ironing or fussbudgeting but still demand a certain clingy sensuality. Maison Martin Margiela cotton knit crop top ($550) and floral skirt ($635); Maison Martin Margiela boutiques. Céline circular wrist bag.



GET ON THE GOOD FOOT

James Brown was onto something when he drew everyone's attention down to the soles. With all the weight at the floor, silhouette lines rise like a pyramid to slender shoulders. (Platform shoes, in other words, are essential.) On Sasha Pivovarova: Max Mara poppy-print silk georgette blouse, skirt, and hat; Max Mara, NYC. Miu Miu gabardine belt. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane studded platform sandals. Details, see In This Issue.



BURNING LOVE
Channel late Elvis with studs and colorful embroidery. Of course, you don't want to go the full *Aloha from Hawaii;* wear your showstoppers with pieces in contrasting tone, texture, and mood. Emilio Pucci hunter-green suede blazer ($3,990), mint georgette blouse ($1,100), and embroidered linen pants; Emilio Pucci, NYC.
BEAUTY NOTE
Play up spring styles with corkscrew curls. Dove Quench Absolute Supreme Crème Serum hydrates hair with Brazilian buriti oil for smooth definition.



HOT CHILD IN THE CITY

Circa 1975, a slim leather coat gave career women confidence as they navigated the mean streets. Today we're addicted to the slinky feel of sumptuous second skins. Dior vegetable-tanned calfskin coat and eggshell silk top; (800) 929-DIOR. Valentino patchwork embroidered skirt; Valentino, NYC. Jutta Neumann belt. Prada socks. Details, see In This Issue.

BALLROOM BLITZ

The glam-rock influence on this velvet goldmine of a suit is loud and clear. And though the strutting-peacock print would seem to work well under black lights, we're thinking it's more likely to be worn today at, say, a movie-premiere after-party at the Edison Ballroom. Louis Vuitton quilted-velvet jacket and cropped pants; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. FROM NEAR RIGHT: Bracelets by Pilar Olaverri for Derek Lam, Balenciaga, and Trademark. Dior cuff.





CHARLIE GIRL
With both suiting and slouchy pants, Chanel channeled the righteous, take-charge single women of the seventies: "Kinda young, kinda now . . . kinda free, kinda wow!," as a ubiquitous perfume commercial of the decade defined it. Chanel cropped kid-suede blouse and pants; select Chanel boutiques. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane hat. Max Mara bow with neck tie. Details, see In This Issue.



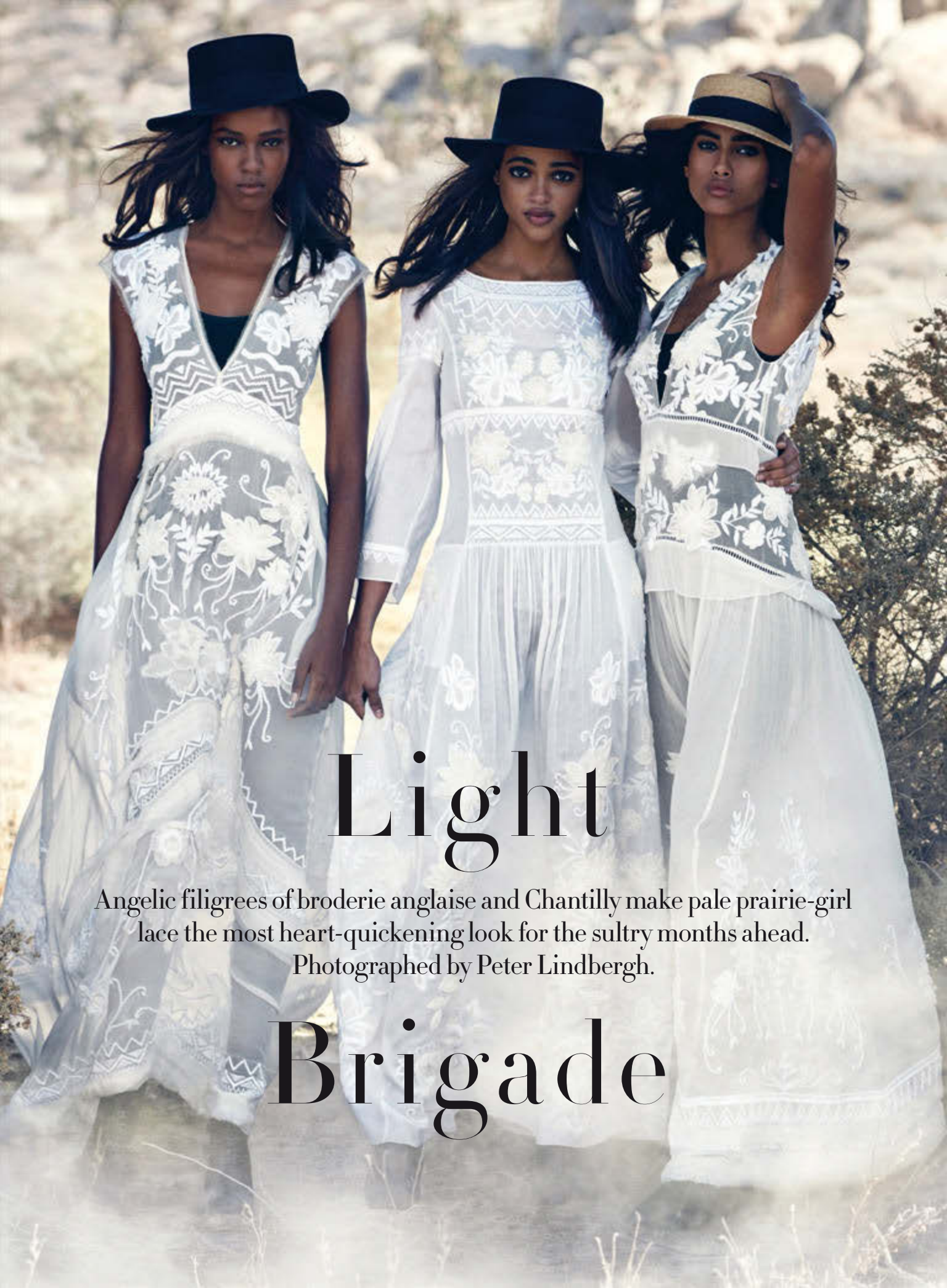
GO YOUR OWN WAY

Dressing Stevie Nicks–style calls for floral prints, filmy fabrics, and an I'm-in-the-band attitude. Can you hear summer calling? Valentino foulard-print crepe-de-Chine patchwork silk dress; Valentino boutiques.

PRODUCED BY ART HOUSE



BRASS IN POCKET
Attention! A perky little floral print subverts the brown drab of a military-style ensemble featuring the kind of sleeves we haven't seen in four decades or so. Marc Jacobs camp shirt with cabochon detail ($995) and matching trousers ($2,900); Marc Jacobs boutiques. Pebble London disc bangles. In this story: hair, Paul Hanlon; makeup, Lucia Pieroni for Clé de Peau Beauté. Details, see In This Issue.



Light Brigade

Angelic filigrees of broderie anglaise and Chantilly make pale prairie-girl lace the most heart-quickening look for the sultry months ahead. Photographed by Peter Lindbergh.



HEAVENLY BODIES
Welcome to the airiest, coolest possible way to dress. FROM FAR LEFT: models Leila Nda, Aya Jones, Imaan Hammam, Malaika Firth, Tami Williams, and Kai Newman. All wear Alberta Ferretti appliquéd chiffon and cotton voile dresses; Alberta Ferretti, L.A., and net-a-porter.com. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane black felt hats and Patricia Underwood straw boater hats, worn throughout. Details, see In This Issue.
Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington.



INNOCENTS ABROAD

There's a naive, American-country air about a simple shirtdress or cotton chemise, sure—but these are pieces made to play in Santorini and St. Barth's. Dior embroidered and printed cotton shirtdresses; (800) 929-DIOR. Falke tights. Boots by the Frye Company.



APRÈS SOLEIL
While a lingerie dress with layers of peekaboo lace is a natural for covering up after the beach, slipped over an opaque leotard and leggings it suddenly looks very citified. Nina Ricci cotton lace dress, $4,725; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane bracelets and lace-up boots. Hue tights. Details, see In This Issue.



THE GANG'S ALL HERE

There's a freshness, a sense of youth, to this bouquet of delicate ensembles—and the contrast color worn underneath only throws the intricate roses and pieced edgings into higher relief. On Kai and Aya: Valentino embroidered and cutout cotton dresses; Valentino boutiques. On Tami: Roberto Cavalli silk dress with python and plissé detail; Roberto Cavalli boutiques. On Leila: Chloé peacock-embroidered tulle dress, $3,995; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. On Imaan: Chloé lace jumpsuit; saks.com. Wolford tights. Details, see In This Issue.





ON GOSSAMER WINGS

Fabric weight (and weightlessness) has been a point of interest for several seasons now. Add a fanciful kind of geometric structure imparted by see-through grids and complex and ornamental fasteners and you have the ethereal allure of baby's breath. Louis Vuitton knit jersey dresses; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Boots by Rag & Bone and the Frye Company.

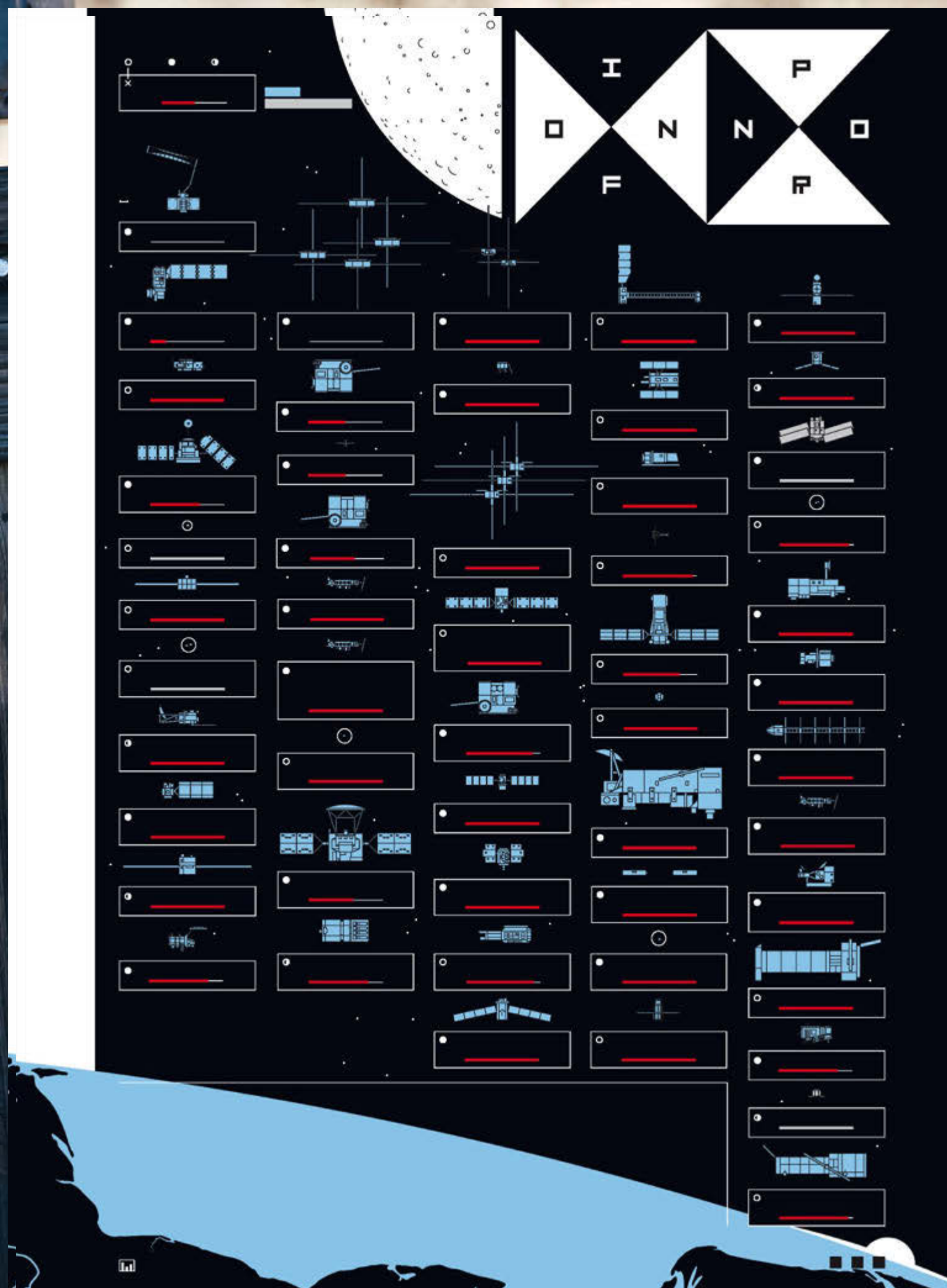


LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE

The loftiest maison of the Rue Cambon does Americana—frills, high-buttoned collar, and all. Chanel organdy blouse with blossom buttons and cotton-tweed skirt; select Chanel boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

An immaculate complexion can stand on its own. BareMinerals BareSkin Pure Brightening Serum Foundation blends skin care, sun protection, and color correction into one step.


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HANKY PANKY
Eyelet, once the preserve of grannies and little girls, has gotten a sophisticated, sensual spin. (Also of note: a scalloped hemline.) Oscar de la Renta broderie anglaise silk-organza dress; Oscar de la Renta boutiques. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane jewelry. Tabitha Simmons boots. Blanket by Pendleton for One Kings Lane. Details, see In This Issue.





CALLING ALL ANGELS

The infinite varieties of cutout patterns in motion have the magic of kinetic sculpture—add sun and shadow for special effects. FROM FAR LEFT: Valentino embroidered cotton halter dress, skirt, and long-sleeved dress; Valentino, NYC. Rochas sheer silk blouse, $1,400; rochas.com. Erdem lace peplum dress; select Neiman Marcus stores. Roberto Cavalli silk dress with plissé detail; robertocavalli.com. In this story: hair, Odile Gilbert; makeup, Mark Carrasquillo. Produced by Ricardo D. Martins for North Six. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCTION DESIGN: OWL AND THE ELEPHANT STUDIO



NAVY RESERVE
This is a fairly traditional suit, with the double-breasted jacket of a uniform—but it's way more fun when rendered in coolly casual denim. Model Edie Campbell wears Tod's blazer ($1,345), knit tank, and pants ($595 each); Tod's boutiques. Marni necklace. Lanvin pointy-toe wedges.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

Mood Indigo

Deep, richly hued denim—and lots of it—is being elevated from the mere jean and tailored into skirts and bows and wrap coats and sophisticated workwear. Photographed by Inez and Vinoodh.



PIECE OF WORK

The American roots of blue jeans are, of course, blue-collar. Here, with a wink and a nod, the trappings of a carpenter's or lineman's rough-and-ready gear (deep pockets, double seams) are transformed into points of interest on a polished alternative to the business suit. Chloé shirt ($795) and cargo pants ($895); shirt at Barneys New York stores and pants at Chloé boutiques. Timex watch. Prada python boots. Details, see In This Issue.



A CUT ABOVE

The collar is popped and the cuffs turned back, just like we all did with our classic jackets as teenagers—but the corset waist and burst of shearling trim are a matchless improvement. Burberry Prorsum jacket ($2,995) and sequined silk-organza pencil skirt ($3,795); burberry.com. Saint Vintage crystal earrings.

BEAUTY NOTE

Supernatural skin is the ultimate classic. Clinique Smart Custom-Repair Serum delivers corrections based on your specific needs.



TANGLED UP IN BLUE

Combining denim with sequins and other refined frills is very 2015—a lush new take on high-low. Bottega Veneta dress, $4,950; Bottega Veneta boutiques. Miriam Haskell filigree earrings. Dannijo necklace. Erickson Beamon bracelet. Jimmy Choo flats. Details, see In This Issue.



ON THE TOWN

Campbell—joined by English singer-songwriter Sam Smith—wears a burnished-denim wrap coat capable of going from weekend brunch to a night at a concert hall. Calvin Klein Collection coat and dress ($2,995); Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. Robert Lee Morris Collection cuff. Prada Mary Jane pumps. On Smith: Prada coat. Tom Ford shirt. Burberry Brit jeans. Church's shoes.



TOP OF THE CROPS

Short cuts are everywhere these days, with the cropped look—a little midriff, lots of leg—a natural with jeanswear. Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren jacket ($145) and skirt; select Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren stores. Calvin Klein Underwear tank top, $28; calvinklein.com. Adrienne Vittadini printed scarf. Marni leaf-shaped leather-and-cotton necklace. Chanel bag. Details, see In This Issue.

Mr. Soul

British music sensation Sam Smith pours—and sings—his heart out.

Imagine this: an English siren with an intoxicating and heartbreaking tenor who conveys the pain of unrequited love to millions of loyal fans. Adele, you're thinking? Good guess, but she's a mezzo-soprano. We're talking about Sam Smith—and right about here is where the comparison between the two Britons ends. Whereas Adele is famously private and rarely engages on social media, Smith is a wide-open book.

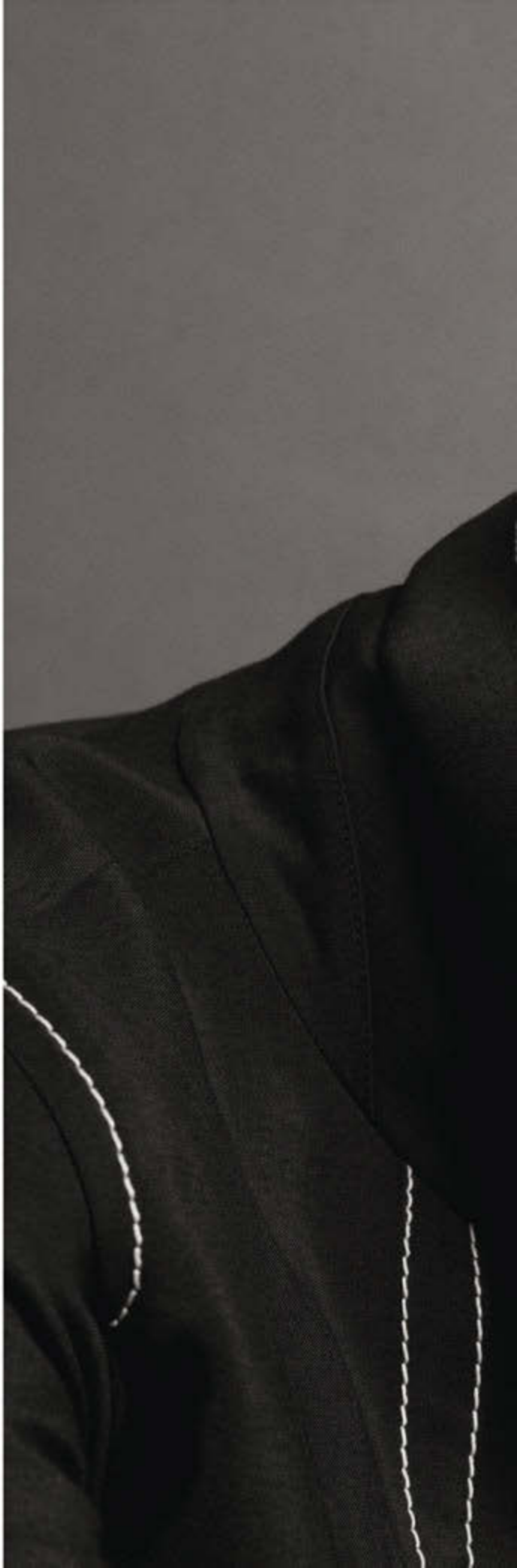
"I find that the danger of giving too much away excites me," he says, "so I give you everything." If his achingly candid lyrics aren't enough, his Instagram feed, a refreshingly unfiltered, often unglamorous look at the life of a music-industry sensation ("I sing for my supper," his profile declares), is ample evidence of this assertion. He's certainly not overly cautious. " 'Make mistakes!' I tell myself. 'You're only 22. Fall in love with as many people as you can! Get your heart broken!' I need to go through all of this to feel human. Because my life right now, how I'm living, isn't very human."

In fact, it verges on the superhuman. His debut album, *In the Lonely Hour*—the only record released last year to sell more than a million copies on both sides of the Atlantic—was nominated for no fewer than six Grammys, putting Smith on par with Beyoncé (not to mention Adele's tally in 2012). Think of it this way: In December 2013, Sam was thrilled to perform at the Troubadour in West Hollywood, which boasts a capacity of several hundred; a year later he sold out Madison Square Garden in less than 30 minutes.

His ascent would be impressive in any genre, but Smith sings conservatively composed ballads that describe a kind of despondent version of himself, rejected by a would-be lover. "People think that because I'm being honest and talking about pain it's sad, but to me it's empowering," Smith says. "Talking about my deepest and darkest secrets to the world makes me feel better. It's cathartic. And that's a bit fucked up, if I'm honest. But it helps me." While Smith was singing about loneliness at the Garden, for instance—in a staging as pared down as could be for a major-arena show—it was hard to ignore the 18,000 rapt fans singing along with him. "I'm really a happy person," he announced to the audience. "I'm happy right now."

He has more than his career to thank for that. His romantic life, he says—referring to a new relationship with Jonathan Zeizel, a model who featured in the video for "Like I Can"—has spurred along work on a new album, and he's thinking about relocating to New York City, where he intends to study film production. "I want a crash course so I can start directing my own videos," Smith says.

Whatever happens, do not expect Smith to appeal to the lowest common denominator. "We're losing class," he laments, though he stops short of naming names. "There is a way to share an insight into your personal life without being classless, which is what I'm trying to do. Let's not get our asses out, people. Let's put on a suit."—**MARK GUIDUCCI**





SOUND + VISION
"People think that because I'm talking about pain it's sad," Smith says, "but it's empowering." Prada coat with contrast stitching. Menswear Editor: Lauren Armes. Details, see In This Issue.



SHORT AND SWEET
Our fascination with mixed weights and textures continues unabated. Here, the natty thickness of creased denim counterbalances the airiness of the perforated top. Louis Vuitton jersey blouse, denim Bermuda shorts, disc earrings, and eelskin boots; select Louis Vuitton boutiques.



GOLD RECORD
The contrasting shimmer makes this military-inspired look more *Sgt. Pepper* than standard issue. Dries Van Noten jacket ($945) and printed silk skirt ($1,195); select Barneys New York stores. Miriam Haskell for PATCH NYC beetle and spider pins. On Smith: Tom Ford coat. Gucci shirt. In this story: hair, Shay Ashual for Wella Professionals; makeup, Dick Page for Shiseido. Menswear Editor: Lauren Armes. Details, see In This Issue.

Two For The Show

Taylor Swift and Karlie Kloss have forged the kinds of careers—and the kind of friendship—that people dream about. Jada Yuan tags along with the VIP BFFs. Photographed by Mikael Jansson.





SHOOTING STARS

The two recently road-tripped through Big Sur. "Taylor's a really good driver," Kloss says. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane woven Lurex dress, blue leather belt (on Kloss), sequined V-neck sweater, and studded belt (on Swift). On Kloss: Barton Perreira sunglasses. Cartier ring. On Swift: Ray-Ban sunglasses. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

One of the first things Taylor Swift did after moving from Nashville to her sprawling two-story penthouse in New York's Tribeca was cover a wall of her den with framed, blown-up Polaroids of the most important people in her life. "This is when me and Karlie first met," she says, pointing to a picture of her grinning and hugging model Karlie Kloss backstage at the 2013 Victoria's Secret Fashion Show, where Kloss walked the runway in pink underwear and giant psychedelic wings and Swift performed with Fall Out Boy. The caption, handwritten in Sharpie, reads BEST FRIENDS FOREVER VS2013 and feels rather prescient given how close the two have become over the past year or so, with a road trip to Big Sur (dreamily documented on Instagram), restaurant outings, shopping excursions, sleepovers, texting marathons, ModelFit and SoulCycle sessions, and a second joint VS outing late last year in London, where, as the pair walked side by side down the runway in black lace, they exchanged "Can you believe this?!" grins—two friends on top of the world.

Lena Dunham and Cara Delevingne also make the Polaroid wall, as does Swift's younger brother, Austin, 22, a senior at Notre Dame, standing next to his sister in the matching red plaid adult onesies she bought for her family last Christmas. A Polaroid captioned SQUIRREL INVASION documents the first time Swift met Lorde (whom Swift calls by her given name, Ella), as the two set out for dinner at Shake Shack in Madison Square Park only to be attacked by rodents. "We were taking these photos, and all of a sudden, like in a horror movie, there were squirrels sitting on our shoulders trying to eat our food," says Swift, reenacting the moment. "Perched, like parrots! They're like, 'We deserve French fries, and we're going to take them from you.' "

Swift click-clacks through her kitchen to her living room in black stiletto Louboutins, plops down on a burnt-orange velvet sofa, wiggles into a slouch, and props those heels up on a tufted brown-leather ottoman. Everything in the apartment is rendered in velvet, leather, and wood in dark, rich earth and jewel tones, from her rosewood Steinway grand piano to her pool table (where VS models Behati Prinsloo and Lily Aldridge apparently proved themselves to be quite the sharks when they came over earlier in the week).

It's two days before her twenty-fifth birthday, and Swift is brimming with the confidence of a young woman who's come into her own. It's been quite a year: She not only moved to New York, away from her family; she's also taken risks with her sound, stepping back from the world of country to embrace the throwback purity of eighties pop—with amazing success. "Blank Space," a defiant (and impossible-not-to-sing-along-to) response to the media's depiction of her as a crazed man-eater, enjoyed a seven-week run atop the *Billboard* Hot 100. Swift also became the first female in the chart's 56-year history to replace herself at No. 1 (her earlier single was the now-ubiquitous "Shake It Off"). Both are from her remarkable new album, *1989,* named after the year she was born, which has sold more than six million copies and become, along the way, the fastest-moving record of the past decade. *Saturday Night Live,* meanwhile, aired a parody commercial for Swiftamine, a drug to treat the epidemic of vertigo in adults who suddenly realize how





SELFIE SERVICE
Model Lily Aldridge introduced the two. "We were just like, 'You. My friend. Now,' " says Swift. On Kloss: Donna Karan New York black organza bra top and off-white cotton skirt with brushstroke print. On Swift: Bottega Veneta pale pink–and–yellow embroidered cotton dress. Details, see In This Issue.



DOWN TIME

"This past year has felt very different," Swift says. "I've felt more unapologetic about who I am and what I stand for." On Swift: Alberta Ferretti tan crocheted suede dress. On Kloss: Marc Jacobs black tank top and embroidered skirt. On her left hand: LanaAlexandra by Sarah Chloe ring. Bracelets by Tiffany & Co. and Phyne by Paige Novick. Details, see In This Issue.





PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT
Swift strums a few bars, while Kloss, an avid baker, readies a batch of cookies. On Swift: Valentino foulard-print crepe-de-Chine silk dress. On Kloss: Gucci patchwork-print silk shirt and cuffed pants. Details, see In This Issue.



much they love Taylor Swift. "People are finally starting to discuss her artistry—how she's on the level of some of the great all-time songwriters," says Jack Antonoff of the band fun., who's co-written several songs with Swift and likens her deeply personal storytelling to new chapters of a book the whole world wants to read. "The other day my grandmother was asking me about *1989.* We're all talking about it. In my lifetime, I haven't experienced that since Michael Jackson—that one artist who stands above and unites us all."

Swift has also remixed her personal life. For starters, the once-hopeless romantic who laid her emotions bare in songs about whirlwind love affairs and their aftermaths, like "We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together" (reportedly about Jake Gyllenhaal) or "I Knew You Were Trouble" and *1989*'s "Out of the Woods" (reportedly about Harry Styles), is pushing back at critics who have dismissed her as boy-obsessed. The tongue-in-cheek "Blank Space" video shows her stabbing a heart-shaped cake with a butcher's knife, setting a boyfriend's clothes on fire, and taking a golf club to his gorgeous silver sports car. Kloss, Dunham, and Delevingne, meanwhile, are part of a close-knit group of powerful women friends that Swift has been building over the past few years. Members also include Selena Gomez, whom Swift has known since they were both teenagers dating Jonas brothers; Jaime King, a kind of Earth Mother figure; and the Haim sisters, whom she met last fall. Devoting this much time to her female friendships started out as a reaction, Swift says, "to the way people were overreacting to my life. I was really irritated by the whole serial-dater play that people tried to make about me."

She responded by pulling the plug on her love life. "I just decided I wasn't willing to provide them that kind of entertainment anymore," she says. "I wasn't going to go out on dates and have them be allowed to take pictures and say whatever they wanted about our body language. I wasn't going to sit next to somebody and flirt with them for five minutes, because I know the next day he'll be rumored to be my boyfriend. I just kind of took the narrative back. It's unfortunate I had to do that. And it's unfortunate that now I have this feeling like if I were to open myself up to love, that would be a career weakness." Instead, Swift is emerging as a powerful figure for teenage girls and young women—someone who takes to task critics and bullies and, yes, men who've wronged her, and provides a shining example of a woman shaping her own destiny.

"This last year has felt very different than any other year of my life," Swift tells me. "I've felt more settled and unapologetic about who I am and what I stand for. I think that might be one of those symptoms of growing up and becoming your own person, and depending less on other people's opinions of you. I just hope that keeps going—because I'm liking it."

Swift is describing her philosophy about making friends—basically, wear 'em down till they like you—when Kloss sweeps into the apartment, a six-foot-one beam of sunshine. Though Swift and Kloss have known each other for only a year, their best-friendship, they tell me, was instantaneous. They're a striking pair, particularly now that Kloss's formerly tawny hair is blonde. "When I did *SNL* they both came, and at the after-party it was so confusing to everyone, like these Amazon twins," says Dunham. "Taylor's so tall, Karlie's even taller, and together it's just surreal."





EMBRACEABLE YOU

Though Swift and Kloss met just a year ago, their best-friendship was instantaneous. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

Extend your road trip. The concentrated formula in L'Oréal Paris Sublime Bronze Self-Tanning Serum delivers a honey-kissed glow for up to two weeks.





SISTER ACT

"People had been telling us for years that we needed to meet," says Swift. "I remember makeup artists and hair people going, 'God, she and Karlie would be best friends.' " On Kloss: Bottega Veneta peach-and-yellow gingham cardigan and matching dress. On Swift: Michael Kors sky-blue poplin shirt and daffodil-embroidered tulle skirt. Eva Fehren X ring. Golden Thread double band. Details, see In This Issue.

If Swift wears heels and Kloss wears flats, they're the same height. But today, Kloss has messed up the equation by wearing skintight Tamara Mellon leather leggings with boots attached. "All-in-one, baby," she says, showing them off as she walks the floor bearing a tin of her gluten- and dairy-free Karlie's Kookies, from her collaboration with Milk Bar.

"They're kind of the greatest thing I've ever seen," Swift gushes. "You look like Catwoman!" Kloss says they're custom-made, but she can hook Swift up with a pair. "They're pretty good," says Kloss, "but I can't take them back to St. Louis. When I go home, if I have even an ounce of New York attitude, my family's like, 'Nope, nope.' They don't let it happen." "They're like, 'You with your shoe pants, you leave those outside!'" says Swift, laughing. "You put on some real pants!"

Though Kloss seems to have a keen awareness of every stitch of fashion she has on her body, when I ask Swift who made her black knit tank dress, she has no idea.

Kloss notices the dress, too. "What is this? Alaïa?"

Swift turns to me for help. "I don't know—do I have a tag in there?" she asks, lifting up her fluffy fair hair and leaning her back toward me. RVN, the tag reads. "My stylist put it in my closet," she says, burying her face in her hands.

Somehow, though, despite their differing levels of fashion expertise, they often tend to dress the same. "The other night I came over," says Kloss, "and we were both going someplace from here, and we were both wearing black crop tops and high-waisted skirts. It's kind of getting weird."

"Black tights, hair done the same way," says Swift. "Just like, 'Ugh, be more annoying.' We couldn't possibly be.

"People had been telling us for years we needed to meet," she adds. "I remember makeup artists and hair people going, 'Doesn't she remind you of Karlie? God, she and Karlie would be best friends. They're the same. Karlie's such a good girl. She brings us cookies every time we do a shoot.' "

"Still do," says Kloss. As a teen she made them from scratch. Now she makes them professionally—Karlie's Kookies raises money for charities like FEED, Hurricane Sandy relief, and the CFDA. In addition to the baking venture, Kloss has studied at Harvard Business School (her boyfriend of two years, Joshua Kushner, an early investor in Instagram who recently cofounded the health-care start-up Oscar, is an alumnus) and is now learning computer coding.

A mutual friend, Kloss's fellow VS model Lily Aldridge, introduced her to Swift, "and we were just like, 'You. My friend. Now,' " says Swift. A few months later they saw each other again at an Oscars after-party, and Kloss suggested they do something spontaneous. "I'd been to Big Sur once before, and I was like, 'We should just do it,' " says Swift.

They walked beneath the redwoods, ran on the beach at sunset, took a picture hanging off the state-park sign with Kloss wearing Swift's sweater, the front of which spelled out GENIUS. "It's ironic, clearly," Swift is quick to add.

When I ask what they bonded over, they shrug. "We're both normal people," says Kloss.

"We're real girls," says Swift, who, as if on cue, drops part of the cookie she's eating on her dress, picks it up, and eats it. "Five-second rule."

Swift is, by all accounts, an amazing person to be friends with. She cooks, she bakes, she does the dishes; she's a fantastic host, she gives great gifts. She has a collection of old-timey nightgowns that she and her friends wear while watching





TALL ORDERS

"When I did *SNL* they both came, and at the after-party it was so confusing," says Lena Dunham. "They're like these Amazon twins." On Swift: Vera Wang Collection blush floral-print silk-gauze apron dress. On Kloss: Marchesa black silk tulle–and–organza dress with Chantilly-lace detail. Bracelets by Carolina Bucci. Details, see In This Issue.

television and—technology aside—pretending they're living in frontier days. (Swift, who shows me a picture on her phone of her, Cara Delevingne, and Kendall Jenner all lying in her bed looking like *Little House on the Prairie,* inspired Dunham to start her own collection.) Every hang, it seems, ends in a dance party in her kitchen. Dunham calls her "the Betty Crocker of friendships" and says she's most impressed by how Swift always has time for the people she loves. "It's amazing to have a friend who's that busy and also so available," says Dunham. "Even if she's in Hong Kong on tour and I'm going through something, if I text her, I get an answer in two seconds. If something good happens to me—say, I get a nomination, or it's my birthday, or the day before my birthday, or my book comes out—I get a text from Taylor way before I get a text from my mom."

Some of Swift's eagerness to make friends probably comes from her having felt like an outcast while growing up. "I have lots of issues from school," she says. "You can tell, probably." Essentially, she left the small Pennsylvania town where she was made fun of for her music and formed a close community where she's now surrounded by people with similar talents and creative ambitions. It's a kind of high school do-over in which she can join whatever clique she wants—or decide to abolish cliques altogether. When I ask Swift which metaphorical lunch table she sits at now, she immediately gets what I'm saying. "I want to make the table as big as possible, and I want everyone to sit with me," she says.

The next day at *Billboard*'s Women in Music Awards luncheon (where Aretha Franklin sings her an impromptu "Happy Birthday" that Swift later tweets will take her decades to recover from), she sings along to every song, from performances to montages—she knows the words to everything. If female musicians are supposed to all be out for one another's blood, it's not happening on Swift's watch.

Every kid in the room who comes up to her, meanwhile, gets not only a selfie but a conversation. "Little children! I must attend to them," she says, apologizing for running off in the middle of a conversation. An eleven-year-old girl sheepishly tells Swift she's from New Jersey. "I spent the summers going down to the Jersey Shore," says Swift and poses for four apparently blurry selfies before gently taking the phone from the girl's hand. "You're really bad at this," Swift jokes, taking the photo herself. The girl is going to be at Z100's Jingle Ball concert, where Swift is the closing performer, that night. "I go on really late," Swift warns her. "Do you drink coffee?" The girl says she drinks Frappuccinos. "OK," says Swift, "drink a Frappuccino and you might be able to stay awake long enough to see me."

"New York City, it's good to be home! I'm Taylor," says Swift. It's shortly before midnight, and she's standing onstage at Madison Square Garden addressing a screaming crowd of 17,000 as if she's talking to one of her girlfriends on the phone. Dressed in red plaid high-waisted pants and a matching crop top, her hair feathered like Blondie-era Debbie Harry, she blazes through four hits before announcing that she has officially turned 25. "I know why you choose music—it's because you want to escape from haters and frenemies," Swift tells the crowd, instructing us CONTINUED ON PAGE 598



TWILIGHT ZONE
"It's just fun to care about people," Swift says. FROM NEAR RIGHT: Oscar de la Renta ivory silk dress embellished with crystals and ostrich feathers, leather sandals, gold sequined bandeau top, and tulle skirt with ostrich-feather detail. On Swift: David Yurman heart-pendant necklace. In this story: hair, Garren for Garren New York for R+Co; makeup, Mark Carrasquillo. Set design, Nicholas Des Jardins for Mary Howard Studio. Produced by Susannah Phillips for North Six. Details, see In This Issue.



BRINGING BACK THE MAGIC

John Galliano makes his thoughtful return to the runway at the helm of the house of Margiela. The designer talks to Hamish Bowles about his inspirations, his newfound sobriety—and happiness. Photographed by Craig McDean. Portrait by Ragnar Kjartansson.

"I'm coming home!" says John Galliano, laughing, on the eve of his first Artisanal collection for Maison Margiela in London in January. "There's just so much love and support here," he explains of his decision to debut in his hometown, "and I kind of need to go step by step and get my confidence back."

The following day, as we wait expectantly for the first girl to appear, the atmosphere is no longer playful but reverent. Hans Zimmer's serene "Flying Drone" plays, and the guests are collectively "holding their breath for the first day of the rest of Mr. Galliano's fashion life," as *The New York Times* put it.

Galliano had been looking for "a very sparse, modern, white space—instead of doing it like divine decadence," and the spaceship show venue, in a newly built office close to Buckingham Palace, suggests a radical palate-cleanse after decades of high-voltage spectacle. A hundred and fifty white-washed ballroom chairs are democratically ranged in single files flanking the long runway, which is set in a pale tunnel with square aluminum floor tiles underfoot.

"Every single dress has a story to tell," says Renzo Rosso proudly. Rosso, whose aptly named company Only the Brave owns Maison Margiela, boldly appointed Galliano as the house's creative director in late 2014. "It's a new beginning for him, a new beginning for Margiela."

Alber Elbaz has come from Paris to show his support, and Christopher Bailey is here attending his "first-ever fashion show, if you can believe it." But beyond key press and buyers, the guest list is essentially biographical: Galliano's St. Martin's School of Art tutors; his eighties collaborators and fellow club kids, including the innovative jeweler Judy Blame, and photographers Nick Knight and Paolo Roversi; the socialite muses Annabelle Neilson and Trish Simonon; and Michael Howells, designer of so many of Galliano's legendary show environments. Manolo Blahnik is here in lilac tweed, and so, too, is Rabbi Barry Marcus from London's Central Synagogue. The rabbi coached Galliano on the tenets of Judaism as an element of his rehabilitation after the designer's meteoric glory burned out ignominiously in an alcoholic blur in a smoky café in the Marais where, in 2011, he was filmed hurling anti-Semitic abuse at fellow patrons. He was suspended and then fired from Dior, and became, in his words, "an outcast."

A fashion audience is a notoriously tardy one, but at the appointed hour, all but two seats are filled. Ten minutes later, however, just as the lights dim, Mr. and Mrs. Jamie Hince appear. A giggling Kate Moss—wearing a battered black biker's jacket over a vintage black satin Galliano slip—mouths, "John's gonna kill me . . . we got caught in

UPON REFLECTION

"I have to prove that I can do this job. That I am disciplined. But the process I am . . . enjoying," says Galliano, painted in his white Margiela work coat by Kjartansson, OPPOSITE.



JOHN GALLIANO LISTENING TO "THE GILDED PALACE OF SIN."

WEARABLE ART

The designer describes the collection as "confrontational, grotesque, impactful, and modern." FROM LEFT: Models Xiao Wen Ju, Tami Williams, Grace Hartzel, Lexi Boling, and Kirstin Liljegren, all in Maison Margiela Artisanal. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Camilla Nickerson.





school-run mum traffic!" Zimmer's soothing music segues into the startling trumpet blast of "Big Spender" ("So naughty, isn't it? So rude! A little bit of humor," Galliano explains), and the show begins.

The collection is autobiography too, really, from the Incroyables coats, inspired by the extravagantly dressed dandies of Revolutionary-era France that Galliano first showcased in his 1984 St. Martin's graduation collection; to the bias-cut tailoring he presented a decade later in a memorable show at socialite São Schlumberger's ravishing, deserted Parisian town house; to a version of a deconstructed 1954 Dior skirt; all merged with Margiela-isms as seamlessly as a bold scarlet coat that deftly fades from wool to chiffon. Galliano's spin on the iconic Margiela Stockman jacket—a tailor's dress form—opens the show. In this iteration the bodice may look battered and stained, parts of its stuffing spilling out, but these effects are mimicked in sophisticated and painstaking embroidery techniques. The tautly edited 24-piece collection is whimsical, thoughtful, and inventive, and blends Galliano's soaring, hectic imagination with Margiela's own powerful legacy.

The headquarters of the fashion house that the maverick Belgian designer Martin Margiela founded in 1988 has been based lately in a rambling Gothic structure in Paris's coolly edgy Eleventh Arrondissement. Built as a convent in the eighteenth century, it was repurposed in the 1920s as a boys' industrial-design school. In the spirit of Margiela himself, who saw beauty in patina, it has been left seemingly as it was found, save for a coating of the designer's signature whitewash. These white surfaces have in turn been scuffed, so that they tell their own mysterious stories, revealed in the unforgiving light of naked bulbs and fluorescent strip lights.

I visited John Galliano's airy studio in early December, as he was putting the collection together. Here, in a room on the second floor, the building's harsh lights have been replaced with the soothing flickering of candles. Galliano, of course, sees beauty in patina, too, but of the romantic Miss Havisham school. From his electrifying St. Martin's collection to his career at his own house and then for Givenchy and Dior as well, he blazed through three decades of unrelenting creativity. Since his world imploded, the designer has struggled with his demons and reached out to the Jewish community, receiving support and, ultimately, praise from no less an authority than the Anti-Defamation League's Abraham H. Foxman. In 2013, Oscar de la Renta invited Galliano into his studio to collaborate on a collection, and in October 2014, he moved to his new offices at Margiela.

Today, the designer is marveling in the world around him. "It's great just being alive again," he says, "and every experience is new." He adds, in a confidential whisper, "I've never done this sober before. And I have to keep reminding myself that it's actually quite normal. It's actually quite nice, John."

He is sitting at his desk serving Japanese tea in a bone-china service, his hair pulled back into a sleek ponytail, wearing a shirt and tie with a formal suit (he is eagerly awaiting delivery of the gray flannel pin-striped suit from Anderson & Sheppard that he plans to wear for his show). Over this he sports the classic Margiela uniform, the white cotton work coat that makes the house's denizens look like surgeons. Galliano, however, calls it "la blouse blanche," the customary garb of a Parisian couture-workroom hand, and it evokes Martin Margiela's passion for the craft of making clothes, manifest in that designer's use of the Stockman tailor's mannequin form as a shapely cuirass bodice, of clothes cut like paper patterns, and even of the dressmaker's basting stitches used to attach his labels to their garments—the subtlest branding of all. Galliano himself "was a fan and a client," he says, claiming that he was drawn to the "innovation. I always felt that I was buying into an emotion because you could see the way things were put together and reworked."

Galliano explains that he plans to structure Margiela in a "pyramidal" way, like the classic haute couture houses, with the couture collection at the apex, influencing the rest of the mens- and womenswear collections. In classic Galliano-ese, he describes this Artisanal collection as "the *parfum* of the house, which both informs and inspires the eau de toilette. What I'm trying to do through this collection is to establish my intentions," he continues, "and to show what it feels like to wear Margiela today." Although the designer seems preternaturally calm, he is aware of the responsibilities that lie ahead. "This collection has to be so many things," he says. "I have to prove that I can do this job. That I am disciplined. That there's still the J.G. magic. Let's see what happens. But the process I am . . . enjoying."

After his time spent juggling the overwhelming complexities and demands of a billion-dollar luxury brand, Galliano is more hands-on than he has been in years, "which is why we got into it in the first place, isn't it?" he asks rhetorically. He walks me through the house as Gypsy, his tiny Brussels griffon, scurries about underfoot, and introduces me to his new co-workers—many of whom are

"I've never done this sober before. And I have to keep reminding myself that it's actually quite normal. It's actually quite nice, John"

long-term collaborators. These include his studio director, the svelte blonde beauty Vanessa Bellanger, who tracks the subtle changes from sketch through fittings of each piece in elaborate albums of drawings and photographs. Several have been recolored to show Galliano the possibilities. "They've just done it on a computer," he whispers, faintly incredulous. "I'm living with the times!" Bellanger is tasked on this collection with finding the perfect red ("that I've used as shafts of light" in a sea of black) and then matching it across the fabric choices. The atelier, where Galliano has assembled a skilled new team, is a flurry of activity, with elaborate toiles of classic men's trousers that have morphed into skirts, and an overcoat pulled inside out so that the lining becomes the dress and the coat its train (this will metamorphose into Galliano's bride).

"To look at something on a stand and just attack it with my scissors . . ." he says. "I was taken so far away from

this." As involved as he now is, however, the designer has also learned when to step back. "When I see chaos, I know it's in really good hands. I can explain what I would like, and I can just walk away and breathe. Just being able to take your time means I have more energy to give."

Galliano's studio is infused with the atmosphere of his apartment in an eighteenth-century town house in the Marais, where he lives with his partner of fifteen years, the stylist Alexis Roche. Both interiors are as densely decorated as his inspiration boards, the walls hung salon-style with contemporary photography and historic artworks, and surfaces crowded with books, objects, and poetically eccentric flower arrangements—pale-orange carnations with soft mauve-pink dahlias and palm fronds, for example. There are treasures found at the antiques shops in Auvergne in the remote heart of the French countryside, where the couple has a stone farmhouse (largely abandoned during the frenzied Dior years, it has latterly proved a soulful refuge), as well as Galliano's beloved *puces*.

He is keen, however, to assert that "recycling doesn't have to be flea-bitten old dresses. It can be something that's as gorgeous as a seashell." There is indeed "a veritable seafood platter" laid out here: Galliano trawled the beaches of Normandy for shells, tracked others down on a tiny island in the South Pacific, and even had the mother of one of his assistants save the mussel shells from her moules marinières, which she scrupulously scrubbed clean. These have now been assembled into extraordinary, surreal faces that evoke the vegetable visages painted by Giuseppe Arcimboldo in Renaissance Italy and will serve as fastenings. Galliano has modernized them with chrome, lacquer, and gleaming car-paint finishes.

Meanwhile, he has been delving deep into the Margiela archive, focusing on the 20-year tenure of Margiela himself (who left in 2009 and is now devoting himself to art projects and living a domestic life nearby). Not long after Galliano's appointment, Margiela met him for tea and stayed to talk for hours.

Galliano was euphoric about the meeting, although deferentially protective of what transpired in the company of the famously incognito Margiela, who has never given an in-person interview to the press. (In 2001, *Vogue* sent Annie Leibovitz to photograph independent designers. The brilliantly conceptual Margiela portrait was an old-fashioned high school group of 45 mostly white-coated accomplices, with a single empty chair in the front row representing the designer himself.) Galliano will, however, volunteer that the meeting "was a godsend, so cool and so interesting," and helped him understand "the codes of Margiela" and they discovered unexpected mutual interests. "Make it your own," the founder of the house told Galliano of the newly renamed Maison Margiela.

Galliano is hoping that his new designs will reveal a "strange new beauty" and marry his own romantic vision with the language of Margiela's house. Starting with elaborate pieces that evoke Galliano's imaginative eighties collections, when he was establishing his own line and voice, and the bravura skills he learned chez Dior, the collection evolves into what Galliano describes as *freinage,* the French for "braking," which is perhaps more closely aligned to the reductive aesthetic of the house's founding genius. "That is me moving on," he explains. "Distilled."

He understands how crucial this first outing is to underscore the DNA of the house without making it a prison. "I pushed myself into a corner before," he explains. "I didn't only do bias-cut dresses at Galliano, but I became renowned for that. We didn't only do Bar jackets at Dior, so here I want the offer to be a little bit wider—confrontational, grotesque, impactful, and modern—and then let's see people's reactions. You don't want to wear concepts," he adds firmly, "you want to wear a fabulous dress."

There is a playfulness at work here, too, with kirby grips used as elaborate fringing, and a trim that seems, from afar, like the shredding feather boa of a down-at-heel burlesque dancer, but on closer inspection proves to be lacquered toy soldiers fighting in hills of crinoline ribbon.

On his old flea-market forays, Galliano struck up an acquaintance with a vintage–costume jewelry dealer. "When it all went down, she somehow traced my address," Galliano recalls. She wrote daily messages of encouragement that were delivered to his rehabilitation center in Arizona. "So when I got out, we hooked up with her," says Galliano, "and she's become a bit of a pal."

It was then that he discovered she had an autistic three-year-old son, Ulysses, whom he occasionally looks after.

"To be given this second chance, I'm so grateful for it. It's been such a joy to be able to create"

"He's gorgeous," says Galliano. "We take him for walks with Gypsy because it's good to help him communicate."

Galliano's surrogate parenting is on his own terms, however—Ulysses is now a flea-market aficionado. "I'm like a character from Dickens. He's one of my boys," he says with a laugh. "I'll turn around and the kid's pockets will be bulging with Tonka car toys. It's tough work," Galliano admits wryly, "but it's my fault, too. I mean, we could just go to a park and sit there!"

Galliano seems keen to spread the love. At St. Martin's, the elegant Sheridan Barnett was Galliano's design tutor. "He inspired me a lot," Galliano remembers. "He's the one who introduced me to the library and how it works. And the fashion plates, and Modigliani and Lartigue. You just need someone to help you turn it on."

In 2013, Galliano was invited to give a master class to senior BFA fashion students at Parsons, but the New School's Jewish Student Union organized a petition that successfully blocked it. There were complications at Central Saint Martins (as it is now called), too, but here, four students independently went to the dean and insisted that they wanted to work with Galliano.

And so it happened that the Italian Alessandro, Dutch Stefan, Japanese Watero, and English Oliver came to Paris, crashed on friends' sofas (and in one instance a kitchen floor), and absorbed Galliano's approach to design. He set them projects and took them to study historical treasures at the Musée de la Mode, and to the Paris *puces* hunting for treasures that could serve as inspiration points.

The project was such a success that the following year a couple of dozen students asked to join the program, and Galliano selected another four. One decided to become a

performance artist, but the others have all come to work chez Margiela. "They're so excited," says Galliano. "Some of them are making patterns. They never complain. They don't walk upstairs like normal employees," he adds proudly. "They run—and they're the last ones to leave."

He points out that he's always had student interns, "but now I'm closer with them. Before, I was quite removed, even geographically; they were on a different floor. But in this place, you're just much more involved."

Galliano tells me that working with the students "stopped me worrying and thinking about myself. That's part of the reason that I started to do it when I was coming out into the real world. It was fun sharing, and it was fun to talk to them about Modigliani and Lartigue—blank! nothing!—and we're learning so much from each other."

The designer, in turn, is coming to terms with "the Tumblr and Pinterest generation—it's constant information," he says. "I'm reconnecting with the modern world and all its beauty. Reconnecting is living in the present, in the moment, seeing the beauty in those shells that maybe I overlooked before, or the charm of a toy soldier, and giving it a second life."



A STRANGE NEW BEAUTY
In a color palette of black with shafts of scarlet, Williams, Ju, and Boling wear looks from Maison Margiela Artisanal.

It has been decided that the Icelandic performance artist Ragnar Kjartansson will depict Galliano for this story, so, rather surreally, a few days after the studio visit, Roche, Galliano, and I find ourselves in the airport car park in Reykjavík, struggling through fierce arctic winds to get to the cars and prize open their doors.

"Shapes!" cries Galliano, playfully striking a series of campy windswept poses on the tarmac in anticipation of his sitting. "I have been studying my neoclassical shapes," he continues with a sly grin, "giving, giving, giving! I've even bought a little fig leaf."

Kjartansson's studio is in a converted fisherman's storage bunker on the waterfront of this snow-frosted toy town, its walls strong enough to withstand the lashing waves that rise in a storm. He is exceedingly jolly and convivial, and serves us delicious Icelandic cakes while he explains his concept for the portrait. "I'm going to see your aura," he says, "then I'm going to do the background, and then I'm going to paint you." Meanwhile, Galliano will be lulled into a meditative state by listening to a continually looped sound track of the Flying Burrito Brothers' influential 1969 country-rock album *The Gilded Palace of Sin.* Kjartansson has composed a stage set with an old-fashioned sofa where Galliano sits, letting the tie belt of his Margiela-atelier coat fall like a tail. "I'm turning up my aura," says Galliano, laughing. "I kept it dimmed—for protection—but now I'm turning it up for you!" During a break for lunch I ask how it is going. Galliano says playfully, "I was giving it major face for hours, and he said, 'You can relax, John; I've been painting your feet!' "

To celebrate the completion of the portrait, we have dinner at Dill, the capital's acclaimed restaurant, with Kjartansson's exquisite girlfriend, Ingibjörg Sigurjónsdóttir. "He's really been like a muse should be," says Kjartansson over herring ice cream and dried auk. "It's been really inspiring to me. The artifice, the melancholia—and the silliness."

After dinner, Kjartansson gleefully points out a strange green glow in the night sky—it is the northern lights above the clouds. We drive a little way out of the light pollution of town and are rewarded with a half-hour show as choreographed as an eighteenth-century fireworks display at Versailles. "We must ring Pat [McGrath] and tell her we want that exact shade of twinkle," Galliano tells Roche jokingly. Then he turns pensive. "It's the green of the Wicked Witch from Oz," he says. "It's the most magical thing I've seen."

Back at the show a month later, Galliano's Margiela bride is making her entrance, her slouching scarlet splendor inspired by the "Velázquez" gesture of Roche slipping his arms through the interior straps of his Moncler jacket, and the bride's face is wrapped in chiffon embellished like the bejeweled saints in Italian catacombs. For his twentieth-anniversary show in 2008, Margiela sent out his models for their finale dressed in his employees' signature white coats, and so, in an echoing homage, Galliano sends his girls out a second time in the toiles for the outfits they have each worn. "Like someone's trying to capture the creative process through toiles and drawings and my Post-It messages to the tailor," explains Galliano, "disclosing some things at the end"—a revelatory look at the thought process and technical skills of a great designer, who is putting himself together at the ultimate house of deconstruction.

"I've tried my best," Galliano tells me. "Hey, already to be given this second chance, I'm so grateful for it. It's been such a joy to be able to create," he adds softly, "really a joy. It's opening up your heart, which is what I've had to do . . . to bare myself, to be honest with myself." □



HIGH DRAMA
"Make it your own," Margiela told Galliano when he took over the house. Pictured here, the bride wore red in the show's final look.In this story: Hair, Eugene Souleiman; makeup, Pat McGrath. Photographed at Il Bottaccio, London. Produced by Kate Miller for North Six Europe. Set design, Shona Heath for CLM. Details, see In This Issue.



THE ESCAPE ARTIST

"Every time there was a bit of delay—if they paused over his passport for a second more—my heart started pounding," Harrison says of her journey with Snowden. Harrison, pictured here at the Berlin Wall Memorial, in a Burberry Prorsum trench coat. Hair, Mari Ohashi; makeup, Jenny Coombs. Produced by Nowadays, Berlin. Details, see In This Issue.

Sittings Editor: Sara Moonves.



A Person of Interest

Since spiriting NSA leaker Edward Snowden to safety in Russia two years ago, activist and WikiLeaks editor Sarah Harrison has lived quietly in Berlin. Sara Corbett meets the woman some regard as a political heroine—others as an accomplice to treason. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.

Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport is, like so many international airports, a sprawling and bland place. It has six terminals, four Burger Kings, a sweep of shops selling duty-free caviar, and a rivering flow of anonymous travelers—all of them headed out or headed in or, in any event, never planning to stay long. But for nearly six weeks in the summer of 2013, the airport also housed two fugitives: Edward Snowden, the NSA contractor who had just off-loaded an explosive trove of top-secret U.S. government documents to journalists, and a 31-year-old British woman named Sarah Harrison, described as a legal researcher who worked for the online organization WikiLeaks.

It was a tableau sprung from a spy novel—a turncoat intelligence contractor on the lam with an enigmatic blonde by his side. Snowden had based himself in Hong Kong for several weeks as his disclosures about government surveillance ripped across the global media. When the U.S. charged him under the Espionage Act on June 14, an extradition order was sent to Hong Kong. But it came too late: Before anybody made a move to capture him, Edward Snowden—led by Sarah Harrison—had quietly boarded a flight to Moscow and basically vanished.

Their whereabouts at Sheremetyevo became a mystery. There was no sign of them at the lone hotel inside the terminal area, which rented out tiny "capsule" rooms for about $15 per hour. Nor did they turn up for a flight they'd booked to Havana, where reportedly they had planned to catch a plane to South America. In the meantime, the United States revoked Snowden's passport. Word quickly

"Sarah refuses to allow intimidation to shape her decisions," comments Snowden. "If you forced her to choose between disowning her principles or being burned at the stake, I think she'd hand you a match"

spread that the world's most wanted man was stuck inside the airport's transit zone, unable to leave Russia and also, without a visa, unable to stay.

As questions swirled about Snowden, the mysterious Sarah Harrison almost escaped notice. A gossipy *Washington Post* item claimed she was "a product of a posh British boarding school." It also repeated a widely circulated rumor that she was, at least at one time, the girlfriend of Julian Assange, WikiLeaks' controversial Australian founder. Old file photos showed Harrison to be strikingly attractive, with long, ringleted hair and a vivid, gap-toothed smile.

If her job was to help keep Snowden safe and hidden, she did it masterfully. For 39 days, the two managed to camp out in the airport transit zone, foiling the media hordes trying to find them. TV crews patrolled the restaurants and pay-to-enter VIP lounges. Reporters grilled airport staff about what they knew, which was invariably nothing. "I've spent up to eighteen hours a day beyond passport control and security looking for Snowden," an ABC News employee reported glumly in a blog post a week into the hunt. "There is an irrational fear, even late at night, that the moment I call it quits he'll come strolling down the hall. . . ."

And then on August 1, 2013, Snowden did exactly that. Appearing shy and pale, he strolled down a hallway and exited Sheremetyevo, having been granted a yearlong asylum by Russia. By his side was the portly Muscovite lawyer who'd assisted with the asylum effort and also Harrison, wearing leggings and a black tank top, grinning broadly. Where or how they'd subsisted in the airport remained a secret. For the next three months, Harrison stayed on in Moscow with Snowden, the two of them living in an undisclosed location before finally, late in 2013, without a lot of fanfare, she moved to Berlin, saying that her lawyers had advised her against returning to the U.K., where she could be detained under the country's sweeping antiterrorism laws.

One might assume Harrison would have gone on to do a splashy network TV interview or pen one of those "I was there" books about shepherding Snowden through what had to count as one of the most perilous and closely watched legal limbos in recent history. But she didn't. She remained relatively quiet, resuming her work for WikiLeaks. Harrison, it turns out, is very, very careful about what she says. To hear her story, you have to go find her.

I first meet Harrison late on a November afternoon at a café in central Berlin. Dressed in faded jeans, a leather jacket, and fawn-colored boots, she sits at a small outdoor table with a cup of hot coffee, impervious to the chill in the air. She has broad cheekbones, a frank blue-eyed gaze, and wavy russet-colored hair, which she keeps pulled back from her face with a clip. She laughs frequently and robustly, which is a little surprising, given that she's often talking about sobering things like government surveillance and freedom of information.

Our get-together has taken months to arrange. Harrison, whose work has helped shake governments and shape world events, is not easy to reach. There's no contact information for her on the WikiLeaks Web site, where her job title is now "investigations editor." She's also one of the founders and the director of a newly formed whistle-blower-protection organization called the Courage Foundation, but there's no email listed for her there, either. She's not on Twitter or Facebook or LinkedIn, nor does she own a phone. I'd connected with her, finally, through a mutual acquaintance who'd agreed to forward an email, which then led to a protracted back and forth.

Now that we're face-to-face, she politely makes two requests: She'd like me not to name places where we meet and also not to reveal the brand of laptop she uses, because it could make her more vulnerable to getting hacked. She explains that the bars and restaurants she hangs out in are frequented by other members of Berlin's burgeoning community of privacy and civil liberties activists—"Snowdenistas," they've been called—including American filmmaker Laura Poitras, whose documentary about Snowden, *Citizenfour,* is a strong contender for an Academy Award. It's a close-knit circle of people who look out for one another carefully, and this extends to keeping potential eavesdroppers out of the group's preferred watering holes.

Harrison smiles, knowing she can come off as a bit paranoid. "It's better to err on the side of caution," she says with a shrug. To this end, she's taught her parents and close friends how to use encrypted email. And because mobile phones can be used to track a person's location, she hasn't carried one in years. ("You just get used to it," she says.) She doesn't necessarily believe she's being monitored in real time, but given her association with Snowden, who has been charged with multiple felonies in the U.S., and her work with WikiLeaks, helping to release hundreds of thousands of classified documents mostly provided by whistle-blowers, she says that when it comes to government intelligence agencies, "I'm obviously a person of interest."

The work she does requires a meticulous attention to detail and strong nerves. Much of Harrison's time goes to verifying the authenticity of documents passed on to WikiLeaks and writing reports on their contents, which get published on the Web site alongside the raw material—often over the howls of government officials. These document releases have been delicate and controversial, shedding light on everything from civilian casualties in Iraq to U.S. policies for detainees at Guantanamo Bay and the specifics of CIA assassination programs.

In many ways, Harrison seems born for the job. As a child, she was a compulsively organized bookworm who kept her shelves ordered both alphabetically and by category. She was also politically emboldened early: Around the age of eight, she fired off a letter to Britain's prime minister, John Major, offering suggestions on how he might address homelessness. (She got a friendly form letter in return.) The daughter of a retail-industry executive and a literacy specialist, she went on to attend a private school in Kent and then punctuated

her university studies in London with long breaks to travel, especially through Asia and Australia, supporting herself by waitressing and freelance jobs. It was the travel, she says, that introduced her to the world's vast inequities and planted the idea that she could apply her fastidiousness to a larger cause. Back in London in 2008, she took an internship at the nonprofit Centre for Investigative Journalism, quickly distinguishing herself as a skilled researcher.

When Julian Assange went to England in the summer of 2010 and contacted the center's director, asking for help making an archive of 75,000 documents from the Afghan war available to select media outlets, Harrison volunteered immediately. What was supposed to be a two-week job quickly evolved into a staff position. She became indispensable to Assange, as a confidante and right-hand person.

Though some suggest a romantic liaison, Harrison won't confirm whether she was—or is—involved with Assange. "We've never commented on that," she says with just a hint of frostiness. She admits to being half-entertained and half-offended by the way she's been described in the media—seeing words like *schoolgirl, companion,* and *lover* used in headlines. Some of it seems overtly sexist, and some driven by how little is actually known about her. There have been reports that while in England, Harrison did Assange's laundry and that, with her cheery demeanor and disarming laugh, she helped smooth over his often-prickly interactions with the press. When Harrison surfaced by Edward Snowden's side in Moscow, an Italian paper wondered aloud if she might be a twenty-first-century Mata Hari. "I think, because there was such a void of information, the only way the press could speak about me was to identify me by the men I worked with," she says lightly. "And sometimes they did it in quite a snarky way."



RIGHT-HAND WOMAN
Harrison accompanies WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange to the Belmarsh Magistrates Court in London in August 2011. Harrison and Assange are rumored to have been romantically involved.

These days, Harrison lives something of a double life in a leafy gentrified area in East Berlin, wedged between the more modernized urban center and the concrete-slab tenements left over from the city's Stalinist era. Still an avid reader, she's a fan of Murakami and lately has been reading novels about the French Resistance. In the evenings, she sometimes hits yoga classes or meets friends for drinks, but her days are spent largely on her computer at home alone. She and Assange remain in regular touch professionally, though they haven't seen each other in nearly two years. Both are limited in their movements. Harrison doesn't plan to return to England until the terrorism laws are changed. Meanwhile, Assange has spent more than two years wanted for questioning in Sweden, where he's been accused of sexually assaulting two women during a trip there in 2010, just after Harrison met him. (Assange, who hasn't been charged with a crime, insists the allegations are false and part of a broader conspiracy to damage his reputation. Harrison dismisses the case as "deeply politicized.")

WikiLeaks, of course, has plenty of critics—those who maintain that classified documents are classified for good reason. But Harrison feels otherwise: "Members of the public should know what their government is doing," she says simply. Though WikiLeaks has a small staff and operates on a shoestring (a number of prominent financial organizations, including Visa, MasterCard, and PayPal, refuse to process donations to the group), it has managed to provoke large institutional adversaries, most notably the U.S. government. There's a nimbleness that comes with being small, Harrison tells me. "Sometimes it's easier to be a rowboat than a tanker ship."

Just then, a waitress sets a fresh cup of steaming coffee on the table. Harrison, who has been speaking rapid-fire for nearly an hour, pauses to smile warmly and say thanks. The waitress is about her age and an English-speaker. She gestures at Harrison's cup. "How many is this?" she says in a teasing voice. "Four?" Harrison bursts out laughing. For all her worries about privacy, it's her caffeine intake that's being monitored.

"It's three," she tells the waitress, waving a hand and pretending to be chastened. "And I'm stopping here."

That evening, we walk to a nearby office for a meeting with two of the Courage Foundation's Berlin-based advisory-committee members—Renata Avila, a Guatemalan human rights lawyer, and Andy Müller-Maguhn, a well-known German "hacktivist." In a small conference room borrowed from another nonprofit, Harrison flips open her laptop and starts briskly running through her agenda. Pinned to the wall behind her is a poster of Che Guevara.

The Courage Foundation is still very much in a grassroots stage, with fund-raising being an obvious and immediate goal. Harrison is in the process of developing a network of people—an Underground Railroad of sorts—that can mobilize quickly to shield a whistle-blower at risk. She also plans to set up an advisory system for journalists to improve their online security and better protect their sources. Harrison reports to the group that she has been organizing a statement in support of Snowden, which would be published the following week, signed by celebrities like Susan Sarandon, M.I.A., and Alfonso Cuarón. She's also actively recruiting new advisory-board members, the most recent among them Nadya Tolokonnikova and Masha Alekhina of the Russian punk group Pussy Riot.

Much of the conversation with Avila and Müller-Maguhn involves strategizing about who else might join their cause. Someone mentions that Lady Gaga once came for tea with Assange at the Ecuadoran embassy—maybe she could be approached? There's also discussion of how to customize the foundation's basic Web site to quickly tell any new whistleblower's story, including a tab for accepting donations. It's a lesson Harrison learned at CONTINUED ON PAGE 599

ANDREW PARSONS/ © POLARIS IMAGES

WHERE DOES SARAH HARRISON GET HER NEWS?
DOWNLOAD THE *VOGUE* DIGITAL EDITION TO FIND OUT



COMING UP TRUMP

"I would say Ivanka is definitely the CEO of our household," says her husband, Jared Kushner. Trump, in an Erdem embroidered tweed dress, with their son, Joseph. De Beers diamond earrings. Hair, Edward Lampley; makeup, Emi Kaneko. Produced by Kate Collings-Post for North Six. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Sara Moonves.



WHITE ESCALADE, 2005; NATE LOWMAN

The Real Deal

Full-speed at work and hands-on at home, Ivanka Trump knows what it means to be a modern millennial—the exact demographic she wants to dress. By Jonathan Van Meter. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

Late in the day on a Monday, with the low winter sun slicing through all the new buildings rising above midtown Manhattan, Ivanka Trump is sitting behind a big mahogany desk in her office in Trump Tower, recounting for me some of the things that have happened so far this year. It's less than two weeks into 2015, and while most of us are still coming out of a holiday fog, Ivanka has already launched a thousand ships.

For starters there are the two massive new Trump hotel projects she has been overseeing, both of which are apparently ahead of schedule: the Old Post Office building, two blocks from the White House, that is being turned into what will no doubt be the grandest hotel in Washington; and the 800-acre Doral resort in Miami, a deal brokered a few years ago while Ivanka was in the hospital having her daughter, Arabella (several days after giving birth, she went to tour the site on a golf cart).

Then there is *The Celebrity Apprentice,* which just premiered its fourteenth season. "Which puts us in . . . what?" says Ivanka in her husky voice. "*Simpsons* territory? The ratings have climbed back up to where they were five years ago." Ivanka attributes the spike to pent-up demand, as the show took a year-and-a-half hiatus (she and her father were too busy actually running a real estate empire to film a reality TV show about running a real estate empire). Plus, she says, "we have an unbelievable cast who, as my father says, just *hate* each other. Which is good!"

Sitting before her on the desk are the fourth-quarter sales figures for her namesake line of apparel and accessories: all up, every category. "Which is awesome," she says, sounding genuinely pleased. Last fall, she quietly launched

ivankatrump.com, a site geared to the young professional woman—"the everyday version of Ivanka," as someone on her team puts it—the same woman, presumably, who is buying all those Ivanka Trump shoes at Nordstrom, at the moment her biggest retail partner. "The style sensibility is there," says Pete Nordstrom, one of the store's executive vice presidents. "It's relevant, it's modern, but reasonably priced." What struck him most, though, was Ivanka's approach: "She said, 'I'm serious about this; I'm not just a name, licensing a product without any involvement.' She wasn't asking for anything; there was no sense of entitlement."

When your father is Donald Trump—when you are to the brand born, as it were—a sense of entitlement about turning your name into a logo might be expected. After all, Donald Trump is virtually synonymous with the modern-day concept of branding. But what most people agree makes him and his empire so enduring is that he is unapologetically himself. What Ivanka seems to have inherited is not his style (thank God), nor (one hopes) his crackpot opinions, but the idea that if you are going to have the chutzpah to brand yourself, you damn well ought to be true to yourself.

For Ivanka, what is true is that she is a young professional woman with a husband (Jared Kushner), two kids, and a big, busy, glamorous life. One of the reasons she decided to launch a brand in her own image is that *The Apprentice* made her famous: a 20-something real estate diva. As she herself points out, "Young professionals don't usually have pop-culture relevance." She started getting piles of fan mail from girls who wanted to grow up to be just like her.

Before long publishers came knocking, asking her to write a book. "I was like, 'I don't want to look like I'm telling people I have all the answers. I'm 27.' " But she decided to go for it because, as she says, "the business-advice books are typically written by 60- or 70-year-old men, reflecting back on their careers. So they're not particularly relatable to a young woman just starting out." *The Trump Card: Playing to Win in Work and Life* became a best seller, which led to ever larger piles of fan letters. Today, she routinely tops likability surveys. As a friend of Ivanka and Kushner's once observed, "Her father is hated by half of America and loved by the other half. The half that love him love her, and the half that hate him love her—because she's not him!"

One Wednesday in early December, I spend some time with Ivanka at Trump Tower: Her father's fabulously dated office is on the twenty-sixth floor; Ivanka and her two brothers, Eric and Don, Jr., toil for the Trump Organization a few floors down. And the Ivanka Trump brand team—there's a staff of about fifteen—works a little below that. These offices, with their blush-pink walls, white furniture, and sisal rugs, are a far cry from Papa Trump's roaring-eighties realm upstairs, where a Lucite secretary pod and brown mohair sectionals with gold trim still greet visitors in the waiting area.

I'm here to attend a few meetings with Ivanka, but before I do, I stop off on 26 to pay my respects to The Donald. "She was a very successful model, and she just gave it up and went to Wharton," he says, still surprised after all these years. "She said, 'I love real estate.' In the end, she chose the family business. Ivanka is a natural dealmaker. She'll take this company to great levels." When I ask him to elaborate, he says, "First of all, she's got tremendous heart and a great warmth, and people see that. While she can be a very tough person if she has to be, she really wants to see the best in people." He sounds almost disappointed about that last bit.

Next I find myself in a conference room with startling views of Manhattan. Ivanka sits at the head of a table the size of a tennis court, flanked by middle-aged men, most of whom have worked for her father for years. For my benefit, she goes around the table and introduces Ray, Brian, Steve. When she gets to the man seated next to her, she says, "Andy is our head of construction. He built every building since Trump Tower." She pauses for a moment and adds. "Since 1981 . . . the year I was born. I like saying that just to make Andy feel old!" and everyone laughs, Ivanka the loudest.

> "My husband's idea of a date night somehow always involves me looking at a development site," she says

At the end of the meeting Ivanka shares a story. "So, my husband's idea of a date night somehow always involves me looking at one of his development sites." Everyone nods knowingly. "So we went to this great restaurant in Brooklyn on Saturday, and all of a sudden I find myself standing on the roof of the Whole Foods in Gowanus in the pouring rain. At midnight. And he's showing me this giant site he just bought. I'm like, 'Huh. So *this* is why you chose that restaurant.' " The room cracks up, meeting over.

We head down to a lower floor for an Ivanka Trump brand meeting in a small, glassy conference room dominated by an egg-shaped white table. Ivanka is dressed today, as she is most days, almost entirely in her own merch: an oversize black cable-knit sweater with a cowl neck, gold jewelry, and black strappy heels. Only the white pencil skirt is by another designer (JMary).

I have written about Ivanka before, in 2007, just as she launched her fine-jewelry collection, a luxury she describes as for "the self-purchasing female," which sounds like the title of a Beyoncé song. Despite the bad economy, it succeeded beyond anyone's expectations, paving the way for her line of shoes. And that is when she saw that there was a big hole in the market: No one was designing for the young professional woman who wants clothes with more style than Ann Taylor but not as fashion-disposable as H&M. "When you think about some of these traditional companies, there's no story behind them. The girls in our office will have, like, a shell from Jones New York or an Ann Taylor Loft skirt. They're definitely not Instagramming that purchase."

Around the table sit Johanna Murphy, who previously ran e-commerce for Kate Spade; Marissa Kraxberger, who came from Oscar de la Renta; Abigail Klem, who ran ready-to-wear merchandising for Diane von Furstenberg; and creative director Suzanne Bryant, formerly at Michael Kors. (Ivanka clearly wants to be taken seriously by the fashion world.) Today, they are going through the brand book. "This is kind of our bible," says Murphy. "The North Star, whenever you start to lose your way." She explains further: "We are targeting millennials who aspire to have very big careers, but they are

also training for marathons or learning French or starting a family. Every aspect of their life is just as important to them as their careers." Murphy tacks glossy pages of the brand book on the wall. One side reads, "We Are FEMININE" in big type over pictures of women in tastefully sleeveless floral-print dresses; on the opposite page, under "We Are Not GIRLY," there are three women dressed in polka dots and bubble gum–pink stilettos. It continues: "We Are APPROPRIATELY SEXY . . . We Are Not SEXPOT; We are DETAILED . . . We are not OVERDONE," and so on.

Ivanka loves this. "Because it's so *funny* seeing the way our competitors think women dress. Me and my peers, we're working really hard at being moms and sisters and professionals. There was a previous generation of women who rose through the ranks in an environment when work and life were highly compartmentalized. And I think now, because of technology, we're always on. Where there used to be work life and home life, now it's *one* life. And I think a lot of companies don't recognize that."

One of Ivanka's mentors is Glen Senk, the former CEO of Urban Outfitters, who compares her to Sophia Amoruso of Nasty Gal. "Sophia started life as a Dumpster diver and Ivanka grew up on Fifth Avenue—but their message is actually very similar: It's about empowerment and redefining what it means to be a woman in this generation."

Recently Ivanka has been making the rounds of morning talk shows promoting the Web site—and its "Women Who Work" video campaign. "I think we've really hit on something that is relevant but also optimistic." She quickly gets down to brass tacks, adding, "and obviously, it benefits the brand. It's very much in line with our current positioning." If I have one criticism of Ivanka, it's that she can sometimes slip into a Boardroom Lady character, saying things like "Thanks for taking the lead on that." Perhaps this is a side effect of playing a version of herself on *The Apprentice* all these years, or maybe it's simply a defense mechanism built up after having been thrust into the spotlight since she was a child.

On the other hand, what do I know? Maybe that's how you have to talk in her world. When I ask her older brother, Don, Jr., what it's been like working side by side with his sister these past ten years, he says, "It's amazing to see the level of talent she possesses now; she's just a more complete businesswoman." And even he, who freely admits he knows nothing about fashion, recognizes she may be onto something with her latest venture. "She was able to very easily identify something that's been lacking. She was able to find the niche because . . . she *is* that niche."

"Ivanka was able to find the niche," observes her brother Don, Jr., "because she *is* that niche"

I meet Ivanka after work one evening in the lobby of her building on Park Avenue, just a few blocks from Trump Tower, and we head up to her apartment. The elevator opens into a spacious foyer, where Arabella, who is three, is squealing and running around in a sparkly little dress. There is a toy suitcase open on the floor, bursting with sequins and taffeta. "She lives in princess dresses," says Ivanka, who scoops up Arabella and kisses her, and then heads into the living room to squeeze Joseph, one and a half, who is sitting on the floor, playing with his toys and smiling at XiXi, the nanny, who is Chinese and is teaching the children to speak Mandarin.

Jared and Ivanka have become avid art collectors, and the house is filled with modern art, much of it by emerging artists. There is a Christopher Wool, Ivanka's favorite artist, in the living room, which is dominated by a baby grand and low, luxe sectionals. The walls in the foyer are painted to look like a gray, cloudy sky—done by one of the artists who works in Marilyn Minter's studio. In the hallways, there is a series of Garry Winogrand photographs. When I first met Ivanka, she was living alone in a smaller apartment on a lower floor; soon the family will be moving to a larger apartment on a different floor, with terraces. As she is giving me a tour—like the woman who lives here, the apartment is stylish and sexy but not showy or excessive—she says, "It's very hard to think about life before Jared. What did I do with all of that free time?" (As I recall, she was dating playboys, traveling, and reading the pile of books on her nightstand.)

Ivanka and Jared met when they were both 25, in 2007, for a business lunch set up by a commercial real estate broker and another friend who thought they could do deals together. "They very innocently set us up thinking that our only interest in one another would be transactional," says Ivanka. "Whenever we see them we're like, The best deal we ever made!" They dated two years prior to getting married in 2009 at a lavish, star-studded wedding for 500 at the Trump National Golf Club in Bedminster, New Jersey. To many people's surprise, Ivanka converted to Judaism, as the Kushners are Orthodox.

The couple seem almost ridiculously perfect for each other. They are both from famous real estate families, both attended Ivy League schools, both became big shots in their fathers' companies, and both showed themselves to be exceptionally ambitious at a young age. A year before Jared met Ivanka, he bought a majority stake in *The New York Observer,* the weekly newspaper, for nearly $10 million. "His own dreams are bold, and I love that in someone," says Ivanka, "but he's incredibly relaxed and calm. The world could be collapsing around him, and nothing fazes him. He's very solution-oriented. Plus it was nice finding someone who is a genuinely good person. I don't take that for granted. I feel really lucky to have met, like, a great New Jersey boy."

Just then, the elevator opens: Jared is home. He's wearing jeans, sneakers, and a blue sweater with a white collared shirt underneath. Like Ivanka, he is fair-skinned and willowy, with strikingly wide-set dark eyes. Indeed, they both have a kind of otherworldly, almost alien attractiveness, as if they've come from the future. He's holding a brown paper bag filled with roasted chestnuts for Arabella and, after kissing Ivanka, gets down to his daughter's level and patiently shows her how to crack one open.

As Ivanka told me earlier in the lobby, "For me, being so close to work is everything. I get here in three minutes and give them a bath, read to them, and put them to bed, and then I go out almost every night right afterward with Jared." Kushner will tell me later, "I would say she is definitely the CEO of our household, whereas I'm more on the board of directors. We both pick up CONTINUED ON PAGE 600



Anchors Aweigh

After a rocky launch abroad, Harvey Weinstein's *Peter Pan* creation tale *Finding Neverland*—starring Matthew Morrison and Laura Michelle Kelly—sets sail for Broadway.
By Adam Green. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.



YOUNG AT HEART

CLOCKWISE FROM NEAR RIGHT: Kelly, Morrison, Sawyer Nunes, Jackson DeMott Hill, Alex Dreier, and Aidan Gemme. On Morrison: Billy Reid clothing. Ralph Lauren Purple Label tie. Hair, Akki; makeup, Karan Franjola. Set design, Mary Howard. Details, see In This Issue.

Sittings Editor: Sara Moonves.

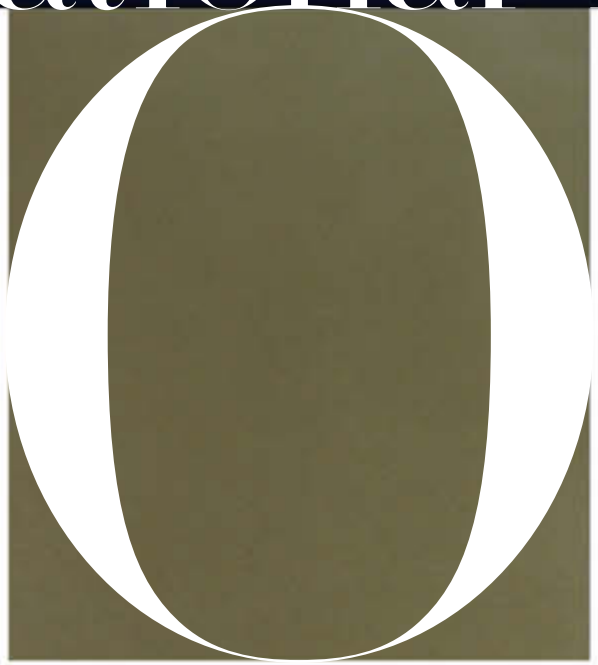
If you had followed Matthew Morrison's career on the musical stage, you would have seen him grow from a lanky, loose-limbed teenager (*Footloose, Hairspray*) to an effortlessly masculine, Tony-nominated leading man (*The Light in the Piazza, South Pacific*) with the looks, charisma, and triple-threat chops to become that rare bird—a bona fide Broadway star. But then along came a TV show about a high-drama, high-decibel high school glee club, and when Morrison was cast as the school's hunky Spanish teacher with an unexpected gift for staging high-octane production numbers, it kept him in Los Angeles for the next six years. Now, with *Glee*'s final season in the can, Morrison is returning to the New York stage as the star of *Finding Neverland,* a new Harvey Weinstein–produced musical based on the Harvey Weinstein–produced film of the same name. "I'm at a turning point in my life," Morrison says. "I'm coming off a hugely successful television show, I'm newly married"—to the actress Renee Puente—"and I'm coming back to New York with a lot to prove. I've never been the outright lead of a show before, so it's mine to carry, and—I'm not going to lie—I'm nervous about it."

It's a perfect place to be to portray an unsure-of-himself playwright who finds a new lease on life as both an artist and a man. That playwright, of course, is J. M. Barrie (played in the film by Johnny Depp), a sort of Edwardian Neil Simon trapped in a loveless marriage and stuck in a career rut (Kelsey Grammer plays his increasingly exasperated producer and, in several fantasy sequences, his subconscious shadow, Captain Hook) who, through the chaste love of a young widow (Laura Michelle Kelly) and the friendship of her four sons, to whom he becomes a surrogate father, overcomes self-doubt, writer's block, and a series of demons both real and imagined to create the immortal *Peter Pan.*

The production features a script by the rising young English playwright James Graham (his 2012 drama *This House,* about backroom doings in the House of Commons during the tumultuous 1970s, was a hit at the National Theatre), an infectious pop score by *X Factor* judge and Take That frontman Gary

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National Treasure



THE NATIONAL THEATRE PROVIDES LONDON—AND BROADWAY—WITH A SLEW OF INVENTIVE HIT SHOWS. NEWLY APPOINTED ARTISTIC DIRECTOR RUFUS NORRIS IS BRINGING HIS DYNAMIC ENERGY TO THE ROLE. HADLEY FREEMAN REPORTS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMIE HAWKESWORTH.

On a wintry day in a large rehearsal room in south London, a group of sixteen actors, still a little shy with one another, are going through a script. It's the second day of workshopping a new musical, *wonder.land,* a modern take on Alice in Wonderland with the virtual world of the Internet standing in for life down the rabbit hole. They dart nervous glances toward the acclaimed English director, Rufus Norris, who looks less like a harassed dramatist than Montgomery Clift's more rugged brother: tall and dark, with sharply defined features and impressive eyebrows. But they needn't have worried.

"That was great!" he cheers after the Caterpillar's song. He shouts to seemingly no one across the room: "Damon!"

"What?" barks a grumpy voice from, of all things, a cot set up in the far corner. It appears to be inhabited by a pair of Converse sneakers and some very rumpled hair. The actors giggle nervously.

"Do you have anything to add?" replies Norris calmly. The actors, taking their cue from Norris, stop laughing.

"Ahh, I'm not going through that again" is the grunting reply from the sneakers, which turn out to belong to Damon Albarn, the man behind the British groups Blur and Gorillaz and also the composer of *wonder.land.*

"OK," says Norris with a laugh, and the actors, who tensed at what sounded like a reprimand from one of the best-known musicians in Britain, relax.

Norris has directed some of the most celebrated British theatrical productions of the past fifteen years, including a 2004 adaptation of the Danish film *Festen* ("The play that had to be seen . . . by anyone who cared about theater," Ben Brantley wrote in *The New York Times*) and 2011's *London Road,* a thrillingly innovative musical based on the true story of a series of murders in the English town of Ipswich in 2006. "I could walk into a theater without any idea of what I was seeing and know that the director of the play was Rufus," says Norris's longtime mentor and friend David Lan, artistic director of London's Young Vic theater, who is currently consulting on the soon-to-be-built Performing Arts Center at New York's World Trade Center. "The plasticity of form onstage, the three-dimensionality of the work, the eclecticism, and the conjunction of different styles."

During a rehearsal break, Norris talks about *wonder.land,* which will premiere at the Manchester International Festival this summer before moving to London's National Theatre in December. Albarn shambles over, holding a mug of what might be tea but might not. He and Norris had previously worked together on the opera *Dr Dee,* based on the life of Elizabeth I's scientific adviser, and even though Norris is all of 49 to Albarn's 46, the director has the air of a gently amused father with his collaborator, teasing him about his "terrible suffering" (Albarn, it turns out, not very surprisingly, is "completely hungover").

Norris also seems strikingly at ease considering that, as well as working on this, he is directing the about-to-open stage adaptation of Katherine Boo's book about a Mumbai slum, *Behind the Beautiful Forevers;* preparing to direct *Everyman,* a fifteenth-century morality play as reimagined by Britain's poet laureate, Carol Ann Duffy, and starring Chiwetel Ejiofor (it opens in April); and finishing production on the film of *London Road,* featuring the actor Tom Hardy. Oh, and he's also got something else on the boil.



A NEW DOOR OPENS . . .
Norris (photographed at the National Theatre, London) was an aspiring actor before becoming a celebrated director. Norris wears a Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane coat and J.Crew jeans. Details, see In This Issue.
Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

"People say, let's get these real artists"—Norris jerks his head toward Albarn—"but then they find they're really flaky, so I'm called in as the day laborer," he says with a smile, explaining with typical self-deprecation why he was asked to direct the musical.

"Yeah, a day laborer who's just been made head of the National Theatre!" Albarn retorts.

"Yeah, well . . . " mutters Norris, like an embarrassed teenage boy being praised for good grades, as opposed to the man who this April will take on the biggest, and perhaps most difficult, job in British theater.

When it was announced in 2013 that Norris would be the new artistic director of the National Theatre, the theater's company and staff gave an ecstatic standing ovation and "a roar louder than I've ever heard," according to Nicholas Hytner, who currently holds the job. Hytner, who is planning to form his own theatrical company, wasn't surprised: "Rufus has an enormous generosity of spirit, a taste for the new and adventurous, and—vitally—he is a superb director of plays who is universally respected," he says.



MUMBAI MAGIC

"Everybody loves Rufus," says the playwright David Hare, who adapted *Behind the Beautiful Forevers,* set in an Indian slum, for the stage. Norris at the National Theatre, November 2014.

Expressions of fondness might appear to come cheap in the British theater, where sworn enemies refer to each other as "darling." But feelings for Norris go deep.

"Everybody loves Rufus," says the playwright David Hare, who adapted *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* for the stage. To research the play, says Hare, "we went to the Annawadi slum in Mumbai for a week, and our trip happened to coincide with the Navratri festival"—an annual celebration in which the Hindu deity Durga is worshipped with nine nights of dancing. "The rest of us, of course, stood on the sidelines twisted in social embarrassment, but Rufus was right in the middle, with all the children dancing around him. Even people who can't speak the same language as him love him!"

Benedict Cumberbatch has known Norris since the early days of his own career: "I remember going round to his house when I was younger, and that warm and safe feeling he has with his family, he brings to the theater. He is someone who is very comfortable in his own skin, together with having the right amount of charm to lead a new surge at the National."

Although he was the popular choice among his colleagues, his appointment surprised many others. Norris had always shunned the limelight, which meant that, despite his many accolades—including five Tony nominations for his 2008 Broadway production of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses,* starring Laura Linney—he was largely unknown. Where British theater directors are mostly Oxbridge-educated, speak the Queen's English, and exude authority, Norris didn't go to university and is warm and affable, with a middle-class Birmingham accent. When he attended the *London Evening Standard* Theatre Awards last November to present the Most Promising Playwright prize to Beth Steel, he sat next to Sarah Burton, the creative director of Alexander McQueen.

"Do you work in the theater?" Burton asked him.

"Sort of," he replied.

The National Theatre is made up of three stages, as well as the temporary Shed, which will live on in some form until 2017. Establishment types have been swift to point out that Norris has scant experience running a theater, let alone four, or directing Shakespeare, the core of the National's repertoire. "He is almost certainly the only director of the NT who has also done a stint as a painter/decorator," noted *The Guardian,* referring to Norris's brief career as a builder to pay his way through drama school.

But Norris has, he says, been jumping straight into things, whatever the risks, since the day he was born. "I was determined to come out into the world feet first. I try not to take this as a rule for life, but I do think a good rule of thumb is to never do anything that doesn't scare you." We are meeting for lunch the week before the *wonder.land* workshops start, and Norris has spent the morning finishing filming on *London Road* while fielding messages from producer Scott Rudin, who is interested in bringing *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* to New York. The two men are both so busy they are having trouble coordinating calls. When we sit down, Norris looks at his cell phone with the kind of weary frustration one might feel toward a colicky baby, before putting it away in his bag, where it stays for the next two hours: He keeps his focus on the conversation regardless of the distractions clamoring for his attention.

Besides the Rudin collaboration, Norris is already planning the U.S. transfer of another NT production for 2015—he can't yet say which—and is especially keen to "develop and enrich" the NT's relationship with America, where there is "so much exciting stuff happening in the theater world, and we can learn from it." He particularly loves the playwrights Wallace Shawn, Annie Baker, Stephen Adly Guirgis, and Katori Hall, and the directors Elizabeth LeCompte and Anna Shapiro, as well as the set designer Scott Pask.

The second of six children, Norris spent his childhood in Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Malaysia, while his father taught countries newly independent from the British Empire how to establish their own government infrastructure. The family

GERAINT LEWIS/REX USA

moved back to Britain when Norris was twelve. He never planned to be a theater director. Instead, when he left school, he attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Once there, he says a little regretfully, he didn't work very hard, though some of his contemporaries did: "Adrian Lester and Michael Sheen—things have turned out pretty well for them." He stuck it out for a few years until a friend suggested he switch to directing.

"And he was completely right. As an actor you have to be totally focused on what you're doing, whereas I was always very opinionated about the whole picture—the staging, the lighting, and so forth," says Norris.

When asked why he opted for drama school over university, he replies jokingly that it was for the time-honored reason that "lots of nice girls work in theater." He met one pretty quickly: the playwright and his frequent collaborator Tanya Ronder, who was then also aspiring to be an actress.

"I thought Rufus was a bit rough when we first met, actually," Ronder recalls with a laugh when I speak to her by phone. "He had these paint-splattered tracksuit bottoms, and he didn't carry himself like a handsome man. It wasn't until he slicked all his curls out of his eyes for a play that people said, 'Oh, he's quite handsome, really!' " The couple lived together for seven years and married in 1994. They have two sons, ages twelve and eighteen, and recently moved to a house in south London, conveniently near Norris's new HQ.

"Rufus's childhood massively shaped his work," says Ronder. "Whatever he ended up doing, his work would have always had a political element in terms of redressing imbalances."

Norris has criticized the British theater for failing to give more opportunities to actors from ethnic minorities. To counterbalance this, he has staged two plays in Britain with all-black casts, James Baldwin's *The Amen Corner* and Wole Soyinka's *Death and the King's Horseman,* and the entire cast of *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* is of South Asian descent. He is keen to continue this practice at the NT, as well as to seek out more women writers and directors.

His new job will inevitably involve less directing and more oversight, including an obligation to produce hits, since the theater is partially state-funded. Under Hytner's tenure, the National Theatre has produced some of the past decade's most successful British exports to the U.S., including *War Horse; One Man, Two Guvnors;* and the current Broadway smash *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time.* Even Norris's allies admit to concerns about how their friend, known for working principally on modern plays, who has always been more interested in directing than managing, and who hates being the center of attention, will handle being the face of British theater.

Norris, however, talks excitedly about finding and fostering "the next generation of writers." But if each play at the NT needs to sell at least 75 percent of its tickets to break even—"it's about that," Norris admits—how will he avoid the temptation to rely on the classics and family musicals?

"The key word for me is *resonance,*" he says. "How do we make things resonate? We need to find and put on work that engages young people and those who don't think of the theater as their home. Partly that comes from good writing and partly from casting," he adds, "because that's how people see they're reflected."

Asked if she's worried about the impact his new job will have on their family life, Ronder replies, "We talked about that. Rufus is full of fun as a father—even if he's stressed and overloaded, he can't help but invent games or slip into funny voices. He was certainly never ambitious for this job, but when it came up and he told me that people at the National were suggesting he throw his hat in the ring, we both felt that this was a job you would have to have a very good reason *not* to go for. Also, the lovely thing about Rufus is that he doesn't lock himself away to work. He'll work in the kitchen, where everyone's around. He was brought up with lots of brothers and sisters, and he's very comfortable doing his thing among others, which is why he loves being in the rehearsal room."

Ronder also suggests that her husband's personality will fit well with his new roles as a fund-raiser and spokesperson. "Rufus has such a warm manner, and people respond so well to him," she says. Collaborators talk of Norris's openness to their ideas. He is not, Norris says, "a throw-the-furniture-around director, because if an actor is scared they won't take risks, and then what's the point?"

> "HE IS SOMEONE WHO IS VERY COMFORTABLE IN HIS OWN SKIN AND HAS THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CHARM TO LEAD A NEW SURGE AT THE NATIONAL," SAYS BENEDICT CUMBERBATCH

Back in the rehearsal room in south London, the *wonder .land* actors have returned from lunch, and Albarn and Norris are in their usual places: respectively, in bed and among the actors. A young actress has just finished the song "Tick Tock."

"What do you think, Damon?" Rufus calls out.

"Put it in A minor and then D minor," Albarn shouts back from his bed.

"Great idea. What else?" Norris replies.

"The harmony is too rich—wait a minute," says Albarn, and he heaves himself out of bed, saunters across the room, and sits next to Norris. "And then like this." He sings out a line.

"Do it again," requests Norris, and Albarn complies. Norris does a little jig in his seat to the tune, and Albarn laughs delightedly while the actors cheer. The room feels positively joyful.

"OK." Norris grins. "Everyone, let's do it again, bigger than before." □

REGARDING BEAUTY



PHILANTHROPIST AND PATRON MAJA HOFFMANN HAS BROUGHT HER TASTE AND INFLUENCE TO THE CREATION OF ART PROJECTS, HOUSES, HOTELS, AND A CULTURAL CENTER IN THE FRENCH CITY OF ARLES. BY DODIE KAZANJIAN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANÇOIS HALARD.



BREAKING GROUND

Frank Gehry's glittering maquette of the Arts Resource Center at LUMA Arles. OPPOSITE PAGE: Pierre de Ronsard roses in the garden of the Michelin-starred restaurant La Chassagnette.

Sittings Editor: Hamish Bowles.

Maja Hoffmann, who is at home in many different parts of the world, welcomes me to her corner table at the Kronenhalle, the famous old restaurant in the heart of Zurich. Handsome, vivacious, comfortably dressed, she looks remarkably fresh for someone whose relentless schedule would incapacitate lesser mortals. Last night she was in London, attending the premiere of the third *Hunger Games* film (*Mockingjay—Part I*) with her partner, Stanley Buchthal, and their two children, eighteen-year-old Lucas and sixteen-year-old Marina. She was up before 5:00 A.M. for the flight to Basel and a breakfast meeting with her cousin Maja Oeri to discuss acquisitions for the Emanuel Hoffmann Foundation's art collection—Oeri is the foundation's president; Hoffmann is vice president. Then by car to Zurich, where she spent several hours working with the staff at her own LUMA Foundation, one of whose main functions is enabling artists to realize ambitious projects.

LUMA's headquarters is in the former Löwenbräu brewery, which has been reinvented as a cultural souk of commercial galleries (Hauser & Wirth, Eva Presenhuber), the Migros Museum of Contemporary Art, and the Zurich Kunsthalle. As the Kunsthalle's former president, Maja is due at a 5:00 P.M. board meeting today. "Oh, the meetings, the meetings," she says, laughing. "There are days when I realize I've been talking since I woke up until late at night. I want to have days when I don't talk at all!"

She has invited her friend Bice Curiger to join us for dinner. Bice cofounded the art magazine *Parkett* and served for 20 years as a curator at the Kunsthaus, Zurich's main museum, and she may be better known in the international art world than Maja, who has somehow managed to keep a low profile. We discuss the sensational new theory that van Gogh's death was murder, not suicide. As president of the Fondation Vincent van Gogh Arles, which her father created, Maja persuaded Bice to become the director there. "Van Gogh lived in Arles for fifteen months and did his most important paintings there, but Arles does not own one single painting by him," says Bice. Maja and her father have recently negotiated a contract with the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam to have at least one painting on view there at all times, and every summer there will be an exhibition with ten or more van Goghs.

The ancient city of Arles, in the Camargue region of southern France, is rooted in Maja's thinking and in her character. She lived there as a child and has returned throughout her life, and in 1993 she bought and restored a beautiful seventeenth-century château not far from the Roman burial ground known as the Alyscamps. Arles has now become the site of the LUMA Foundation's most ambitious project—a cultural complex (with a central tower by Frank Gehry) that will bring artists, scientists, philosophers, and social thinkers



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1. Maja and her daughter, Marina, on the balcony of Domaine de l'Armellière. **2.** A leopard Royère sofa and Prouvé chairs in the terrazzo-floored living room. **3.** Marina in front of a blown-up van Gogh print by Andreas Gursky. **4.** A portrait of Maja by Francesco Clemente, 1982–87. **5.** A Wolfgang Tillmans photograph hangs in the second-floor living room.

MAJA AND MARINA: HAIR AND MAKEUP, MARIELLE LOUBET. CLOCKWISE, FROM TOP RIGHT: © PETER FISCHLI AND DAVID WEISS, COURTESY OF MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY (4). © 2015 ANDREAS GURSKY/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK/VG BILD-KUNST, BONN. FRANCESCO CLEMENTE. *MAJA HOFFMANN*, 1982–1987. WATERCOLOR ON PAPER, 144" X 20". COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST.





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to the town to explore new directions in the arts, the environment, and the field of human rights. One of the wealthiest women of our time, Maja has no interest in using her share of the Hoffmann-La Roche pharmaceutical riches to build a private museum with her name on it. What she's after is a means to advance the endangered prospects of civilized life. "It's a deep commitment to a town and a region and to the future," says Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate museums. "She has a sensitivity for the next chapter. She's got great determination but doesn't want to impose her will—she's a listener in a way that few philanthropists are."

The Arles project got under way ten years ago, when Maja talked to Gehry about doing a building there—his spectacular tower, echoing the craggy rock formations of the area, will anchor Parc des Ateliers, a 20-acre campus built on an abandoned rail yard. It includes two industrial-warehouse buildings that are being converted into exhibition spaces by Annabelle Selldorf, and public gardens landscaped by Bas Smets in collaboration with the artist Philippe Parreno. "There was only one Peggy Guggenheim," Parreno tells me, "and there's only one Maja Hoffmann." Maja believes in collaboration, in the kind of flexible, open-ended thinking that artists are known for, and as a result there have been many changes in the plans as they developed. "She's been struggling with what she should build," says Gehry, whose tower will open in 2017. "But the bottom line is, I adore her. If she tells me to turn the building upside down, I'll turn the building upside down."

Maja's commitment to Arles doesn't stop here. She's opened two hotels and refurbished them with the help of interior designer India Mahdavi, her close friend. She has also established a first-class farm-to-table restaurant, La Chassagnette, near her house. The annual photography festival, Les Rencontres d'Arles, which she has supported for years, brings a lot of people to the area every summer, but until now, Arles has been dormant the rest of the year. With taste and imagination, Maja is turning this historic town into a destination, a cultural environment where past, present, and future intersect. "It's like a spaceship that's landed in Arles," says the artist Elizabeth Peyton, who was in a group show there last spring. "Maja has changed that place forever, in a great way."

The impetus for all this comes straight from Maja's father. Hans Lukas (Luc) Hoffmann, a renowned ornithologist, used his share of the family fortune to study and preserve the wetlands of the Camargue, the vast delta south of Arles where the Rhône River splits in two. Hoffmann came to the Camargue in the 1940s to do his graduate thesis on the feathers of the common tern. He bought 1,200 acres of land (he now has 6,400 acres) and built a house, a school, and a biological research station, Tour du Valat, where generations of ecologists from around the world have come to study. In 1953, Hoffmann married Daria Razumovsky, the daughter of a Russian princess whose family had fled during the October Revolution and later settled in Vienna. He brought her to the Camargue, and they started a family.

Maja, the second of their four children, was born in 1956 under traumatic conditions, which she describes to me early the next morning on a flight from Zurich to Paris. (She had spent the night at her Marcel Breuer–designed lake house, 20 minutes outside Zurich.) Due to the Rh factor, Maja had to have a full blood transfusion at birth, at the hospital in Basel. "I was in the newspaper the next day," as Maja tells me, "because I was only the third case they managed to save." Three weeks later, the family moved back to their house in the Camargue, where Maja would live until she was fifteen.

On the plane, Maja is doing several things at once—answering my questions, working on LUMA's annual report, correcting the proof of her afterword to *This Is the House That Jack Built.,* a highly eccentric illustrated volume with François Halard's impressionistic photographs showing details of Maja's art collection in her various living spaces around the world—no captions, no people. Its text is artist Rirkrit Tiravanija's playful adaptation of the old nursery rhyme that he chose for its title. The book was supposed to be privately printed, but the German publisher Steidl prevailed on Maja to let them publish it, which they're doing in April.

After a visit to the preview of Paris Photo, the world's largest photography fair—where dealers, museum curators, and high-level collectors all recognize Maja, in her navy sweater jacket and sparkly Lanvin sneakers, and treat her like royalty—we head for the Christie's showroom to view highlights from their upcoming photography sale. Then on to lunch at an Alain Ducasse restaurant. "Our chef at La Chassagnette interned with Ducasse," she tells me. The elaborate menu and overattentive team of waiters annoy her. "It's too complicated," she confides. "I like real food."

At the risk of incurring more displeasure, I nudge her into talking about her childhood. "I'm very much shaped by nature," she says reflectively. Every day after attending the neighborhood school she would come home and ride her Camargue horse for an hour or more. She spent a lot of time with her father. Having cofounded the World Wildlife Fund, he traveled extensively (Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Indonesia, Mexico) to meet other naturalists and attend conferences, and Maja often went, too. He put her on the Tour du Valat board when she was seventeen. "I was always around intellectuals," she says. At the Catholic secondary school in Arles she attended, she was independent and sometimes rebellious. "I was very sure of myself," she remembers.

All through her childhood, Maja's Provençal life was enriched by visits to her Hoffmann grandmother in Basel. This remarkable woman, Maja Stehlin, after whom both Maja and her Oeri cousin were named, was the daughter of a prominent Swiss architect. She became a sculptor and married Emanuel Hoffmann, whose father had founded Hoffmann-La Roche in 1896. The couple built an extensive art collection, which became one of the main assets of the foundation his widow established after Emanuel's early death in a car accident in 1932. It was in her grandmother's home that young Maja Hoffmann began to develop a passion for the visual arts. Her grandmother, who knew Picasso, Léger, and Braque, introduced her to artists, took her to Italy and to the Côte d'Azur, and, when she was 21, put her on the board of the family foundation.

It would be many years before Maja could harness her limitless energy and immense resources to the overriding vision she has today. Headstrong, impulsive, and strikingly beautiful, she caught the eye of Werner Düggelin, a Swiss theater director 27 years her senior whom she lived with for seven

TO SHOP ITEMS INSPIRED BY MAJA HOFFMANN'S ARLES AESTHETIC, DOWNLOAD THE *VOGUE* DIGITAL EDITION



PROVENÇAL CHARM
Cypress trees outside La Villa des Alyscamps guesthouse, Arles, once a 12th-century convent.



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OPPOSITE, CENTER: SHIRANA SHAHBAZI, *KOMPOSITION-48-2012*. C-PRINT ON ALUMINUM. ED. OF 3 (+1 AP). 82⅝" X 66⅛". *KOMPOSITION 56-2012*. ED. OF 3 (+1 AP). 82⅛" X 66⅛". COURTESY OF GALERIE BOB VAN ORSOUW, ZURICH (2).







years when she was in her early 20s. She began spending time in New York, where she met Jean-Michel Basquiat, Julian Schnabel, Francesco Clemente (who painted her portrait), and other artists, and also studied filmmaking at the New School and eventually made two documentary films, one on the fishermen of Mauritania, the other on reintroducing Przewalski's horses (a nearly extinct species) to their native Mongolia. She had a troubled five-year liaison with Nicolas Economou, a gifted concert pianist who "hated contemporary art" and wanted her all to himself. He died in a car accident not long after she ended the relationship.

It is later in the afternoon, and we are now on the top floor of her Paris apartment, which overlooks the Luxembourg Gardens, where she is making last-minute plans to fly to Berlin this evening to meet with Philippe Parreno. I ask her how she came to terms with the pressures and demands that great wealth brings. "Money takes time to understand," she says. "If you make the money yourself, it's probably different. But if you inherit, and assume the responsibilities that come with that, it takes a while to realize that people can like you not only for your money. Once I understood that the money was part of me—like a finger or an eye—then I was able to do something with it."

In New York in the early nineties she met Stanley Buchthal, a film producer, one of whose producing credits was *Hairspray.* They started living together in 1994. Maja had been told when she was with Werner Düggelin that she couldn't have children, but in 1996, when she was 40, she gave birth to Lucas. Marina came along two years later, and for the next few years, Maja devoted herself happily to them. She founded LUMA in 2004—the name comes from *Luc*as and *Ma*rina. Its first grant was to curator Beatrix Ruf's program at the Zurich Kunsthalle. Maja joined the Kunsthalle's board, and soon afterward, she was drafted for the boards of the Tate, the New Museum, Fotomuseum Winterthur, and Bard College's Center for Curatorial Studies. Tom Eccles, who had just become CCS's head, visited Maja in Zurich and came back with a major financial commitment that brought the Danish-Icelandic artist Olafur Eliasson's *The Parliament of Reality,* his first permanent outdoor installation in the United States, to the Bard campus. The piece was coproduced by Maja and Eccles, who is now one of her core group of intellectual collaborators, along with Ruf, the curator Hans Ulrich Obrist, and the artists Liam Gillick and Philippe Parreno. "Maja's eye is guided by her perennial interest in art as the expression of humanity," says Eccles.

I catch up with Maja the following day in London, where she has two adjoining houses in Marylebone, one for living and one for work. The rooms are grand; the ceilings are high; the spaces are full of art—Damien Hirst wallpaper, wall-to-wall Rudolf Stingel carpeting, paintings by Cy Twombly, Jeff Koons, CONTINUED ON PAGE 601

1. The organic potager at the farm-to-table La Chassagnette. **2.** Beneath a wooden pergola, the restaurant's alfresco dining area. **3.** A pair of Shirana Shahbazi photographs color l'Hôtel du Cloître's reception room. **4.** Inside l'Atelier des Forges at LUMA Arles, designed by by Annabelle Selldorf. **5.** The entryway at the Cloître, decorated by India Mahdavi. **6.** A wooden bridge leads to La Chassagnette's entrance.



TASTE of

With restaurants—along with their chefs and the food they conjure—now a main course of our culture, we sent Karlie Kloss on a culinary tour through New York's hottest kitchens and dining rooms. Photographed by Mikael Jansson.



the TOWN

LEGS FOR DAYS

Blanca—the twelve-seat tasting room at the back of Roberta's, the cultish restaurant in East Williamsburg—is chef Carlo Mirarchi's culinary playground, and the delicacies that come out of his kitchen are as delightful to look at as they are to eat. His secret? Nothing more than "maintaining focus and creating calm in the kitchen," he says. Marni silk-and-cotton dress and necklace with flower appliqués. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.



FLOUR POWER
Kloss with Milk Bar's Christina Tosi (incidentally, Kloss's partner in her wheat-free Karlie's Kookies venture). "There's certainly a bridge between food and fashion," Tosi says. "Both create beautiful things that inspire, indulge, and feed the creative mind." Balenciaga ivory embroidered silk top. Chanel cuffs. Details, see In This Issue.





TABLE SERVICE
Rich Torrisi and Mario Carbone, pictured here at their Greenwich Village mainstay Carbone, have zeroed in on more than just food. "Fashion completes the theme of a restaurant," Torrisi says. "It's incredibly important to the vibe of the dining room and to tying the overall picture together." Dolce & Gabbana rose-print dress. Louis Vuitton single-chain ear cuff.

ARTWORK COURTESY OF VITO SCHNABEL AND THE ESTATE OF RENE RICARD.



SOME LIKE IT HOT

Chef Alex Stupak recently added a third outpost to his Mexican-restaurant empire with Empellón al Pastor in the East Village. Credit his success, at least in part, to a deep understanding of ingredients. The flavor of the moment? "Corn—not the vegetable, the grain," he says. "Beyond being ancient and delicious, it's especially relevant in an increasingly gluten-free and whole-grain culture." Alexander Wang orange-and-black mesh halter dress. Rings by Spinelli Kilcollin and Georg Jensen. Prada platform sandals. Details, see In This Issue.





SHOWING HER CLAWS
April Bloomfield's Spotted Pig transcended the label "gastropub" soon after its 2004 opening, and the equally successful John Dory Oyster Bar followed in 2010. Next month, she's launching a cookbook, *A Girl and Her Greens*. "I want people to know that vegetables can be just as satisfying as meat," she says. Alexander McQueen white knit jacquard dress with flower embroidery and belt. In this story: For Milk Bar, Empellón al Pastor, and Blanca: hair, Tomo Jidai. For Carbone and the John Dory Oyster Bar: hair, Jimmy Paul for Bumble and Bumble. Makeup, Dick Page for Shiseido. Produced by Travis Kiewel for North Six. Production design, Mary Howard. Details, see In This Issue.

Can immersing oneself in temperatures as low as minus 260° Fahrenheit cure what ailsyou? Penelope Green takes the plunge.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN KLEIN



THE BIG



ON ICE

Vanessa Axente, in an Acne Studios bodysuit, wearing Fratelli Orsini gloves and Manolo Blahnik sandals. Hair, Didier Malige; makeup, Hannah Murray. Produced by Kellie Tissear for North Six. Set design, Mary Howard. Photographed at the Pierre, a Taj Hotel, New York. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

ICE SCULPTURE BY SHINTARO OKAMOTO FOR OKAMOTO STUDIO

CHILL

Justin Gatlin, the 33-year-old American sprinter, is famous for a few things: his gold medal from the 2004 Olympics and his besting, last summer in Brussels, of his own 100-meter record, making him the fastest man in the world. He is famous, too, for the blistering frostbite he suffered on both feet in 2011, after wearing sweaty socks into a frozen chamber at the ESPN training facility in Orlando, Florida. Gatlin, at that moment, became the face (or toes) of a training practice called whole-body cryotherapy, which professional athletes had started taking up in droves: Entire teams—rugby, soccer, much of the NBA—were immersing themselves for several minutes at a time in chambers chilled to as low as 260° below Fahrenheit with liquid nitrogen. "The evil sauna," as one rugby player put it, created in Japan in the seventies to soothe arthritis, was being adopted by elite athletes as a remedy for combating muscle soreness, fatigue, joint pain, and inflammation, in a kind of revved-up version of the ice bath.

Civilians have begun sampling this deep, though brief, freeze as well, as cryospas open in cities all over the country, like the Polar Club in Fort Worth, Key Biscayne's Ageless Cocoons, and Icebox Cryotherapy in Atlanta. The practice's boosters claim a laundry list of physiological, psychological, and cosmetic benefits, from mood elevation and increased collagen production to weight loss.

Some are even deep-freezing at home. Portuguese footballer Cristiano Ronaldo, Real Madrid's star forward, has a cryosauna of his own; film producer and Relativity CEO Ryan Kavanaugh has one in his home gym in Los Angeles. He's invited friends and family over, too, like fellow producer Fabiola Beracasa-Beckman, who took the plunge when she and her husband were in town last year. Beracasa-Beckman was skeptical but intrigued. "Everyone was raving about it burning calories, increasing circulation, reducing inflammation, and doing all those things you want for health and beauty," she says. Despite the stadium-rock atmosphere—dramatic plumes of vapor—"it wasn't as cold as I thought it would be." (Indeed, the temperature inside is not perceived as being as extreme as it is, since air below freezing contains very little moisture.) Afterward, she recalls, "I felt invigorated and awake. I felt great." Still, at nearly $50,000 for a personal sauna (that's a single-person device where your head sticks out of the top) and $98,000 for a whole-body chamber, home freezing is not yet a runaway trend.

How it works is simple: When a person enters a cryosauna, blood vessels contract, sending blood rushing to the core, resulting in increased circulation as the body strives to regulate its internal temperature. "After the body is exposed to extreme cold, it tries to correct that with tissue overperfusion, or increased blood flow," explains Manhattan dermatologist Macrene Alexiades-Armenakas, M.D. This triggers a natural anti-inflammatory response, as well as the release of endorphins (which may account for the positive mood-altering effects many claim to experience).

Cryotherapy's anti-inflammatory effects have long been recognized by sports therapists as a resource for post-workout muscle recovery and temporary pain relief. "After intense exercise, there is usually some inflammation in your muscles. Cooling treatments may help offset the inflammatory response," says Andrew Subudhi, Ph.D., an associate professor of biology and emergency medicine at the Altitude Research Center at the University of Colorado who has studied the effects of cold therapy on athletes. "Of course," he continues, "there's a huge debate about whether you want to reduce the inflammation or not. Some say the inflammatory response is a necessary part of the recovery process, while others believe inflammation can slow it." A cryosauna "brings your core temperature down more quickly, more efficiently, than an ice bath, which does the same thing, but in a miserable 20-minute session."

In 2009, Emilia Kuehne and her husband, Jonas, a German-born M.D. trained at UCLA, opened their Cryo-

"THE EVIL SAUNA" WAS BEING ADOPTED BY ELITE ATHLETES AS A REMEDY FOR COMBATING MUSCLE SORENESS AND FATIGUE

healthcare spa on La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles. At first, says Emilia, they saw only a trickle of clients, mostly professional basketball players. (It was the Kuehnes who sold the L.A. Clippers their cryosauna, one of 50 they've sold in the last five years.) Now they see some 100 clients a day, seven days a week. Weekend warriors come for relief from muscle and joint pain—and stress, including Antonia Hutt, a 52-year-old interior designer who was introduced to Cryohealthcare by a friend, a swimmer who had trained for the Olympics. Hutt says that in the three months she's been freezing, her trainer has taken to describing her as bionic because, she says, "suddenly nothing hurts anymore."

And so it was that one bright afternoon this past fall I found myself at the KryoLife spa, a year-old establishment on West Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan. At 53, I have a medley of busted-up parts, like an old car prone to spinning off hubcaps on the highway: bad knees, a

torn shoulder from yoga, a few herniated discs, the odd bone spur. What doesn't hurt?

KryoLife is a modest, spare space comprising four dressing rooms, a room with the cryosauna—a fetching silver-and-black cylinder that looks like a NASA prototype from the early days of the space program, but padded inside like a white quilted Chanel bag—and a main room with a rowing machine, a stationary bike, and two enormous tanks of liquid nitrogen. There I met a 25-year-old marketing manager with an autoimmune disorder (which affects her thyroid and causes her joints to ache) who's been coming regularly for the last year. Another client, a 48-year-old lawyer with erosive osteoarthritis and tendinitis, told me that after six weeks of visiting KryoLife once a day, the pain in her hands is "pretty much gone. The doctors have no solutions, and I was desperate."

Cryotherapy is a staple at European sanatoriums, and like so many Hans Castorps, we wore the *Magic Mountain* gear that had been set out for us: athletic socks, white cotton gloves, mittens hand-knit with an Icelandic pattern, white leather clogs, and thick white terry-cloth robes. Underneath, just our undergarments. Beyond the risk of frostbite—which we avoided by patting ourselves dry before donning those socks and gloves—cryotherapy is considered safe for healthy adults (though not recommended for anyone who is pregnant or suffers from severe hypertension or heart disease).

SMOKE—OR RATHER CLOUDS OF AIR CHILLED BY NITROGEN—BILLOWED FROM THE TOP OF THE MAN-SIZE TIN CAN

Smoke—or rather, clouds of air chilled by liquid nitrogen—billowed from the man-size tin can's open top and tumbled onto the floor. I took a deep breath, shed my robe, and stepped inside. KryoLife's co-owner Joanna Fryben said she dances a little salsa move inside to pass the time, so I shuffled about, too, and did a slow pirouette. I'd imagined a profound cold, but what I felt was only skin-deep. Startling, but not unpleasant. My elbows prickled, and the backs of my knees stung, and then—hey, presto—I was done. For this, my first time, Fryben had timed me for just a minute and a half. Back on Fifty-seventh Street, walking past Carnegie Hall, I felt a notable sense of well-being, or perhaps it was just pride—or relief!

There is copious research, mostly published in Europe, on the effects of cryotherapy on arthritis pain, fibromyalgia, and even tinnitus (that's ringing in the ears). As Gretchen Reynolds reported in *The New York Times* after Gatlin's experience, the accepted science on cryotherapy and muscle recovery is still inconclusive. (Cryotherapy is relatively new to the United States, which also accounts for the lack of data at this time.) One French study put runners through a grueling treadmill session followed by immersion in a whole-body cryochamber once a day for five days; this group had fewer blood markers for inflammation than runners who had just sat quietly after the same workout. Yet researchers at the University of Limerick in Ireland found that the therapy did not lessen muscle soreness in a group of volunteers who had performed rigorous leg exercises before entering a cryochamber.

While cryosaunas are regarded as an "alternative" therapy here, not covered by insurance, they are considered medical devices in many countries throughout Europe (Scandinavian countries and especially Germany and Poland), where they are commonly used in hospitals and health-care facilities to treat everything from insomnia and anxiety to some autoimmune diseases. Research conducted in Russia by a professor at St. Petersburg State University found that cryotherapy helped diminish psoriasis; it appears to have a favorable effect on eczema, too.

As for the claims that cryo can, over time, affect collagen production, frequent freezers commonly report improved skin tone (all over), but, Fryben admits, "this is based on experience"—not published data. Everyone seems to walk away radiant and refreshed, though, which is why Fryben counts among her clients a number of actresses and Victoria's Secret models, who regularly come in for a dip pre-party: "They want a healthy glow, they might be tired from the night before, and they need to look good—immediately."

Regarding claims of boosted metabolism and weight loss, there is little research on the subject. "There's truth to the fact that if you're experiencing cold, you do burn a lot of calories to generate heat to control your core body temperature," says Ajay Chawla, M.D., Ph.D., a professor at the University of California, San Francisco, School of Medicine who recently authored a study about fat-burning triggered by cold weather. However, he continues, "the body defends the core body temperature, not slight variations in the skin's body temperature."

Over the next two weeks, I visited KryoLife nine more times, working up to three minutes on my third go. I did feel marvelous afterward, my mood buoyant—rather a surprise, given these anxious times—and my skin flushed. As for my aching parts, I can only say with regret that they still ache. Fryben says cryo's benefits creep up on you: The effects are cumulative, and she recommends a full month of treatments before you can fully feel them. At $90 a session at KryoLife (or $700 for an unlimited monthly membership), that's a significant commitment.

It had been a few weeks since my last "evil sauna," and I was missing it, when I emailed Subudhi to inquire about some of the psychological benefits, which I *think* I had experienced. The sort of cooling I'd been subjected to, he wrote, "is a pretty big shock, a neurologic boost. You're going to have an adrenaline response, this massive sympathetic response. I'd say the research isn't mature enough to say yea or nay at this point. But science is constantly surprised by things it didn't think would work. You have to be a skeptic at heart, but keep an open mind."

Would I return? I kept toying with calling Fryben for just one more appointment. Then the other day, over the course of a few hours, the temperature fell precipitously in New York. I'd left the house underdressed, and when I hopped on a Citi Bike to visit a friend downtown, my cheeks burned and my gloveless hands cramped on the handlebars. Shivering, I noted my other physiological responses: Increased metabolism? Check. Overperfusion? Check.

And it didn't cost a thing. □

Blue Ivy

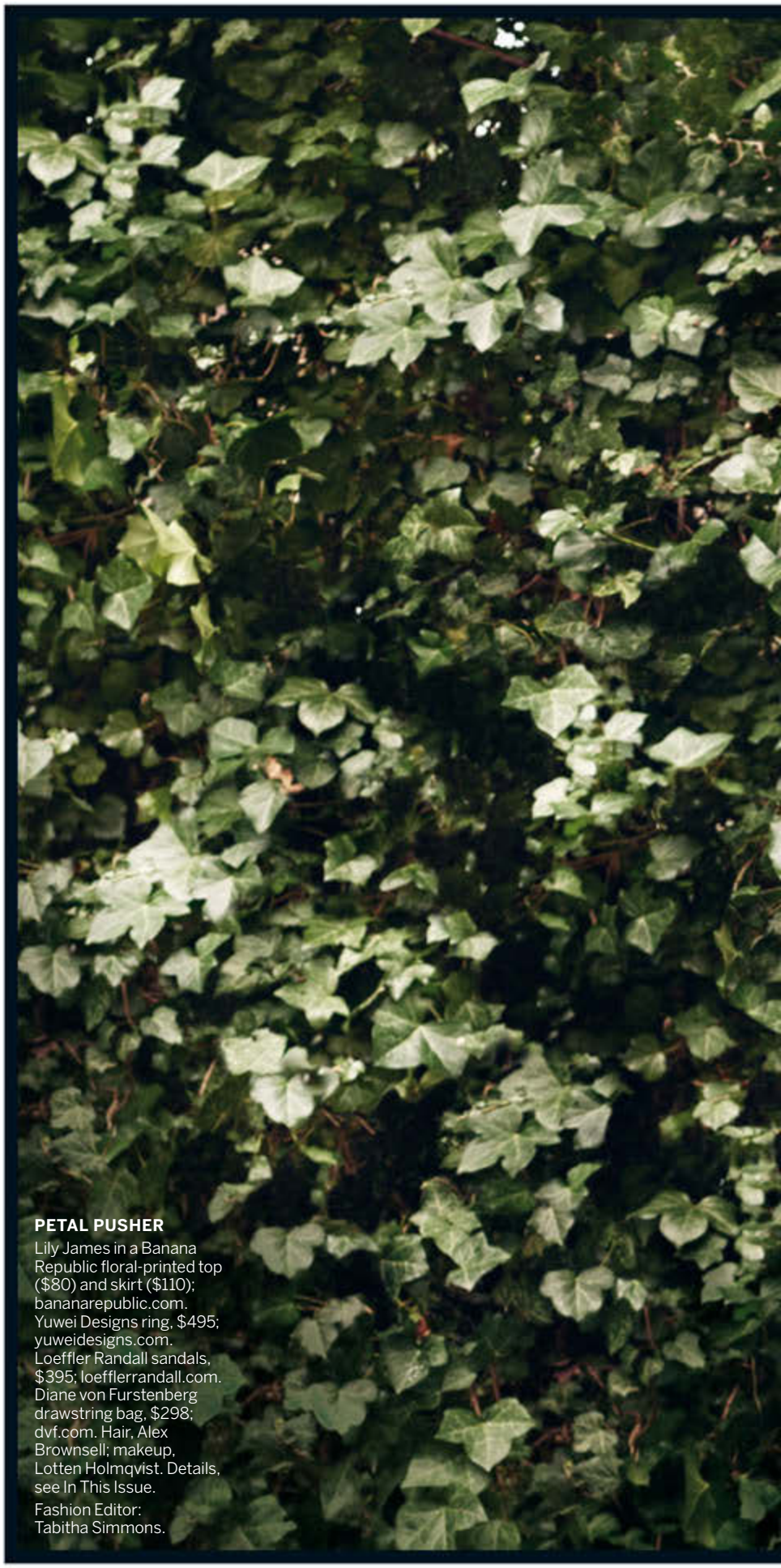
In between costume dramas, Lily James finds a look fit for a lady. Photographed by Scott Trindle.

It's safe to say actress Lily James knows her way around a period costume. Whether it's an iridescent cerulean ball skirt (the one designed by Sandy Powell for James's title role in Disney's live-action *Cinderella*), a Regency corset (to play Elizabeth Bennet in the upcoming madcap *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies*), or a 1920s robe de style dripping in beads (for her best-known role, as the rebellious Lady Rose MacClare on *Downton Abbey*), James has spent much of the current decade in clothes from another era.

The 25-year-old Londoner scoffs at the notion that she might ever grow weary of such long-ago dress. Citing a recent trip to Lithuania, where she had a fitting for the bright colors and furs she'll be wearing in the BBC's adaptation of *War and Peace,* she says, "The costumes make you feel magical. They place you at a point in history and in your character—and they do a lot of the work for you."

The role of Cinderella, of course, also saw James in the more modest attire of a maltreated stepchild—a fact highlighted by the irony that Sophie McShera, who plays the assistant cook Daisy on *Downton,* was cast as one of her wicked stepsisters. "We pretty much swapped roles," James says, laughing. "Suddenly I was taking her plate away and she was doing the posh English accent."

Since James has built such a flourishing career on the idea of looking back, it's a pleasant change to see her here in a modern printed ensemble—albeit one classic enough for Mr. Carson's discerning eye—and strappy leather heels that are a bit less conservative (and, dare we say, a bit more practical) than glass slippers.—**MARK GUIDUCCI**



PETAL PUSHER
Lily James in a Banana Republic floral-printed top ($80) and skirt ($110); bananarepublic.com. Yuwei Designs ring, $495; yuweidesigns.com. Loeffler Randall sandals, $395; loefflerrandall.com. Diane von Furstenberg drawstring bag, $298; dvf.com. Hair, Alex Brownsell; makeup, Lotten Holmqvist. Details, see In This Issue.
Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

STEAL OF THE MONTH



PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR, LONDON. PRODUCED BY LALALAND.



STRIKE UP THE BAND
Make a memory out of graphic and simple blocking—and add a bit of vernal optimism with pale colors. It's a daytime knockout apt for a matinee of ***Chappie,*** the hotly anticipated drama directed by Neill Blomkamp and starring Hugh Jackman and Dev Patel. Model Mica Arganaraz with a Valentino Garavani striped shoulder bag, $2,775; Valentino boutiques. Victoria Beckham clothing and velvet platform sandals.
Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

Holding Pattern

The season's bags are both statement-making and convention-breaking—from studded knapsacks to multiple mash-ups. *Packing a punch* suddenly has an entirely new meaning. Photographed by Willy Vanderperre.



BLUEPRINT
Gridded pastels look great on an outsize cross-body bag. Pack up for the day and swing by **MoMA's "Latin America in Construction"** exhibition for the perfect architectural complement. Model Anna Ewers with a Dior embroidered-chain bag and coatdress; Dior boutiques. Protagonist shirt. Details, see In This Issue.

FULL CIRCLE

Spotted bucket bags make for a chic daytime carrier, ideal for toting poolside. We'll be tucked away at the new **SLS Lux** at **Baha Mar,** the Bahamas' much-anticipated multihotel resort opening this month. Model Amanda Murphy carries Tod's bucket bags with mirrored discs, $1,765 to $2,265; Tod's boutiques. Sacai clothing.





MODERN FLAIR

Urban uniforms have a new key component: cabochon-accented backpacks. Equal parts military and metro-cool, they're the no-brainer portable for perusing the stalls at this year's **Art Basel Hong Kong.** Model Caroline Trentini with Marc Jacobs bags ($2,200 to $3,800), military dress, and boots; Marc Jacobs boutiques. Eugenia Kim marine cap. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

Pair the season's statement pieces with pitch-perfect hair color. L'Oréal Paris EverPure Blonde Brass Banishing Shampoo refines and refreshes with a nourishing sulfate-free formula.



DOWNTOWN RUNAROUND

A bag on a bag—plus, for good measure, a little monster: It all adds up to a spirited look for a night out at **Sessanta,** the new modern Italian restaurant in the former Kittichai space at Sixty SoHo hotel (formerly known as 60 Thompson). Model Andreea Diaconu with Fendi handbag ($4,850), micro bags ($1,100 to $1,550), and mink-and-fox Buggie key ring ($700); Fendi, NYC. Chanel jacket. J. Crew shirt. Victoria Beckham skirt and platforms. Eugenia Kim marine cap.

GIRLS' NIGHT

Snakeskin gets a modish spin when striped across bowler bags—take the smaller one out on the town to catch the Mercury Prize–winning British rockers **alt-J** as they stop by Madison Square Garden this month. Anna with Salvatore Ferragamo handbags, $1,950 to $2,400; Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques. Gucci polo dress and braided belt. Hilfiger Collection hat. In this story: hair, Duffy for Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Yadim. Details, see In This Issue.



PRODUCED BY BRACHFELD NY

SERVES YOU WELL

This month, tennis's **Miami Open** returns to Key Biscayne. Pack a leafy, beachy high sandal. Model Lara Stone wears Giamba platforms, $795; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Dolce & Gabbana bejeweled leather–and–brocade clutch bag ($945) and white silk blouse with black bow; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Versace scarlet-and-black jacquard A-line dress. Loquet London locket necklace, David Yurman rings (on necklace), and rings by Lisa Eisner for Tom Ford and Lisa Eisner Jewelry, worn throughout.

Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.



Touch the Sky

The season's platforms aren't for women with a fear of heights—or attention. Bedazzled with beads, studs, or embroidered blossoms, they're built to stand out in (and above) the crowd. Photographed by Willy Vanderperre.



SCREEN SHOT
Leave a lasting impression with this flashbulb-friendly platform—a fabulous foil to virtuoso media manipulator **Doug Hall's** wildly exuberant exhibition at the **San Francisco Art Institute.** Christian Louboutin suede sandals with flower embroidery; christianlouboutin.com. Details, see In This Issue.



ELEVATED EVENING

An allover floral motif anchored by a wooden platform is a chic proposal for a Broadway opening—say, **Larry David's *Fish in the Dark*.** Giuseppe Zanotti Design python-and-wood platforms; giuseppezanottidesign.com. Erdem floral guipure sleeveless dress.



BELLISSIMO

The blooms on the dress, matched to the trim bag, have the effect of flocked wallpaper; the blooms on the shoes, meanwhile, sizzle with the kind of Italianate flair ideal for a Roman holiday—be sure to stop by the **Avedon show at Larry Gagosian's gallery** there. Dolce & Gabbana brocade-and-leather platforms with crystal detail ($1,395), red-and-white embroidered-cotton box bag ($3,495), and matching dress; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.

SOCK IT TO ME

A comfy clog replete with blocked socks and an embellished trench is an apt statement for a new, hip outpost: the soon-to-be-unveiled **Bklyn House** hotel in Bushwick, Brooklyn. Prada leather–and–rose print silk platforms, clothing, and knee-high socks; select Prada boutiques.





TALL ORDER
Looking for real showstoppers to ornament a big night out? Try these microstudded gold leather platforms for **A Night at Sardi's,** the Alzheimer's Association's annual star-centric musical revue in Beverly Hills. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane double-knot leather platforms, $1,495; Saint Laurent, NYC. In this story: hair, Anthony Turner; makeup, Lynsey Alexander. Produced by Ragi Dholakia Productions. Details, see In This Issue.

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EDITORS: RICKIE DE SOLE AND CYNTHIA SMITH



ROAD-TRIPPERS KLOSS AND SWIFT DOCUMENTED THEIR JAUNT THROUGH NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ON INSTAGRAM.



Floral arrangement by BRRCH, $165; brrch.com. Felicity Jones for Petersham Nurseries ceramic tea light holder, $73; petershamnurseries.com.



Etro top; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

Aurélie Bidermann earrings, $330; Aurélie Bidermann, NYC.

Louise Bourgeois, *Les Fleurs* (2009), gouache on paper; artsy.net.



Love Moschino jeans, $365; Moschino, West Hollywood.

Rag & Bone boots, $525; Rag & Bone stores.

Double TAKES

We asked a few of our favorite power duos—whether friends, sisters, or collaborators—to share what they're most looking forward to this spring.

Taylor Swift and Karlie Kloss

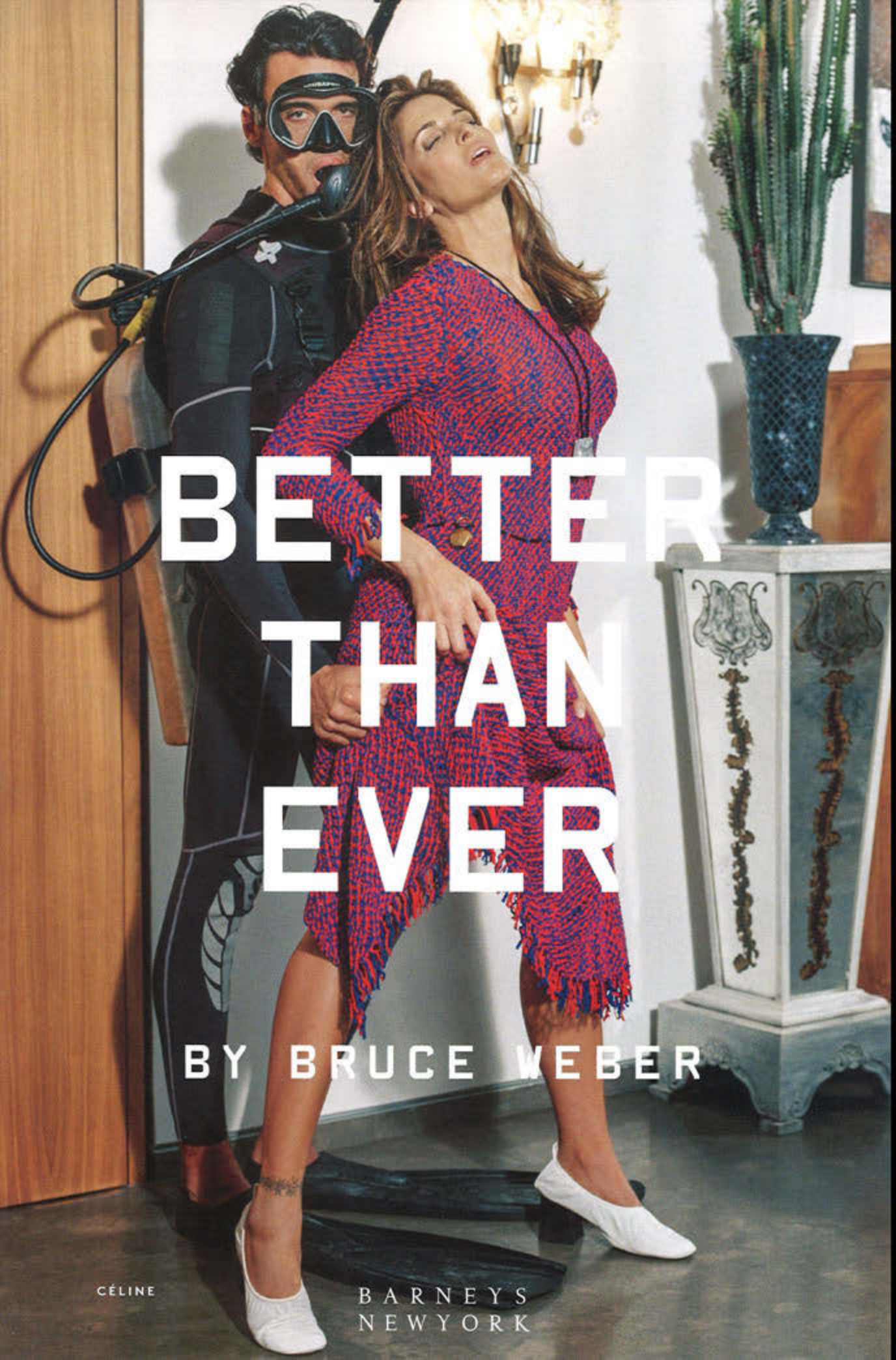
Taylor's travel essentials
"Red lipstick, my cats, and a bag with ankle weights, running shoes, and bands for working out on the road."

Karlie's getaway destination
"Hiking through the cliffs in Big Sur is the best way to de-stress."

Taylor's favorite shoes
"I bought black Prada sky-high platform booties as a celebratory purchase after *1989* came out, and I wear them all the time."

Karlie's spring culture pick
"I'm excited for the new Whitney Museum to open in May—it's around the corner from my house."

KLOSS AND SWIFT: COURTESY OF KARLIE KLOSS/ © INSTAGRAM. ETRO TOP: LUCAS VISSER. EARRINGS: COURTESY OF AURÉLIE BIDERMANN. FLOWERS: COURTESY OF BRRCH. PAINTING: LOUISE BOURGEOIS. *LES FLEURS*, 2009. GOUACHE ON PAPER. 23½" X 18". COURTESY OF CASTERLINE/GOODMAN GALLERY; ASPEN. CO. AVAILABLE AT ARTSY.NET. © THE EASTON FOUNDATION/LICENSED BY VAGA. NEW YORK, NY. JEANS: GORMAN STUDIOS. BOOTS: COURTESY OF RAG & BONE. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

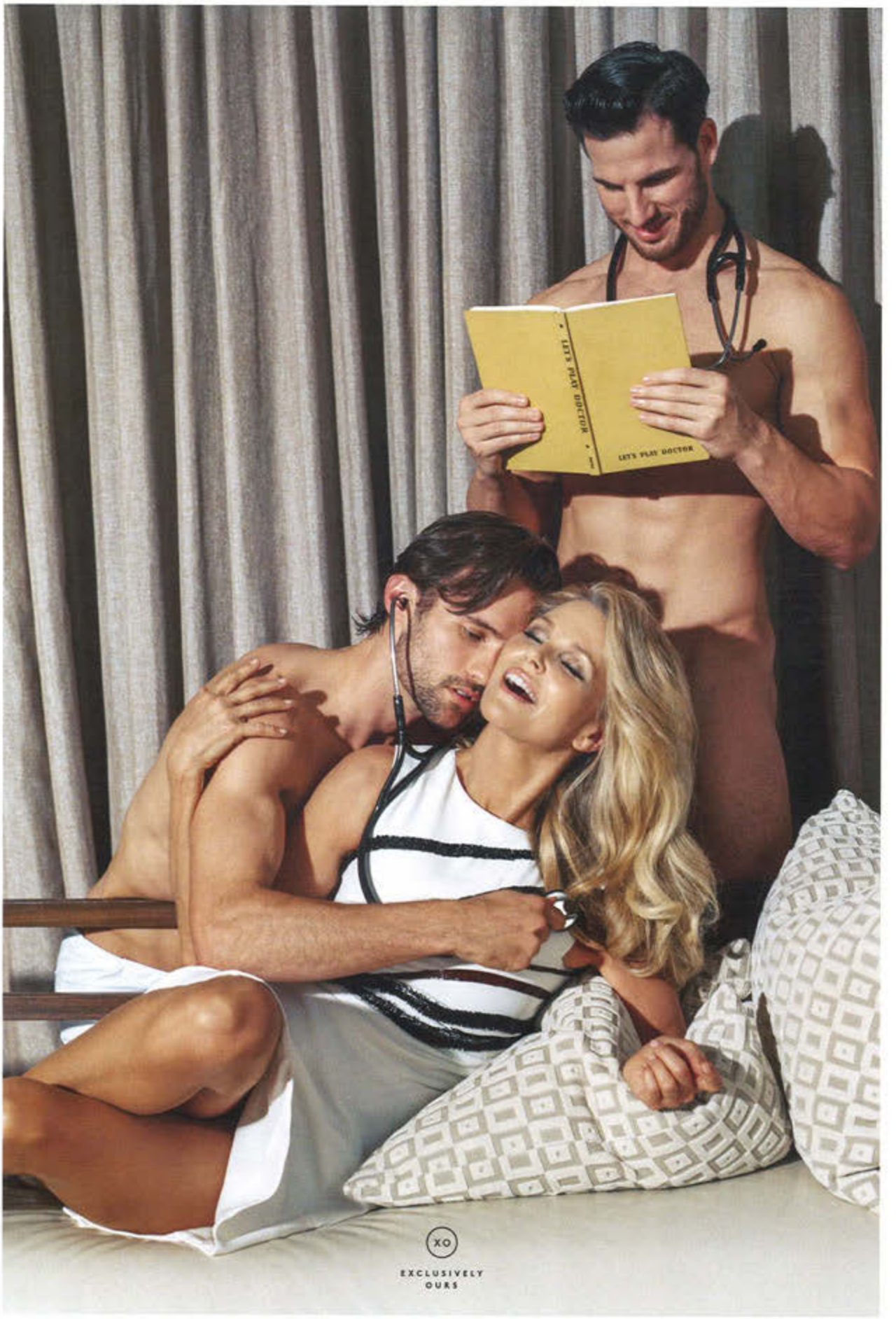

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ELAINE IRWIN AND KIRSTEN OWEN WEAR **DRIES VAN NOTEN**



STEPHANIE SEYMOUR BRANT WEARS **BALENCIAGA**



CHRISTIE BRINKLEY WEARS **NARCISO RODRIGUEZ**



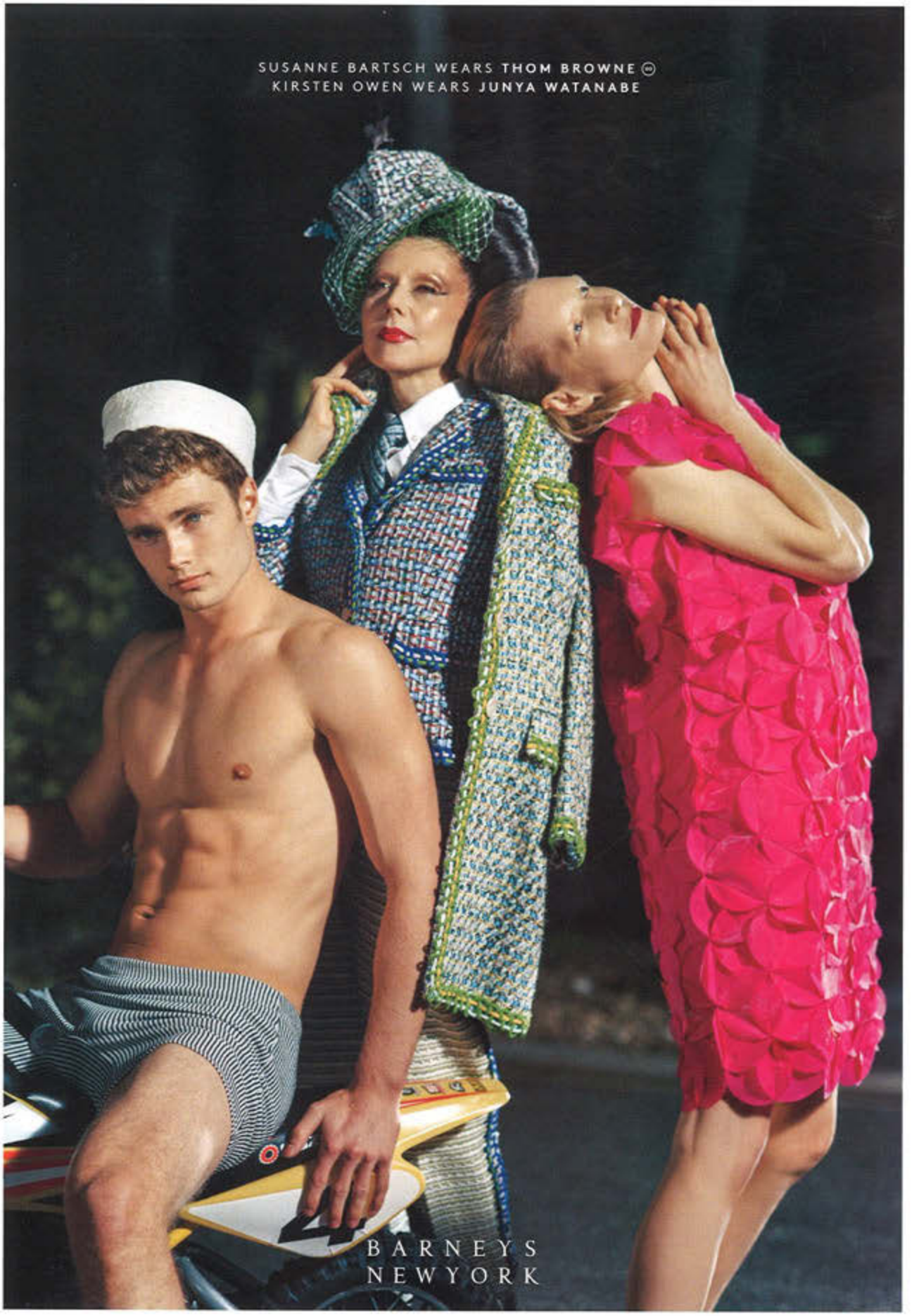
VERONICA WEBB WEARS **CHLOÉ**



ELAINE IRWIN WEARS **ALTUZARRA**



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Bulgari necklace; Bulgari boutiques.

Arpa Handmade card set, $14; mcnallyjacksonstore.com.

Gigi and Bella Hadid

Bella's favorite spring collection
"Everything from Louis Vuitton is wonderful. I die for the button-down leather skirts, as well as the minidresses with high necks and incredible detailing."
Gigi's beauty essentials
"St. Ives apricot face scrub and Chanel moisturizer."
Bella's culture pick
"I'm beyond excited for *Fifty Shades of Grey*."
Gigi's alfresco dining spot
"Gemma or Bar Pitti."

Tome dress, $1,995; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

CH Carolina Herrera sandals, $540; Carolina Herrera, Beverly Hills.



LEAN ON ME GIGI (LEFT) AND BELLA AT A CALVIN KLEIN EVENT.

Nina Ricci clutch, $1,390; ninaricci.com.

Duro Olowu dress; Capitol, Charlotte, NC.

Naomi and Lisa-Kaindé Díaz

Lisa-Kaindé's go-to gadget
"My 35 mm Canon camera—I take photos and video while we are traveling the world."
Naomi's signature scent
"Dior J'Adore because it contains tuberose, which our mother always wears."
Lisa-Kaindé's favorite shoes
"I love my new snake-embossed Nike Air Max 90s."
Naomi's beauty essentials
"YSL Touche Éclat and red lipstick."



MERRY-MAKERS CUBAN-BORN PARISIAN TWINS NAOMI (LEFT) AND LISA-KAINDÉ PERFORM CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUALS WITH THEIR BAND, IBEYI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER, *VOGUE*, 2013.

Antoinette Poisson paper notebooks, from $54; antoinettepoisson.com.

The historic city center of Trinidad, Cuba.

Paul Andrew wedge sandals, $745; stylebop.com.

Hermès picnic bag; Hermès boutiques.

HIGH-HEELED GOLD SANDAL: COURTESY OF CH BY CAROLINA HERRERA. TOME DRESS: GORMAN STUDIOS. GIGI AND BELLA: NEIL RASMUS/BFANYC.COM. TRINIDAD: FABIAN VON POSER/IMAGEBROKER/AGE FOTOSTOCK. PICNIC BAG: COURTESY OF HERMÈS. ALL OTHERS: LUCAS VISSER. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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Petersham Nurseries in Surrey, U.K.

Fendi dress; Fendi, NYC.

Alberto Pinto dinner plate, $495; devinecorp.net.

Miho peony arrangement in John Derian for Astier de Villatte pitcher, $578; johnderian.com.

Venyx ring; net-a-porter.com.

Jimmy Choo espadrilles, $525; jimmychoo.com.

Eugenie Niarchos and Noor Fares

Eugenie's getaway destination
"Rajasthan and the Six Senses Yao Noi retreat in Thailand."
Noor's signature accessory
"My Fly Me to the Moon wing earrings."
Eugenie's favorite spring flower
"Wisteria."
Noor's culture pick
"Francesco Clemente's show at Blain Southern Gallery in London."



CHARMED LIFE
JEWELRY DESIGNERS NIARCHOS (LEFT) AND FARES AT THEIR POP-UP GALACTIC GARDEN LAUNCH AT SHIZARU GALLERY, LONDON.

THE RIGHT STRIPE
SAY LOU LOU SINGERS (AND TWIN SISTERS) MIRANDA (LEFT) AND ELEKTRA IN SYDNEY.

Miranda and Elektra Kilbey

Miranda's favorite artist
"Frida Kahlo."
Elektra's favorite spring flower
"Tulips."
Miranda's bedside-table book
"Brigitte Bardot and the Lolita Syndrome, by Simone de Beauvoir."
Elektra's spring wardrobe inspiration
"Peter Weir's *Picnic at Hanging Rock*."

Rosewood Mayakoba Hotels & Resorts Otomi Tenago table runner, $130; shoplatitude.com.

IRO shorts, $135; IRO, NYC.

Dr. PawPaw multipurpose balm, $10; Urban Outfitters stores.

Ancient Greek Sandals flats, $385; ancientgreeksandals.com.

Maya Brenner necklace, $395; mayabrenner.com.

Salvatore Ferragamo dress; Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC.

PETERSHAM NURSERIES: KEIKO OIKAWA. FENDI: GORMAN STUDIOS. PLATE: JACQUES PEPION. RING: COURTESY OF VENYX. JIMMY CHOO: MARKO MacPHERSON. NIARCHOS AND FARES: GF/BAUERGRIFFINONLINE.COM. BALM: COURTESY OF DR. PAWPAW. MIRANDA AND ELEKTRA: COURTESY OF SAY LOU LOU. SANDALS: COURTESY OF ANCIENT GREEK SANDALS. DRESS: TOM GORMAN. ALL OTHERS: LUCAS VISSER. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



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Diesel moto jacket, $698; Diesel stores.

Elisabeth Weinstock boxing gloves, $1,450; elisabethweinstock.com.

Kendall Jenner and Cara Delevingne

Kendall's spring culture pick
"The *Pan* premiere."
Cara's fantasy destination
"Egypt."
Kendall's home-goods haven
"ABC Carpet & Home."
Cara's go-to gadget
"My GoPro. I love documenting my experiences."

B&O Play H6 special-edition headphones, $399; beoplay.com.

Balmain skirt, $1,645; select Neiman Marcus stores.

Carven handbag, $1,150; carven.com.



PALLING AROUND JENNER (NEAR RIGHT) AND DELEVINGNE AT THE BRITISH FASHION AWARDS.

Kate Spade New York sneakers, $198; (888) 999-5283.



INTO THE DEEP FRIENDS BRANDOLINI D'ADDA (RIGHT) AND NIEDZIELSKI ALSO DESIGN A BEACHWEAR COLLECTION FOR BRAZILIAN LABEL OSKLEN.

Bianca Brandolini d'Adda and Alexia Niedzielski

Alexia's beauty essentials
"I love Stéphane Jaulin products and David Mallett's oil and hair treatments."
Bianca's spring culture pick
"The Venice Biennale—especially because I can stay at my family's house."
Alexia's go-to gadgets
"A selfie stick! And a Jawbone speaker."
Bianca's alfresco dining spot
"Café de Flore in Paris and Harry's Dolci in Venice."

Saffron James paddleboard; saffronjames.com.

Osklen Praia A & B swimsuit, $197; Osklen, Miami.

Alice Cicolini ring; Dover Street Market New York, NYC.

Delphine Delafon bag, $1,025; net-a-porter.com.

Gadisar Lake in Jaisalmer, India.

Lands' End sweater, $199; landsend.com.

CHECK OUT MOST WANTED ON VOGUE.COM FOR MORE INSPIRED ITEMS

LEATHER JACKET: GORMAN STUDIOS. GLOVES: LUCAS VISSER. BRANDOLINI D'ADDA AND NIEDZIELSKI: BIANCA BRANDOLINI D'ADDA/ © INSTAGRAM. PADDLEBOARD: COURTESY OF SAFFRON JAMES. HEADPHONES: COURTESY OF BANG & OLUFSEN. BLUE HANDBAG: COURTESY OF CARVEN. BAG: COURTESY OF DELPHINE DELAFON. JENNER AND DELEVINGNE: DAVID M. BENETT/ © GETTY IMAGES. SKIRT AND SNEAKERS: TOM GORMAN. INDIA: BEYONDMYLENS@HARSH/ © GETTY IMAGES. ALL OTHERS: LUCAS VISSER. DETAILS. SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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BREAKING THE MOLD

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than one person reminded me, a lot more fun.

Small changes in decorum have not gone unnoticed. This is the first White House to use email invitations, to the consternation of some who miss that formal embossed envelope landing in their mailbox. It has been noted that this administration occasionally uses outside event planners, as Bernard did for an A-list dinner in honor of U.K. prime minister David Cameron in 2012. And because the White House is smaller than everyone realizes—the maximum number of people who can be seated comfortably for dinner is 200—the Obamas have taken to erecting big Hollywood-style tents on the South Lawn when they want to include more people than the house allows, which has also inspired some oh-how-gauche grumbling inside the Beltway.

"We have received some criticism for seating couples at the same table," Bernard says. "That didn't used to be done. You don't sit next to your spouse, but if you are at the same table, it does bring a comfort level. And I believe that was part of what Mrs. Obama wanted. It is still the White House, still very historic and traditional, but it doesn't have to be uncomfortable."

Perhaps nothing is more emblematic of how this White House feels so much more inclusive than any before it than Bernard's young team—Deesha Dyer, Pantea Faed, Lauren Kelly, Klevis Xharda, and Elizabeth Pan. Dyer, the deputy social secretary, grew up in a rough neighborhood in West Philadelphia, went to community college at 29, and applied for and got a White House internship at 32. "When I go home to Philly, you would think that *I* was the First Lady," she says. "They have *no* idea. Some of my family have never even been to D.C." The minute Bernard met Dyer, he threw a net over her. "She's serious, but she also has a great sense of humor, and a sense of humor is important in this job. And she's incredibly warm. As soon as we met, she hugged me." He could just as easily have been describing the First Lady, who in January 2013, when I interviewed her for *Vogue,* was full of hugs and laughs herself. In an email she writes, "We host tens of thousands of people at the White House each year, and because of the outstanding behind-the-scenes work of Jeremy and his team, each guest walks away with wonderful memories. . . . I couldn't be prouder of the Social Office."

When I ask Bernard what he thinks the Obamas saw in *him,* he talks for a moment about the importance of having more and different kinds of people get into the White House—that it shouldn't be all repeat guests, the same rich donors that get invited to everything. "And I had some ideas about different ways of doing it, how we can make sure some people aren't constantly getting invited because they're on everyone's lists." He pauses for a moment and then says, "But I would imagine part of it is a trust issue. I was there from the beginning. I was a known quantity. They certainly knew that I was loyal and supportive."

I then ask Bernard if he has any idea what he will do next. He groans. "The good thing about this job—and perhaps the bad thing—is that I am not able to think about the future. One of my predecessors told me that she lost sleep toward the end because people told her she would go on to do great things next, but they never told her what. She warned me that I do have to start thinking about it. I know I do; I just haven't yet. I'm sort of putting my head in the sand."

Could Bernard imagine a world in which (a) Hillary runs, and (b) Hillary wins? What if Madam President is in the West Wing and Bill Clinton and his team are working in the East Wing, the traditional domain of the First Lady? Who is the social secretary if the First Lady is a man? "You know, I gotta tell you," says Bernard, laughing, "I hadn't thought about it." He ponders for a moment. "It would be amazingly different." He pauses again. "When I first started working raising money for Obama, I heard many people say, 'A black man cannot win an election for president.' And he did. And it's amazing. I'm not certain how a woman president will really affect the Social Office—any more or less than how it will affect anything else. But it sure would be interesting to be a fly on the wall." □

TWO FOR THE SHOW

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to exchange nods of solidarity with our neighbors. "This is the last song of the night," she continues. "No one's gonna judge you for how you dance during this song. New York City, are you ready?" The place goes nuts.

Swift returns to her apartment well past midnight, orders sushi, and sets up a makeshift photo booth to host what seems like every famous person in music. She has invited all her fellow performers (Iggy Azalea, Charli XCX, Ariana Grande, Sam Smith, Nick Jonas), along with other friends ranging from Kloss to Abigail Anderson—Swift's best friend since freshman year of high school in suburban Hendersonville, Tennessee—to Justin Timberlake and Jay Z and Beyoncé. "I have, like, 20 different people flying in," Swift had told me the day before. "My friends are staying in every room." Her mother, Andrea, however—who flew in from Nashville earlier laden with decorations now draped over mirrors and mantels, with every window in the place (I lose count at fifteen) garlanded as well—isn't there. "I think a twenty-fifth birthday, no mother should be there," Andrea told me. "You need to know when to step away."

The next time I catch up with Swift, she's still in her PJs at 11:15 on a perfect sunny January morning at her house in Beverly Hills. In the month since I saw her turn 25 she's become the proud owner of a bejeweled necklace (a birthday gift from Dunham) bearing the image of her kitten Olivia; danced like crazy with Beyoncé and the Haim sisters at a Justin Timberlake concert in Brooklyn; bought the shirt off Hugh Jackman's back (giving $6,000 to the Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS charity in the process) while seeing him perform on Broadway with her family; sent out a large batch of gift packages to her fans, one of which included a Swift painting of flowers and a check for $1,989 to help pay off a student loan; and rung in the New Year onstage in Times Square in front of a million people live and a billion more on TV and the Web. Since she's been out West, though, she's been doing what she can to catch up with friends, including "a lot of cooking nights," hiking with Lorde, and wandering around Catalina Island eating ice cream with her girlfriends and her dad. When Lorde sounded stressed about going to the Golden Globes, Swift showed up in support wearing a bright-yellow dress (in honor of Lorde's nominated song, "Yellow Flicker Beat"). "We just turned it into a girls' night," Swift says over the phone.

For both today and the foreseeable future, though, Swift is going to be all business getting ready for the *1989* world tour, which kicks off May 5 in Tokyo. There's a set list to finalize, and wardrobe and production design to approve, and choreography to learn. She insists she's not nearly as awkward a dancer as she pretends to be in the "Shake It Off" video: "If I get serious about choreography, I will learn it and I'll do it correctly—most of the time," she says.

Looking back on what's been both a tumultuous and momentous time in her life, Swift says she and her family "had a lot of moments where we would look at each other and say, 'Wow—I can't believe people got it.' You only hope for

things like this." She's been trying to take it all as it comes. "I don't get so caught up in the work that I don't appreciate the crazy, incredible, astonishing, joyous success that's happened," she says. "Putting pressure on yourself is good, but putting unnecessary stress on yourself is bad—so I don't worry that I haven't started the next record yet. I don't worry that I don't know what it's going to be. I'm not worried that I have absolutely no timetable as to when it needs to be done. It could be two years from now; it could be three, it could be four. Or it could be one. You get these bursts of inspiration right at the moment you're not expecting to. You just have to live your life, and hopefully you'll take the right risks."

Kloss, for her part, has been maintaining the kind of schedule that would seem to require its own air-traffic controller. After a short break back home in St. Louis, she's been back and forth to Paris twice in early January alone as part of her new job as a L'Oréal Paris spokesperson; to the Florida Keys for a Bruce Weber shoot; and to L.A. and Paris again for L'Oréal. Next up: back to L.A. for the Oscars before ramping up for Fashion Weeks in New York, Milan, and Paris. "In moderation it can be really fun," says Kloss, who's cut the 60 shows she used to walk at the start of her career down to a fraction of that. "For me, runway is an opportunity to perform."

She's also practically bursting to tell me some big news: She's been accepted to NYU's Gallatin School of Individualized Study. (NYU alum Christy Turlington Burns wrote her letter of recommendation.) "I was waiting for the mail to arrive every single day," she says. "It's something that I've wanted to do for a very long time." Kloss doesn't yet know what she'll study; for now, she's just excited to be taking classes. "I'll still be working full-time," she says. "I'm incredibly ambitious and have lots of goals within my career that I'm not slowing down on anytime soon."

Swift says she and her friends don't talk much about work. "The fun thing about my friends is that they don't necessarily know a lot about what I do business-wise," she says. The first time Kloss ever saw Swift pick up a guitar and noodle around on it was during the photo shoot for this story. "I'm not one of those singers who's always like, 'Look at me!' " says Swift. "I'm not the person who grabs the guitar at a party and wants all the attention. I have attention on me enough, so I want my friends to just like me because we have things in common rather than me sitting in a corner being like, 'Listen to this song that I wrote about my life!' "

No matter how busy they are, though, Swift and Kloss continue to make time for each other. Swift recently had Kloss over to her place for a night of cooking pasta with model Martha Hunt, stylist Ashley Avignone, and Tavi Gevinson. A few days later that same group went to dinner at Ralph Lauren's restaurant, the Polo Bar, in midtown. ("The French fries were delicious," says Kloss.)

Kloss says that bringing together disparate women from different industries may be Swift's most unsung talent. "I've met a lot of really great girls through Taylor. She's incredible at connecting people who might not normally meet. We're all in different jobs, but we've become strong friends who are there for each other—a sisterhood of girls, a support team. But we're also just normal 20-something girls, and I think you have to have people that you can be that with. You know, real friends are hard to find—and Taylor's a real friend. There's nothing better." □

A PERSON OF INTEREST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 539

the Moscow airport, trying to help set up a defense fund for Snowden: Scrambling only makes things difficult. Next time a figure like Snowden emerges—and they seem convinced there will be a next time—they want to mobilize in an instant. "We already have bank accounts set up," she tells the others, sounding confident. "We can go within a matter of days, if not hours. . . ."

Edward Snowden's arrival into Sarah Harrison's life in June 2013 was not unlike his arrival on the world scene—which is to say mind-spinningly sudden. Harrison was in Melbourne, Australia, on WikiLeaks business. Assange, who had been in touch with Snowden, called her on a Monday morning. Given the time difference, "I thought he was talking about the mountain in Wales," Harrison admits, referring to Mount Snowdon, a legendary peak in the U.K. As Melbourne was relatively close to Hong Kong and Harrison had a working knowledge of the city, she was dispatched immediately and secretly to canvass foreign embassies to see which countries might be amenable to granting Snowden asylum.

She laughs, recalling the moment she flew to Hong Kong, saying she left half her luggage in Melbourne, thinking she'd return shortly. Meanwhile, nearly two years later, she hasn't been back, nor has she gone to England, where the rest of her belongings reside. "I've got clothes everywhere," she says.

Harrison says that for the thirteen days in Hong Kong, she consulted with various lawyers about the complexities of Snowden's situation, and Assange, meanwhile, worked his connections in the Ecuadoran government to obtain diplomatic protection for the NSA leaker's travels. WikiLeaks, she says, booked more than a dozen different flights for Harrison and Snowden, hoping to throw off any pursuers. "We also got Snowden to buy a ticket to India on his own credit card," Harrison says. "We were working very hard to lay as many false trails as possible." It was an excruciatingly anxious time. "I just kept hoping the tickets would be OK'd," she says. She passed her parents' phone number on to one of the lawyers, asking that they be contacted if something went wrong.

"She really put herself on the line," says Laura Poitras, who filmed Snowden in his hotel room until the day after he revealed his identity publicly, at which point she had to back off in order not to jeopardize him. "I was being tailed," she says. "The risks became very great." Harrison had the right mix of steeliness and conviction to get him out of Hong Kong. "She's extremely intelligent," Poitras says, "and tenacious. And very motivated by her principles."

Harrison says she didn't actually meet Snowden until they climbed into a car together on Sunday morning to head to the airport. Harrison was dressed in jeans and flip-flops. Snowden, too, looked casual. The idea was that they might pass for a young couple headed off on vacation. On the drive, they said very little. "I was just so nervous and concentrated on the next steps," she remembers.

They boarded the Moscow-bound Aeroflot plane, and it wasn't until the plane was airborne that Snowden turned to her and spoke what was almost his first complete sentence: "I didn't expect that WikiLeaks was going to send a ninja to get me out."

Harrison says that she and Snowden disembarked in Moscow and went to check in for their next flight, which is when they learned of his canceled passport. Citing "security reasons," she won't provide specific details about where they stayed during the days that ensued, saying only that they shared a single, windowless room, did their laundry in the sink, watched movies on their laptops, and quickly grew tired of airport food. "If I have to ever eat another Burger King meal, I'll die," she says. The intimacy of the situation may have been uncomfortable, but it was also deliberate. "If anything untoward happened to him, I CONTINUED ON PAGE 600

was there as a witness," Harrison says, adding that WikiLeaks, with its ability to reach a vast global audience, served as a form of protection. "We would have made sure that the world knew." She claims to have wandered the airport terminals freely, despite the roving media. "For girls, it's a bit easier to fit in," she tells me, saying that putting her curly hair into a bun served as enough of a disguise.

Harrison describes having a collegial friendship with Snowden. What pains her most are the accusations that he betrayed his country. Both she and Snowden have said that he was approached by Russian intelligence agents during their time at Sheremetyevo, but that he turned them away. "The last thing in the world he is," Harrison says, "is a traitor and a spy." She jokingly describes how Snowden quoted the U.S. Constitution so often in their conversations about the NSA's overreaching programs that it ultimately grew annoying. "It got to the point where I was like, 'All right, all right, the Constitution!' " More seriously she adds, "He's the strongest patriot of any American I've ever met."

Jacob Appelbaum, an American journalist and computer-security researcher who is based in Berlin, says that Harrison is something of an unsung hero. "She really saved Snowden's life," he says, noting that she's now "basically in exile" in Berlin. "It's a heavy price to pay."

Snowden himself is aware that it was, in part, Harrison's commitment to his cause that got him out of peril. In an email sent from Russia, he tells me that his lawyers initially informed him that it was dangerous for anybody at all to help him, that "anyone within a three-mile radius is going to get hammered." But still, Harrison stepped forward. She could have left Moscow at any time but chose instead to stay—not for days or even weeks but for months. This, according to Snowden, is in keeping with her character. "In the face of very real risks, Sarah refuses to allow intimidation to shape her decisions," he writes. "If you forced her to choose between disowning her principles or being burned at the stake, I think she'd hand you a match."

On my final night in Berlin, I join Harrison for the German premiere of *Citizenfour,* which is held in a beautiful theater near Alexanderplatz and packed with people from Berlin's tech and activist communities. Among them, Harrison, wearing a skirt and a pair of dangly earrings, is a minor celebrity, accepting hugs and handshakes. Laura Poitras is also on hand, looking modest and a bit drained. The film has already had premieres in London, Los Angeles, and New York, and is due to air on HBO at the end of February.

If there's cynicism in the Berlin crowd regarding Snowden, it's impossible to detect. Germany, in general, has shown more receptivity to Snowden's cause than other countries, particularly the U.S., where opinions remain divided. There are reports of German homes displaying signs that read, I HAVE A BED FOR ED.

As the theater lights dim, Harrison puts on a pair of eyeglasses and sinks down in her seat. Someone hands her a glass of champagne, which she sips slowly in the darkness as the film starts to roll, and after a time, Edward Snowden's face appears on the screen. The film is shot almost entirely inside a Hong Kong hotel room. Snowden comes across as thoughtful, intelligent, committed, and also under mounting duress. It leaves off at almost precisely the moment Harrison steps in.

Next to me, Harrison says nothing until the movie is over and the audience is applauding wildly, clearly won over by the whistle-blower's audacity. When I ask if the man on-screen reflects the man with whom she went on to spend four months, whose plight decidedly changed her own, she nods her head. "That's him," she says. "Exactly." Earlier, she'd told me that part of the reason she stayed with Snowden was to help him become a symbol, to demonstrate to others that it's possible to speak out and still live freely. There was a touch of triumph in her voice as she said it. "I'm not saying Snowden's got the best situation in the world," she said. "But basically, he's free." □

THE REAL DEAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 543

slack for each other where it's needed, but she doesn't want to outsource mothering, so she's very involved."

Jared's brother, Joshua, has his own venture-capital firm and was an early investor in Instagram. Today he's building a digital health-insurance portal called Oscar. He is also dating Karlie Kloss ("Two for the Show," page 512). This gives some sense of the intersecting worlds that Jared and Ivanka travel in: fashion, finance, media, art, real estate, technology, society—all jumbled up together. ("Between her and Jared," says Johanna Murphy, "they know *everybody.*") It is perhaps too glib to compare them to Donald and Ivana, but it is irresistible nonetheless. In some ways they are the twenty-first-century analog to the It Power Couple that her parents were during the go-go eighties. "If you don't see it," says Don, Jr., "you're clearly missing something. Jared is a very impressive guy; the deals that he's doing are very big. She's doing the same thing. They're both very social. There are definitely quite a few similarities. But I would say Jared and Ivanka are centered in a more low-key, contemporary, family way. I think they don't need to be as sort of . . . out there in the more outlandish eighties way that my parents were."

When I bring this up to Ivanka, she sighs. "I saw the glamour and the excitement that surrounded my parents. Rooms would hush when they'd walk in. But I think for Jared and me, it's more about real relationships. I always prefer smaller groups."

Two of the people who are often in those smaller groups are Chelsea Clinton and her husband, Marc Mezvinsky. "She's always aware of everyone around her and ensuring that everyone is enjoying the moment," says Chelsea. "It's an awareness that in some ways reminds me of my dad, and his ability to increase the joy of the room. There's nothing skin-deep about Ivanka. And I think that's a real tribute to her because certainly anyone as gorgeous as she is could have probably gone quite far being skin-deep." Or, as Jared will tell me later, "There's not a lot of bullshit in Ivanka's life. Living through everything that she saw as a kid, she has a very good filter on what's real, what's not, what's worthwhile, and what's not. We both work very hard to not allow things that aren't meaningful into our lives."

Eventually, we head to the Trump SoHo, where Ivanka and Jared are being interviewed for a Milken Institute event for other young professionals who hope to become . . . oh, let's just call them movers and shakers. Afterward, the three of us head down to the Koi restaurant in the lobby for a drink. Because we are with Ivanka, who designed this hotel, the waiter just starts bringing food to the table: edamame, followed by tuna sashimi, and finally some Kobe-beef dumplings. "I don't eat raw fish; I should have told them," Ivanka says to Jared. "I'm going to have to hoard the edamame." And then to me. "And we don't eat meat. . . . Or, well, we keep kosher." I had been reluctant to bring up the subject of Ivanka's conversion to Judaism, but now I don't have to. "I always shied away from it being a public conversation because it's such a personal thing," she says. "We're pretty observant, more than some, less than others. I just feel like it's such an intimate thing for us." And then she says, "It's been such a great life decision for me. I am very modern, but I'm also a very traditional person, and I

think that's an interesting juxtaposition in how I was raised as well. I really find that with Judaism, it creates an amazing blueprint for family connectivity."

"Also the ritual for us having Sabbath," says Jared.

"Yeah, we observe the Sabbath," says Ivanka, sipping her lychee martini. "From Friday to Saturday we don't do anything but hang out with one another. We don't make phone calls."

"Ivanka's such a type A," says Jared. "She just gets it done. But she said, 'If we're going to do Shabbos, I'm going to cook.' She never cooked before in her life, and became a great cook. So for Friday, she'll make dinner for just the two of us, and we turn our phones off for 25 hours. Putting aside the religious aspect of it; we live in such a fast-paced world."

"It's an amazing thing when you're so connected," his wife adds, "to really sign off. And for Arabella to know that she has me, undivided, one day a week? We don't do anything except play with each other, hang out with one another, go on walks together. Pure family."

Earlier in the day, when I asked Ivanka about what it's like being married to Jared, she said, "You realize in life not that many things matter that much, but your choice of spouse is really everything. I am running a thousand miles a minute, and so is he, but none of it really matters. And I wouldn't be able to do any of it if I didn't have somebody who cared about me and had my best interests in mind. If I was married to somebody who, even if beneath the surface, didn't like the fact that I work so hard or didn't support my ambitions for myself or felt self-conscious about my last name . . . I think it would be very hard to build a solid foundation on that." □

ANCHORS AWEIGH

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Barlow and producer-songwriter Eliot Kennedy, and hallucinatory sets by Scott Pask (*It's Only a Play*). Diane Paulus, whose recent circus-themed revival of *Pippin* showed her gift for exploring the intersection of showbiz razzle-dazzle and psychological realism, directs. "It's a love letter to the theater that depicts the ups and downs—and all the hair that gets pulled out—in the creation of something remarkable," Paulus says. "When J. M. Barrie wrote *Peter Pan,* it was avant-garde; *Finding Neverland* asks, 'How far do you have to go—and how much faith do you have to rely on—to support something risky and different?' "

The answer, based on the show's history: a lot. If it's about the power of imagination and belief, no one has shown more of both—along with steamroller-like tenacity—than its producer, without whom *Finding Neverland* would never have found its way to Broadway. Weinstein commissioned a blue-chip creative team—Allan Knee, who wrote the play that the movie was based on; the songwriting team of Scott Frankel and Michael Korie (*Grey Gardens*); and the director/choreographer Rob Ashford (*How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*)—for what became a 2012 production at the Curve Theatre in Leicester, England, with Julian Ovenden as Barrie. Despite the show's inventive stagecraft and soaring music, Weinstein scrapped it from top to bottom and brought in a new creative team when critics found it simply too earthbound. This updated version, starring Jeremy Jordan (*Smash*) as Barrie, played to mixed reviews (and record-breaking audiences) at the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, Massachusetts, last summer. Its current Broadway incarnation, meanwhile, features a new opening number, new songs, a revamped script, more lavish sets, and, in Morrison, a new leading man. Paulus's description of steering the ship toward New York captures the central theme of both *Peter Pan* and *Finding Neverland:* "You start from this infinite sense of time and dreams," she says, "and then pretty quickly the clock starts ticking, and every step of the journey you're battling time."

Morrison is looking forward not just to letting his song-and-dance flag fly but to delving into the character of Barrie, a complex man who first came up with the idea of Neverland at age six after the death of his beloved older brother. "That was when he lost his boyhood—he had to grow up at that moment—and it's so inspiring to see him, as an adult, discovering the spark of creation and imagination and play that he never got to experience growing up," Morrison says. "It's funny—he writes a play about a boy who won't grow up, and grows up himself in the process."

As he gets set to return to Broadway, Morrison is reconnecting with his own inner child—one who fell in love with singing and dancing onstage at age ten when he starred in a show at summer camp. Of course, after six seasons in the groves of television, getting his voice in shape for eight shows a week requires more than just make-believe, and so he's spent the past year taking singing lessons, doing daily vocal exercises, and giving a series of concerts around the country with various symphony orchestras—most recently at Carnegie Hall with his *Light in the Piazza* and *South Pacific* costar Kelli O'Hara. And while Broadway may not be Neverland and the stage may only give the illusion of stopping time, as Morrison says, "It's the place where I feel most at home, and I don't think I realized that until I went off and did a TV show. The chance to deepen your performance night after night, and the connection that you can make with a live audience—I've missed it so much, and I can't wait to get that rush again. Honestly, I find no greater joy in my life." □

REGARDING BEAUTY

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Richard Prince, and many others. A large-scale model of Frank Gehry's Arles tower fills an entire room.

In house number two, built by Robert Adam and once inhabited by Edwin Lutyens, we meet Buchthal, who's just back from Los Angeles. He's an affable, quick-witted guy with a strong New York accent. "I gather you've been tailing her all week," he says to me. I say it's been like being in a whirlwind within a whirlwind. "Tell me about it," he says with a grin. Maja's upscale bohemian taste for eccentric colors and combinations, modernist but lush, lends a natural warmth to the classical interiors. Everything is generously scaled, welcoming. We sit down for tea and a final stab at conversation. How, I ask her, would she describe her mission with LUMA, the Arles project, and everything else she's doing?

"I understand why you want to define things," she says, "but I don't think in those terms. At LUMA Arles, we are thinking about what the museum of the twenty-first century should be. This is what the Tate is trying to do, what MoMA is sometimes forgetting to do, and what the New Museum is talking about doing."

Maja's open-ended approach coincides with the way artists are now breaking down barriers between disciplines and expanding definitions of art, so that art can have a more direct impact on social issues. "I believe that it's artists who can speak and react more quickly to the problems of our time," Maja says. "What I want is to continue the discourse on art, and on how the world is changing, and to help make projects happen that stand little chance to exist otherwise.

"I'd like to play an active part in those projects," she continues. "I like to shape things. Remember, I come from a family of architects. When I was 40, I had my first child. When I turned 50, I remember thinking, I know what I want to do. I want to do Arles." As she nears 60, it's clear to anyone close to her that the end is nowhere in sight. □

in this issue

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HUSTLE AND FLOW

479: Dress, $6,435. Cuff bracelet, $530; Marni boutiques. Bag, $9,600; Proenza Schouler, NYC. Wolford tights, $55; wolford.com. Sandals, price upon request; select Prada boutiques. **480:** Sandals, $1,495; Saint Laurent, NYC. **481:** Necklace, $455. Sandals, price upon request; select Prada boutiques. **482:** Bag, $1,900; Céline boutiques. **483:** Blouse, skirt, and hat, priced upon request. Belt, price upon request; select Miu Miu boutiques. Sandals, $1,095; Saint Laurent, NYC. **484:** Pants, price upon request. **485:** Coat and top, priced upon request. Skirt, $17,500. Belt, $200; Jutta Neumann New York, NYC. Socks, $140; select Prada boutiques. **486:** Jacket and pants, priced upon request. Silver-and-malachite bead bracelet, $1,175; Derek Lam, NYC. Silver-tone bracelet, $715; similar styles at Balenciaga, NYC. Silver loop bracelet, $168; Trademark, NYC. Cuff bracelet, price upon request; (800) 929-DIOR. Pilar Olaverri for Derek Lam silver-and-malachite bead ring, $750, Derek Lam, NYC. Pushmataaha sterling silver ring, $210; pushmataaha.com. **487:** Blouse ($8,250) and pants ($7,000). Hat, $990: Saint Laurent, NYC. Bow with necktie, price upon request; Max Mara, NYC. **488:** Dress, $6,290. **489:** Bangles, about $220 each; pebblelondon.com. In this story: manicure, Ama Quashie.

LIGHT BRIGADE

490–491: On Nda: Chiffon dress, $6,875. Hat, $990; Saint Laurent, NYC. On Jones: Cotton voile dress, $7,415. On Hammam: Chiffon dress, $6,875. Straw hat, $495; (212) 268-3774. On Firth: Chiffon dress, $7,320. On Williams: Chiffon dress, $7,545; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. On Newman: Cotton voile dress, $5,845. On all: Wolford bodysuits, $195 each; wolford.com. **492:** From left: Dress, $8,400. Wool tights, $74; shopbop.com. Boots, $258; thefryecompany.com. Printed dress, $10,500. Embroidered dress, $9,300. **493:** Silver bracelets ($895–$3,195) and boots ($1,495); Saint Laurent, NYC. **494–495:** On Newman: Embroidered cutout dress, $7,990. On Williams: Silk dress, price upon request. On Jones: Embroidered cutout dress, $6,990. On Hammam: Lace jumpsuit, $5,395. Tights, $55 each; wolford.com. **496:** Dresses, priced upon request. From left: Rag & Bone boots, $595; Rag & Bone stores. The Frye Company boots, $258; thefryecompany.com. **497:** Blouse ($7,450) and skirt ($11,650). **498:** Dress, price upon request. **499:** Dress, $6,290. Silver-and-onyx pendant necklace ($1,595) and silver bracelets ($895–$3,195); Saint Laurent, NYC. Boots, $1,195; tabithasimmons.com. Blanket, $139; onekingslane.com. **500–501:** From left: Halter dress, $12,500. Skirt, $8,990. Saint Laurent boots, $970; Saint Laurent, NYC. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane boots, $970; Saint Laurent, NYC. Long-sleeved dress, $15,500. Peplum dress, $8,400. Silk dress, price upon request.

MOOD INDIGO

502: Necklace, $430; Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Wedges, $975; Lanvin, NYC. **503:** Watch, $165; timex.com. Boots, price upon request; select Prada boutiques. **504:** Earrings, $62; saintvintage.com. **505:** Earrings, $320; miriamhaskell.com. Necklace, $420; dannijo.com. Bracelet, $978; net-a-porter.com. Flats, $625, select Jimmy Choo boutiques. **506:** Trench coat, price upon request. Cuff bracelet, $595; robertleemorris.com. Pumps, price upon request; select Prada boutiques. On Smith: Coat, $3,130; select Prada boutiques. Shirt, $630; Tom Ford, NYC. Jeans $275; burberry.com. Shoes, $820; church-footwear.com. **507:** Skirt, price upon request; select Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren stores. Necklace, $820; select Marni boutiques. Bag, $2,900; select Chanel boutiques. **508–509:** Coat, $3,130; select Prada boutiques. **510:** Blouse and shorts, priced upon request. Earrings, $975. Boots, $1,390. **511:** Pins ($195–$210), miriamhaskell.com. On Smith: Coat, $5,730; Tom Ford, NYC. Shirt, $550; Gucci, NYC. In this story: manicure, Rieko Okusa.

TWO FOR THE SHOW

512–513: On Kloss: Dress ($3,990) and belt ($690); Saint Laurent, NYC. Sunglasses, $525; select Barneys New York stores. 18K gold–and–diamond ring $3,700; Cartier boutiques. Fujifilm Instax Mini 90 camera, $199; amazon.com. On Swift: V-neck sweater ($3,190) and studded belt ($1,660); Saint Laurent, NYC. Sunglasses, $155; sunglasshut.com. **514–515:** On Kloss: Bra top ($895) and skirt ($1,795); donnakaran.com. On Swift: Dress, $10,000; Bottega Veneta boutiques. **516–517:** On Swift: Dress, $5,865; Curve, L.A. On Kloss: Tank top ($895) and skirt ($4,200); Marc Jacobs stores. On her left hand: 14K-gold ring with diamonds, $398; sarahchloe.com. Tiffany & Co. 18K-gold T bracelets, $1,100–$3,000; tiffany.com. Phyne by Paige Novick open bangle with diamonds, $1,150; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **518–519:** On Swift: Dress, $8,990; Valentino, NYC. On Kloss: Shirt ($1,750) and pants ($1,250); select Gucci stores. **520–521:** On Kloss: Rodarte silk chiffon blouse, price upon request; shopbop.com. On Swift: David Yurman signet ring, $3,500; David Yurman, NYC. **522–523:** On Kloss:

Cardigan ($1,350) and dress ($5,000); Bottega Veneta boutiques. On Swift: Shirt ($595) and skirt ($9,995); select Michael Kors stores. 18K-gold X ring with diamonds, $4,345; twistonline.com. Double-band ring, $90; goldenthreadshop.com. **524–525:** On Swift: Dress, price upon request; Vera Wang, NYC. On Kloss: Dress, price upon request; marchesa.com. Bracelets, $3,000–$6,480; bergdorfgoodman.com. **526–527:** On Kloss: Dress ($11,690) and sandals ($850); Oscar de la Renta boutiques. On Swift: Bandeau ($2,790) and skirt ($8,190); Oscar de la Renta boutiques. 18K-gold heart charm with diamonds, $800; David Yurman, NYC. In this story: manicure, Deborah Lippmann.

BRINGING BACK THE MAGIC

530–531: On Ju: Double-breasted wool trouser suit, goat-fur belt, fur armbands, and platform Mary Jane shoes; all priced upon request. On Williams: Wool coat, price upon request. On Hartzel: Embroidered wool coat, chiffon top, sequined bra, denim shorts, high-waisted knickers, and ankle-strap platform shoes, all priced upon request. On Boling: Bustier dress and velvet ankle-strap platform shoes; priced upon request. On Liljegren: Wool dress and platform shoes, priced upon request. **534:** On Williams: Tweed-and-silk dress, hand-painted gloves, and platform shoes. On Ju: Embroidered A-line coat, latex stockings, and platform Mary Jane shoes. On Boling: Wool jacket, embroidered skirt, bodysuit, brooch, feathered headdress, and platform shoes. All priced upon request. In this story: manicure, Marian Newman.

A PERSON OF INTEREST

536: Gabardine trench coat, $1,995; burberry.com.

THE REAL DEAL

540–541: Dress, $5,195; Dover Street Market New York. DB Classic stud earrings, price upon request; debeers.com. Altuzarra ankle-strap sandals, $995; theline.com. In this story: manicure, Megumi Yamamoto.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

544–545: On Morrison: Vest (price upon request) and shirt ($225); billyreid.com. Tie, $215; select Ralph Lauren stores. On Gemme: Albertus Swanepoel hat, $325; (212) 629-1090. In this story: manicure, Megumi Yamamoto.

NATIONAL TREASURE

547: Coat, $1,890; Saint Laurent, NYC. Jeans, $108; jcrew.com.

TASTE OF THE TOWN

558–559: Dress ($3,780) and necklace ($710); dress at modaoperandi.com and necklace at Marni boutiques. **560–561:** Top, $7,450; similar styles at Balenciaga, NYC. Glass pearl–and–strass cuff bracelet ($3,550) and strass cuff bracelet ($2,650); Chanel boutiques. **562:** Dress, price available upon request; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Single chain ear cuff, $525; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. **563:** Dress, $925; Alexander Wang, NYC. Platform sandals, price upon request; select Prada boutiques. **564–565:** Dress ($11,450) and python belt ($1,195); Alexander McQueen, NYC.

THE BIG CHILL

566–567: Bodysuit, $380; acnestudios.com. Leather gloves, $86; leatherglovesonline.com. Wolford socks, $27; wolford.com. Sandals, $695; select Neiman Marcus stores.

STEAL OF THE MONTH

570–571: Manicure, Sophy Robson. The House Next Door, Castle Gibson, www.castlegibson.com.

WHAT TO WEAR WHERE

572: Safari shirt ($1,595), high-waisted skirt ($1,450), and sandals ($1,695); clothing at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, and sandals at net-a-porter.com. **573:** Chain bag ($6,900) and jacquard coat-dress ($3,600). Cotton shirt, $440; Max, Aspen, CO. **574:** Overcoat with chiffon blouse ($1,363) and pleated chiffon skirt ($658); Sloan/Hall, Houston. **575:** Silk military dress ($1,600) and boots ($1,290). Cap, price upon request; (212) 993-6491. **576:** Rabbit, mink, and fox Buggie key ring. Cotton whipcord jacket, $4,750; select Chanel boutiques. Shirt, $78; similar styles at jcrew.com. Skirt ($1,950) and leopard-print platforms ($1,995); skirt at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC and platforms at victoriabeckham.com. Marine cap with chain detail, $265; shopbop.com. **577:** Hat with military ribbon, $110; Tommy Hilfiger, NYC. Polo dress ($2,300) and belt ($485); select Gucci boutiques. Manicure, Rieko Okusa.

TOUCH THE SKY

578: Blouse, $895. Dress, $3,725; select Versace boutiques. 18K-gold necklace ($303) and lockets ($1,939–$4,048); loquetlondon.com. 18K-gold rings (on necklace), $2,350 each; davidyurman.com. **579:** Platform sandals, price upon request. **580:** Platform sandals, price available upon request; Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques. Dress, $7,425; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **581:** Dress, $8,975. **582:** Platform sandals (price upon request), leather coat ($7,390), top ($2,130), and silk socks ($140). In this story: manicure, Rebecca Jade Wilson.

Index 584: Embroidered silk top, $3,947; also at net-a-porter.com. Louise Bourgeois, *Les Fleurs* (2009), gouache on paper, price upon request. **593:** Pink-gold necklace with topaz, rubellite, and diamonds, $11,600. Multiprinted cotton tiered dress, $2,919. Picnic bag; $7,300. **594:** Multistone ring, $4,300; net-a-porter.com. Orchid-print silk jacquard dress, $2,650; Fendi, NYC. Sleeveless knit dress, price upon request. **596:** Kai Kea standup paddle board, $6,500. Hand-engraved ring, $2,350. Men's striped cashmere sweater; also at Lands' End stores. **Last Look 604:** Crystal-embellished python sandals; Fendi, NYC, for similar styles.

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Last Look

EDITOR: VIRGINIA SMITH

Combine the hallmarks of Italian high fashion—fantastical, palazzo-worthy designs rendered with sublime craftsmanship—with street-savvy sensibilities and you have the DNA of Fendi. Add the magnificence of the Roman sky, which creative director Silvia Venturini Fendi cited as a main influence for spring, and you get these dazzling sandals that sparkle like sunlight glinting off the Trevi Fountain, which Fendi has been helping to renovate. We know what we'll be wishing for when we toss in our coin.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC BOMAN



Fendi, $1,250

DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE

If you love facials, DIY.

Now comes soap just for sonic cleansing. Turns a face wash into a facial.

So let yourself glow.
Grab a sonic brush.
Better yet, use ours. It's gentle.
Effective. Dermatologist-developed.

Turn on some music.
Try it in the shower.
Like a 60-second vacation for your face.

DIY today and every day.

New. Foaming Sonic Facial Soap

and Clinique Sonic System Purifying Cleansing Brush



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